

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Registered in Australia for
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newspaper.

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August 29, 1956

PRICE



OUR PORTRAIT PRIZE
Best Entry by a woman
Elaine Haxton by JUDY CASSAB

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"Once I had to stand over Perry to make him clean his teeth regularly," says Perry's mother. "Now he understands that Kolynos will always help him keep his teeth in perfect condition—like mine!"



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 29, 1956

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THE NEED FOR A WARM HEART

RECENT flood disasters have shown that Australians are quick to prove their unselfishness and generosity when those around them are in trouble.

All sorts of disasters and appeals over the years have proved that, given the necessary prod, the public will respond in a way that leaves no doubt of its heart being in the right place.

But it is in between times, when there is not this impetus to warm-hearted giving or the spur of dedicated example, that the average person tends to leave to others the task of helping.

Australia soon is to have a branch of a Canadian firm specialising in raising money for schools, institutions, hospitals, and civic enterprises.

Already some churches are experimenting with similar measures.

The application of big-business money-raising should serve as a necessary reminder to the person who, between disasters, drifts into selfish forgetfulness.

But welcome as the activities of such an organisation will be, they should never be allowed to take the place of spontaneous giving.

Two of many shining examples of voluntary effort are the Sydney Spastic Centre and the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia.

The crying need of institutions for increased support, plus the success overseas of undertakings like the Canadian organisation, make it fairly plain that within the next few years the pattern of Australian giving must undergo some change.

This is even to be welcomed—providing the individual takes care that efficient bookkeeping doesn't replace his heart.

To give spontaneously will always be a more rewarding experience than to give in answer to a mailed notice.

Our cover:

● Judy Cassab's painting of Elaine Haxton won the £500 award for the best portrait by a woman in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize competition, 1956. The main prizewinner and other finalists appear on pages 24 and 25. Judy won the same award last year for her painting of Judy Barraclough. Elaine Haxton is herself a well-known artist and her painting "Kate Hodgkinson" is among those chosen by the judges for the travelling exhibition. She is as decorative in appearance as our cover suggests.

This week:

● From time to time we present a story by a teenage author, and this week our selection is "Sleepy Little Angel," on page 7. The writer is 17-year-old Colin S. Ames, of Plympton, Adelaide. Colin is an Arts student at Adelaide University and hopes to become a newspaper feature writer. He works part time on an Adelaide newspaper and is news editor of the University paper. Other teenagers interested in short-story writing should see page 50 for more information.

● Turn to page 51 for a color picture of the wedding of Hollywood's Victoria Shaw, former Sydney model Jeanette Elphick, and American actor Roger Smith. They are living in an apartment at North Hollywood until their new house in the San Fernando Valley is finished. Jeanette's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Elphick, of Sydney, intended originally to go to Hollywood for the marriage. Instead the studio has given her a trip home as a wedding present. She and her husband will arrive in Sydney in November and the visit is planned to coincide with the release of his new film, "The Eddie Duchin Story."

Next week:

● You'll like the color pictures which we have called "Mister and Missus." They are exceptionally fine pictures of birds, showing glimpses of their domestic life—nest-building and the care of their young. The photographer is Mr. Norman Chaffer, of Roseville, N.S.W., who has spent many years on his hobby of observing and photographing birds.

● Television makes its debut in Sydney and Melbourne next month, so next week we present a "Television Preview." In a six-page section we show color pictures of some of the successful overseas shows which Australian viewers will see. There's a glossary, too, of TV terms, which sound like a new language and will soon be in familiar usage.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

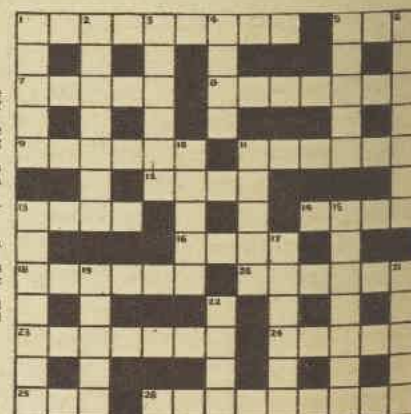
ACROSS

1. Headdresses with bells on in the office files (5, 4).
5. Drinking place for barristers (3).
7. Parrot both in London and in Paris (5).
8. Mountain for a tempted lady with the remainder (7).
9. The most famous historical departure in 40 chapters (8).
11. The Second Coming in an underground venture (6).
12. Drink ingredient obtained from animal tallow (4).
13. Steady, rapid pace or turns between two teas (4).
14. Prepares the hide with games of marbles (4).
16. Closed convex curve probably for laying hens (4).
18. Old Mesopotamian gentleman is in a hurry (6).
20. Conquered by Pasteur (6).
23. Riot cop (Anagr. 7).
24. Mexican agave in stile (5).
25. The Miltonian is light and fantastic (5).
26. No dentist could treat such an animal (4, 5).

Solution will be published next week.

MILDRED FENCE
A A E A L I A
CARES STARTER
A G I H I O L
W I E L D A L I N E D
S U P A S O
C O S T E R P R O T E M
O E L S A A
W A R C R V G E N R E
S E E U T I T L E
L O B E L L I A N E
I U E N M I R E M
P O S E R G R E N A D E

Solution of last week's crossword



DOWN

1. Border enclosing a sheep (5).
2. S. American river or a broken coin to nothing (7).
3. Cut in a sum with this Roman shield (6).
4. So may it be (4).
5. Musical note which taken with ten confers a privilege (8).
6. Revolves to a rest (7).
11. Essence of roses (5).
13. Musical instrument showing a temporary high card (7).
15. We call it a pilot (7).
17. It rhymes with McTavish but in some ways he never was (6).
19. The throat covered with blood (5).
21. Sifting instrument is turned to a really original woman (8).
22. A swell (4).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956



There is a secret word

A short story by **RONA JAFFE**

IN 1947 "Owl" Sturtevant, then eighteen years old and managing editor of the Port Haven High School newspaper, wrote a Letter to the Editor in which he stated that no one could live happily in Port Haven unless he had no imagination or was in love. The principal of the high school removed the letter before publication and almost removed Sturtevant as well. But the remark achieved a mild bootleg fame among the young bloods of the town and eventually became a kind of epigram.

Nine years later, Henry Sturtevant, no longer called "Owl," was still living in the town, was doing quite well selling real estate, had sold a small ranch-type house to himself, owned a black-and-white convertible, had trimmed the peaked brown hair that had given him the nickname "Owl" into a brush cut, and altogether looked very little like a former fiery revolutionary. He was even happy in the town, although he did not lack imagination, and probably not just because he was in love.

The girl Henry Sturtevant loved was named Sukie Carson, an edible little thing with fluffy brown hair and enormous eyes who commuted every day to New York to work as a researcher for a news commentator in a large, glass-enclosed, air-conditioned room in a huge building.

She called him Sturtevant and currently would not go out with him on Saturday nights but only on Sunday afternoons, because Saturday nights she dined and danced in New York with the most fascinating man

who ever happened to her—a genuine English lord.

"Hi, Sturtevant," she would say cheerfully on the telephone (she telephoned him nearly as often as he called her, quite often late at night, not standing on the convention of the pursuing male, because she did not care to catch him). "How's your love life these days?"

"That's a cruel and unconscionable question," Henry said.

"I'll have to check on the spelling of that big word. I went to dinner with the lord last night. We had three different kinds of wine, one with each course. I had never even heard of two of them."

"I wish you wouldn't call him 'the lord,'" Henry said bitterly. "It sounds irreverent somehow."

She laughed. She had a nice laugh, quiet and very friendly. "All right, my lord then. He told me he has a four-hundred-and-eighty-acre estate in England, and he wants me to marry him and come live on it."

"Four hundred and eighty acres? I don't believe it!"

She laughed again. "He says that's why England is socialistic. Isn't he cute?"

"Go ahead," said Henry. "Go ahead and live in your draughty ancestral mansion with the creaking armor and the dusty family portraits. Go and ride to the hounds—and nurse him when he gets the gout and when all his teeth fall out."

"You're impossible," Sukie said. "He's not old, I told you before. He's only twenty-

four, just six months older than I am. He wasn't made a lord, he was born one."

"They aren't necessarily born titled; sometimes they inherit titles when their fathers die," Henry corrected her.

"How do you know so much? Have you been reading 'Burke's Peerage'? You're such a literate, Sturtevant. He knows the Queen and everyone."

"But he'll never get to be a king, and perhaps my son can grow up to be President," said Henry. "If we get married and have a son. I offer you this as consolation prize."

Sukie laughed. "Oh, Sturtevant, you know I'm too young to get married!"

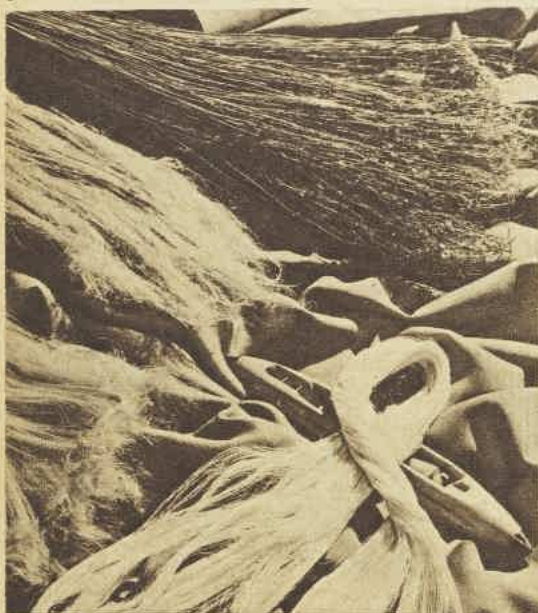
She wasn't too young, though, by Port Haven standards, where the latest census showed that the average girl her age had been married four and a half years and had two and a half children. Sukie didn't mind. In her crowd, a small nucleus of hardy individualists who had gone to Port Haven High School together and now stayed together because they felt they were different from all the others, marriage and children were a last resort.

First they would do great things. Marriage, when it came, would be to a man who had also done great things. Sukie secretly wondered why she had been chosen for this

To page 42

"Hi, Henry," came Sukie's voice gaily over the line as she telephoned him late at night.

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The SINISTER STRANGERS

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON
KELLAND

KATRINA VAN DER POOT never had been more lovely than she was at this moment when we sat there in the car, and I stared helplessly at the guns that the two hoodlums were levelling at me. Her lips were parted a little, as though with hurt surprise, and her eyes moved from me to the two hoodlums, not with fright but with innocent bewilderment.

"Who are thees men?" she asked.

I did not reply to her question.

"I know now," I said, "how a fish feels when it's hooked. Foolish, because it gobbled the bait. I don't suppose the bait feels anything—even satisfaction in a job well done."

Her gaze was reproachful. "Wat you say," she said, "I do not understand."

"Van der Poot's lure," I said bitterly. "I suppose he has fished many streams with you."

The man called Whitey stepped closer to the car and wagged his shooting-iron.

"Look," he said, "I ask you polite to get out, don't I? I don't ask you to gab with baby doll. I got no personal hard feelin's against you, mister—not unless you rile me up. But I'm easily riled. He turned the handle and jerked the door open.

Katrina van der Poot knocked me off balance, her change of manner was so swift. She ceased to be an innocent, purring kitten and became a cat with claws.

"When you are spoken to, you will speak!" she spat at him. "For me you will have respect."

Whitey was taken aback. "Hey, lady, what gives?" he asked.

"When I want you, I will say," she said icily. "You will step back where your big ears cannot hear. I weel talk with thees gentleman. After that I may need you or I may not. Be queek!"

Whitey goggled and backed away.

"Now," she said to me with another swift change of manner, "we will speak together, you and I."

"What shall we say?" I asked.

"Sometimes," she said, "I do not do as I am told or I do in my own fashion."

"For example?" I asked.

"I am told," she said, "to bring you to thees spot so that these appaches can take you away. But I theenk of myself. I theenk of you and me. Sometimes my plans and those of my father are not the same." She peered up at me under long lashes.

"The other day you kiss me, and that I like very mooch. I do not remember another kiss that I like so good."

"What has kissing to do with this mess?" I asked.

"Weeth a woman," she said, "kissing is important. Look you. There is the kiss that does nothing. Poof! It does not arouse. It is no good. There is the kiss that is to be endured because it is not unpleasant. You enjoy it with calmness. Then there is the kiss that lifts you up and shakes you, and

there is no calmness. When you kiss me, it was that way."

"And so?" I asked.

"It iss a thing to be repeat and not to lose," she said. "Therefore, you and I will talk before I give you to thees men. Who are not nize, but very crude and cruel."

"Am I to understand," I asked coldly, "that you have fallen for me?"

"A phrase of vulgarness," she said distastefully. "Not the true language of love." She shrugged. "My father knows but two ways to make a man do his will—with mooch money or with mooch pain. Money is good. Pain is bad. But best of all is this joy that comes only to two people who love."

"Are you," I asked, "telling me that you love me?"

"Inside me iss a storm. I am not serene. Your kiss made that storm to arise. For me there iss but this to consider. For you there iss this beautiful storm, but also other advantages."

"Does one think of other advantages?" I asked with some irony.

"If one if not a fool," she said promptly. "If nothing is to be had but love, then one must take it. But if other things are included, why, that is ver' practical. It iss to be thought of."

"What are these plus values?" I asked.

"My father," she said, "is one of the very rich. In my own right I am also rich. The son-in-law of my father would also have power. Which all men covet."

I raised my brows. "You have marriage in mind?" I asked. "You would make an honest man of me?"

"I must marry some day. Why not a man who makes this storm to rage?"

"You've stated your plus values," I said. "Have I any to offer?"

"Of course," she said frankly. "It iss by chance that you have." She was sitting close to me now; her shoulder was pressed against mine, and I was very conscious of her warmth.

"My husband," she said, "would also be my friend. To aid me and to be faithful to me in all things. He would not be an enemy. If I called to him he would come. That is just what you call your values of plus."

"Then there's something you want me to do."

"That you know," she said gravely.

"Suppose," I said, "I were to make you a proposition."

"Propositions I do not like."

"What if I were to say to you, 'Katrina, you are very beautiful and desirable. We will turn this car now and drive out of the park. We will go to Merced, where there are ministers and justices of the peace—people who can marry us. First the marriage, and only afterwards the plus values.' Would you come with me?"

"Yes, she said, without hesitation.

"Trusting me to do, afterward, what you want me to do?"

"Yes," she said again. "Afterward"—she smiled a secret sort of smile—"you would refuse me nothing."

"What would your father say?"

"He would rage," she answered, "but he could do nothing."

"Now," I said, "we'll come to the point, eh? You tolled me up to this place and put me on the spot. What am I to be compelled to do?"

"Do not be stupid," she said, an edge on her voice. "Where have you hidden the Sheik el Samari?"

"I'm just a park ranger," I said. "I'm an ignorant sort of person. Why is the Sheik el Samari so important?"

"I will tell you," she said. "In his little country is one of the rich oilfields of the world. It is undeveloped. By many it is coveted—by British companies, by American companies, by the Dutch, by interests represented by my father."

"And Zaharados?" I asked.

"Also Zaharados."

"But Mr. Li Seow Yen and Mrs. Potwin?"

"They want the field for themselves. How do you say—rivals?"

"And you want to induce the sheik to sign some kind of agreement?"

"That is it."

"What," I asked, "would happen if the sheik were suddenly to die?"

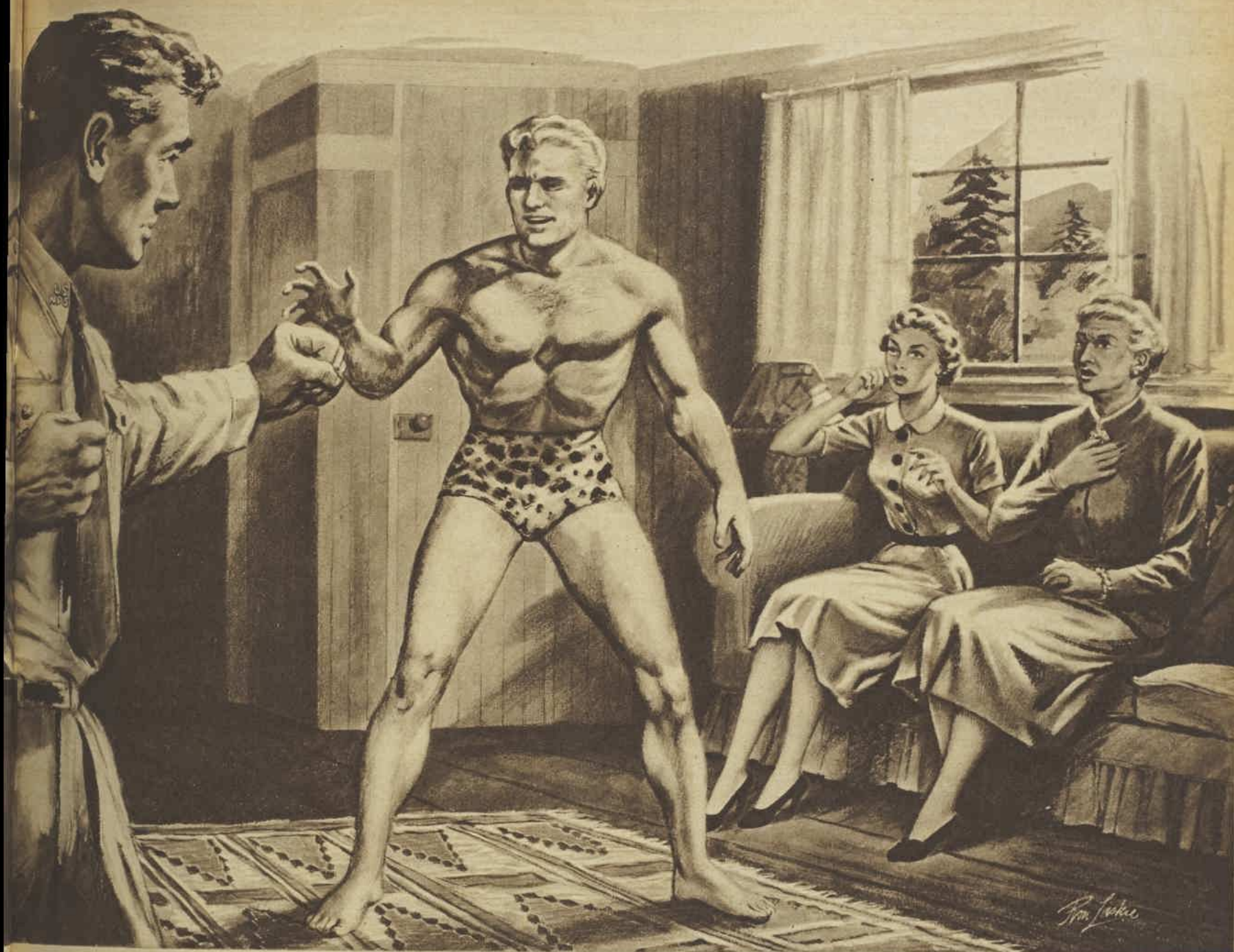
"It would then," she said, "be necessary to deal with someone else."

"Who," I guessed, "is in your pocket?"

"Who," she answered—and I was surprised at her openness—"is friendly to us."

"And would," I said, "be more





friendly if the sheik were, say, assassinated and this other lad succeeded to his place?"

"Would that not be natural?" she countered.

Whitey and his companion, growing impatient, walked side by side towards the car. It seemed I had strung things out as far as I could, and now the situation would become critical.

"Me 'n' Flipper," said the man, "is gittin' uneasy." It seemed that Flipper was the name of the other gangster.

"When I want you I will call," said Miss van der Poot.

"Now, lady!" Whitey said. And then: "We ain't so stuck on this job. Monotonous, the whole business. We're human, ain't we? Sure, we're gittin' paid good. But money ain't everythin'. We don't like this place and all these here mountains. It ain't Chicago. Nobuddy tells us nothin'. We jest set 'n' rot."

"You can quit and go home," I said, speaking boldly but empty in the pit of my stomach.

"On account of we got a projec' of our own," said Flipper, "we ain't ready to beat it."

Here was another chance for delay, and, given enough time, almost anything can happen.

"This feller," Whitey said to his companion, "is buddies with ol' Iron Ribs. Lady, we got a job of question askin' to do on this character, for the boss. But also, and ahead of it, we got some questions of our own we want to git answers for."

"Who," I asked, "is Iron Ribs, and what do you want to know personally?"

"Iron Ribs," said Flipper, "is the old dame."

"Mrs. Potwin?"

"That's her. And our private business is this here gold she found."

"Nonsense!" I said sharply.

Whitey fumbled in his pocket and extracted a sizeable nugget.

"Call that nonsense?" he demanded. "She's found it. She runs off to the mouth. Mebbly a million dollars' worth of gold that's been hid. That's our private business, see?"

So this was where Mrs. Potwin's bag of nuggets had gone.

"There's no hidden gold," I said. "Mrs. Potwin is amusing herself."

"Says you."

"If I were you," I said, "I'd use my brains. I wouldn't be chasing fool's gold. I'd be worrying about my getaway. There's been a murder."

"No skin off'n our nose," Flipper said.

"It's skin off your boss' nose," I said. "Who do you think'll be left to hold the bag? If I were the police, I'd cast an eye on a bunch of Chicago gunmen. You're on a spot."

"We're in the clear on that one," Whitey said.

"Not," I said, "if the police need a scapegoat. You boys had better case the joint, if that's the word for it. You weren't brought here to pick berries. It wasn't so tough for you before murder was done. But if you pull another job on top of that, you'll be asking for it. You're mice in a trap. Right now, this valley is shut tight. Every portal is boiling with cops."

Whitey seemed not to be worried.

"I'm a ranger," I said. "If I don't report in, I'll be missed and looked for. Do you men think the chief ranger doesn't know about you living in that house down the road? Of course he knows. Up to now, there's been nothing on you. But now you've held me up at pistol point."

"Don't waste time worryin' about us, buddy. When we want to go out of this place, out we go. The fix is in."

"The fix is in!" That was absurd. Someone had been deluding the city toughs, used to dealing with urban machine politicians with itching palms.

"You are," said I, "adding kidnapping to murder."

"So," said Whitey, "what do we do? Get scared and turn you loose?"

"It would be a good idea."

He showed yellow teeth in a grin. "You ready," he asked of Miss van der Poot, "to turn this bozo over to us?"

"One moment," she said; and then to me—and her smile

Joan and Mrs. Potwin watched, tense and helpless, as the two men faced each other, manoeuvring for position.

was full of promise—"Is it a hard choice?" she asked. "Between me and these?"

The moment had come. There could be no more postponement. I am neither a stoic nor a hero, and I dread pain as much as anybody. These men would be adept at inflicting pain, and no matter what my resolution might be in the beginning, I had no doubt that my tongue would be loosened by agony.

One thinks quickly at such a time. If I were sure to tell them what they wanted to know under torture, why not make the best of a bad matter, tell them where to find the sheik, and save myself suffering? That was logical. But, on the other hand, if I did so, if I betrayed my friend, then for the rest of my life I would not find it easy to look any decent man in the eye.

I saw a swift change in the expression of Miss van der Poot. In an instant it ceased to be seductive, inviting, and became the face of a fury. Her soft voice turned strident as she understood.

"You listen!" she all but screamed. "You let me make the fool of myself! I offer myself and you laugh!" She drew herself away from me so that she could reach for my face, and her long, pointed nails raked my cheek. "For thees you will scream! For thees you will beg!"

She struggled like a wildcat as I tried to imprison her hands. Then suddenly she quieted and sat tense.

"He iss yours, to you," she said to Whitey and his companion. "Hurt heem! Make heem cry out! I weel hear heem scream and beg!"

"Sure, cupcake, we'll give him the works," Whitey said, and grinned. He reached for the door of the car—then I rather lost track of events and do not remember clearly.

I was seized by a sort of desperation. There might have

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Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956

SLEEPY LITTLE ANGEL

Teenager short short story

BY COLIN S. AMES

17-year-old University student

THE First Angel sat at the foot of a golden staircase, and looked with blue eyes at the Second and Third Angels as they came across the garden.

"Aren't you coming to music practice?" asked the Second Angel of the First.

"I'm tired," replied the First. "And besides, I practised much longer than necessary last time. An angel is entitled to a rest once in a while."

The Third Angel turned to the Second. "Oh, come on, or else I can see we are going to be late."

The Second and Third Angels began to climb the golden staircase. The Third Angel looked back at the First and said: "Poor, sleepy little angel."

So it was that the First Angel became drowsy, and the beautiful garden seemed to grow dim. Music, glorious heavenly music, drifted down the golden staircase, and in the garden peace reigned.

A head nodded, then fell forward on a white-robed chest. The First Angel slept.

A boy and a girl sat on a park bench. There was no one around, and they seemed lost in a world of their own.

Stars twinkled in the sky, like hundreds of flickering candles in a dark room. The moon shone, and its light appeared as the light of peace, hope, and love.

The boy turned to the girl and spoke. He looked at his watch in the pale light, and she nestled close. They kissed. Presently they rose and walked towards the city.

Smiles creased their faces; and in the shadows the First Angel gave a satisfied nod and smiled also.

A family sat around a cosy fire. The father had a pile of receipts and bills on his lap, and he fingered them roughly. The mother sewed quietly, a contented expression on her face.

A small boy arranged wooden blocks in the form of a castle, while an older boy sat at a table doing his homework.

There was silence in the room, save for a few questions from the little boy. The questions usually began with the words: "Mummy, why does . . . ?"

Mummy answered patiently, but after a while the older boy grew restless. Suddenly he banged his books on the table.

"Mum," he said. "How can I work with him jabbering all the time!"

Mum spoke firmly: "Get on with

your work. You'll never pass that exam the way you're going. Never mind about him asking questions—you were his age once upon a time."

The older boy continued with his homework.

The father leaned forward: "What's this supposed to be? Has it been paid or hasn't it?"

Mother looked at the bill in his hand. "Yes, dear. That was paid a week ago."

Father frowned. "Well, you might at least tell me these things. I'm the one who has to do all the book work."

"But I told you on the day I paid it, darling. Don't you remember? You were reading the paper at the time, and the end of the world could happen while you're doing that and you wouldn't know a thing about it."

Father's frown grew a little deeper, but he said nothing.

The older boy sighed, got up from the table, and walked to the door. As he passed the small boy he knocked the little wooden castle with his feet, and it fell to the ground. "Sorry," he muttered, and walked on.

Father jumped up and began beating the older boy, until sobs filled the room.

Mother said angrily: "There's no need to thrash him! It was only an accident."

"An accident on purpose," said father.

The small boy looked at his broken castle, and he screamed and shouted until the room seemed to shake with the noise.

Mother said: "Stop that din or you'll get a good hiding, too!"

Father looked at his bills and receipts. They lay scattered on the floor where they had fallen when he jumped up. He swore.

The First Angel looked on and shook his head sadly.

Four men sat around a table. They represented the four most powerful nations at that time.

Gentleman No. 1 suggested a curb be put on the production of armaments.

No. 2 supported the suggestion, but recommended a few modifications. No. 3 opposed the suggestion, and No. 4 said he could express no opinion without consulting his government.

No. 3 then advanced his country's ideas, and these were partly supported by No. 4. However, No. 1 was not interested in such a proposal, and No. 2 could give no de-



The angel gave a satisfied nod as smiles creased the faces of the boy and girl.

cision without carefully considering the matter.

The First Angel said: "Why not climb aboard the same boat and all row together?"

But the four men heard not the words, and they wrangled on and on.

Two women stood talking. A fence separated them, and they discussed their respective gardens and husbands.

One woman was tall and dark, the other blond and inclined to be plump.

Said the tall one: "Oh, while I think of it. Have you seen Mrs. Jones' new car?"

"Yes," said the other. "I must say she's lashing out. I feel sorry for that poor husband of hers."

"Oh, I think he's as bad as she is. He's always letting you know how good he is. And the way he walks!" The tall woman walked up the path, swinging her arms and swaying her shoulders.

She came back, both women laughed.

"Yes," the plump one murmured, "he's got a funny walk all right. I never know where I am with his wife, though. Some days she speaks, and at other times she ignores you. It all depends what mood she's in."

"That type of woman's no good to anybody. She's an old gossip, too, you know. Always talking behind someone's back."

"Yes, I know. She lives on gossip. It must be terrible to be always talking about your friends."

"Well, it's so silly, isn't it? Speaking of friends, did I tell you about that woman I met in the butcher's the other day?"

There wasn't anything funny about this backchat, really, but the

First Angel couldn't help smiling.

"Are you coming to church or aren't you?" asked the woman.

"Anything like that!" the man facetiously replied. He turned over in bed and pretended to fall asleep.

"Well, I'm going!" The woman pulled back the sheets and sat up.

"Good for you. I'm going to have a sleep in. And when I do get up there's plenty in the garden to keep me occupied."

"Oh, I wish you'd come, dear. How can we expect the children to go if we don't set an example?"

"We've been through all this before! I get enough preaching at home without going to church. A little peace and quiet is what a man wants on a Sunday. And don't ask me to go tonight instead because I'll be too tired by tea-time."

The First Angel sat at the foot of the bed and watched the man go to sleep while the woman gazed out the window.

The music had faded, but the garden was still bathed in the light of eternity.

The First Angel gazed at the Second and Third Angels as they descended the staircase.

"Well," asked the Second Angel of the First, "have you enough strength to come to the ceremony, or do you still feel like sleeping?"

"What ceremony?"

"Some new faces arrived. It's the Induction Ceremony, and they're going to be made into angels."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Do you know, I just had the funniest dream."

"Tell us!" said the Second and Third Angels in unison.

"Well, I dreamt I was back on earth. I was still an angel, but no one could see me."

"What was it like?" queried the Third.

"Terrible! Everyone had troubles. Even the little children were fighting and squabbling."

"Wasn't any person happy?"

"Some were happy. Lovers appeared to be the happiest of all. Wherever I went, lovers held hands and whispered secrets. They smiled more than other people, too."

"What about religion? Do people go to church?"

"Yes, many people go to church. Some go to keep up with their neighbors, others to satisfy guilty consciences, and still others go merely as force of habit."

"What about people in important positions?"

"Just like schoolboys discussing football! I suppose they do their best, but until they set an example nations will never live together harmoniously."

"Did women cause as much trouble as men?"

"Just as much. Men were tactless and often became upset. Women were more subtle, but the majority of them talked about their friends. Jealousy and spite were the root causes, I believe."

"How awful!" exclaimed the Second Angel. "There doesn't appear to be much hope, does there?"

"No, I'm afraid not. Things might straighten out, though. You never can tell."

The Third Angel interrupted: "We had better be going, or else we shall all be late."

"Yes," agreed the Second Angel. "Come on!"

The First Angel stood up, stretched, then followed the others through the garden.

(Copyright)

A poignant short story by
famous American author
JEROME WEIDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Wanted-Poor Boy

COMING around the corner from Fifth Avenue, Miss Tinney felt a sudden twinge of doubt. She stopped so abruptly that she caused Danny to stagger. "Jeepers," he said, and for a frantic moment all his attention was poured into the problem of regaining a firm grip on his ice-block. When he succeeded, he said, "What's the matter?"

Miss Tinney, who didn't know, looked down at the small boy whose hand she was holding. Seeing the look of puzzlement on Danny's small face, she made an effort and managed to erase the faint frown from her own sturdy, middle-aged features.

"Nothing is the matter," Miss Tinney said. She was aware that, despite the firmness of her voice, she had spoken without conviction. Turning to stare again down the clean, quiet, tree-lined street, she added even more firmly, "I hope you'll remember not to say 'jeepers' when we get there."

"Yes, ma'am," Danny said, and he went back to work on the ice-block. Miss Tinney did not approve of ice-blocks. She felt they were less nourishing than ice-cream. Nevertheless, she had bought this one for Danny from a vendor who happened to be standing near the bus stop when she and Danny stepped down from the bus after their long trip uptown. The purchase had been a concession in the interests of peace.

Under normal circumstances Danny was a perfectly tractable youngster, one of the nicest Miss Tinney had ever known in her long and varied experience with all kinds of children. She was not at all certain, however, that the circumstances of this morning visit were quite normal.

Deftly licking a dollop of pink ice from the damp stick, the boy said, "This the street?"

"I think so," Miss Tinney said. She released Danny's hand, opened her purse, extracted the scrap of newspaper she had clipped from the wanted section of yesterday's evening paper, and read the five-line advertisement again. "Yes," Miss Tinney said. "This is it."

The trouble, she supposed, the reason for her unexpected moment of doubt as they came around the corner was that she had not expected the street to look like this. The tone of the advertisement had not prepared her for so much quiet elegance. Living as she did in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, and preoccupied as she was with problems of immediate concern to her youthful charges, Miss Tinney's knowledge of the East Sixties was limited to infrequent glimpses of the photographs in the real estate section of the Sunday papers.

"What are we waiting for?"

Miss Tinney turned back to Danny.

"For you to finish that thing," she said. Then she saw that he had finished it. Miss Tinney took a handkerchief from her purse. She dipped down and wiped the last smudges of pink ice from his face. "There," she said. "Now you look fine."

She wondered, as she led Danny down the quiet street, if looking fine would be enough. The specifications in the advertisement were extremely detailed. While Miss Tinney had decided to act only because it had occurred to her last night that Danny fitted those specifications with astonishing accuracy, it occurred to her now that perhaps her moment of doubt had been caused not so much by the unexpected charm of the street as by the even more unexpected feeling that she may have taken a little more on her shoulders than a strict compliance with her duties called for.

"Jeepers," Danny said. "I think we passed it."

Miss Tinney stopped again, consulted the advertisement, and glanced up at the number of the house in front of them. They had passed it. Miss Tinney took Danny's hand and walked back to the house number listed in the advertisement. With a slight tremor of anticipation she led the boy through the handsome wrought-iron gates that guarded the house from the street, up the three stone steps to the portico, and stopped in front of the beautifully polished mahogany door.

"Now," Miss Tinney said. "Are you all right, Danny?"

The boy nodded. "And you'll remember not to say 'jeepers'?"

The boy nodded again, almost eagerly. Miss Tinney, smiling as she gave his dark hair a reassuring pat, dismissed the last vestiges of doubt from her mind. Like most adults she had forgotten that children viewed their surroundings from an entirely special point of view. Answering this advertisement may have been, to Miss Tinney, an assumption of more responsibility than her duties called for. To Danny, however, it was clearly no more than a welcome change from routine. Miss Tinney



**Mr. Suva had yet to learn that life seldom
provides any return voyages, no
matter how much money you might have**

gave the boy another smile and, with a gesture of complete confidence, she pressed the sunken mother-of-pearl button beside the door.

"Jeepers!"

For once, as she found herself sharing the boy's reaction, Miss Tinney found it impossible to condemn Danny's use of the forbidden exclamation. The door had opened so quickly that, like Danny, she had stepped back involuntarily.

"Yeah?" the man in the doorway said. "What do you want?"

He was wearing striped trousers, a dark coat, and a wing collar, which did not surprise Miss Tinney, since this was clearly a rich man's home and she took it for granted that rich men had butlers. What did surprise Miss Tinney, and what caused her to bridle with indignation, was the tone of the man's voice. He sounded like what Miss Tinney would have described instinctively as a thug. Miss Tinney had never met a thug, but she had never been addressed in this manner either.

"I want to see Mr. Suva," Miss Tinney said coldly. "About this advertisement."

The man, whose large, round face seemed curiously flat, did not look down at the scrap of newsprint Miss Tinney was holding out.

"That's all finished," he said. "Mr. Suva ain't seeing no more people."

"You mean the job is filled?"

"I mean just what I said," the man said. "Mr. Suva ain't seeing no more people. Is that clear?"

Miss Tinney's indignation, inflamed by the man's rudeness, exploded into outrage.

"It is not," she snapped. "I asked if the job is filled."

The man's flat face seemed to draw itself together in a knot of exasperation.

"What's the matter, lady?" he said. "Can't you hear? You got wax in the ears or something?"

"I certainly can hear," Miss Tinney said. "And what I've got is not wax but a good mind to go to the police."

The knot of exasperation stopped gathering in the centre of the man's round face. His features, spreading out in surprise, seemed for a brief moment to be washed by a touch of something not very far removed from fear.

"The cops?" he said. "What have the cops got to do with it?"

"I'd be inclined to let them decide that," Miss Tinney said sharply. "Mr. Suva placed this advertisement in the paper and we came all the way up from downtown to

answer it. The police may disagree with me, but I don't think Mr. Suva has the right to raise the hopes and waste the time of innocent people in order to satisfy what I can only describe as a most peculiar sense of humor."

The man looked at her as though he could not quite believe what he had heard. "Look, lady," he said in an obvious attempt to soothe Miss Tinney's outraged feelings, "Mr. Suva changed his mind. Since when is that a penitentiary offence?"

"I don't know," Miss Tinney said. She wished she could control the anger in her voice. She couldn't. Her disappointment was too great. "But if people like you and Mr. Suva are allowed to indulge it I'm sure it ought to be. Come along, Danny."

She reached for the boy's hand. To Miss Tinney's intense surprise, Danny's hand was not there. Danny's hand was outstretched towards a handsome black cat with a leather collar that had appeared suddenly between the stocky, widespread legs of the man in the doorway. The man, apparently as surprised as Miss Tinney, recovered first.

"Come on," he barked. "Beat it!"

It was difficult to tell, in the moment of confusion that followed, whether the harsh order had been directed at Danny or at the cat. It was not difficult to tell that the order was a mistake. From the standpoint of the man in the doorway, at any rate. The cat, startled by the peremptory tone, leaped backwards. Danny, caught off balance, sprawled forward. Miss Tinney, in an instinctive attempt to save the boy from what looked like a nasty fall, clutched at Danny's shoulder and missed.

The man in the doorway, whose rude conversation had provided Miss Tinney with no hint that he might be possessed of even the most fragmentary gentlemanly instincts, tried to save her from toppling. Miss Tinney was not a heavy woman, but the man in the doorway had obviously misjudged her weight. By the time he found out they were both sitting on the floor of the foyer.

Miss Tinney, in whom embarrassment was now fighting with indignation, tried to scramble to her feet. To her considerable astonishment she found the process remarkably easy. Turning to see why, Miss Tinney saw that another man was helping her up. His dark, handsome

To page 58

"What's the matter with the kid?" Mr. Suva barked at Miss Tinney, who put her arm protectingly around Danny.



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ALL STORES

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

HOW many among us are really happy? Yet happiness is essentially a simple thing, brought about by simple things. Doing a good turn... helping others in distress... a lovely golden cup of hot tea with your dear hubby opposite you at the table. Sitting quietly by the fire and thinking happy thoughts... summertime with its beautiful golden mornings, when the birds sing for the very joy of life...

Yes, happiness is certainly found in such simple, homely things. But most of us are far too busy striving for other things that don't really bring happiness. And so the days and the years pass, and we wonder why we are never happy. Happiness is round and about us if we only realise it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jim Keath, Private Bag, via Broadford, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

LISTENING to a radio serial recently I really heard the marriage service for the first time. On my own marriage day I was so nervous and excited that the words didn't really sink in. I wonder if it would be a good idea for ministers to hand each couple they marry a white card with the marriage vows written in gold lettering. This could be signed, and kept with the marriage certificate to be read together, perhaps, on each anniversary.

10/6 to Mrs. Gloria Nissen, Violet St., Gympie, Qld.

WHILE travelling on a bus I heard the conductor say, "On pay day I always hand over half my pay to the wife, and then we each pay half of all expenses." I think this an excellent idea, as they would both take an interest in economising. The arrangement evidently worked very well, as the conductor looked a happy man.

10/6 to E. Macgregor, 26 Serpentine Rd., Greenwich, N.S.W.

I WONDER if anyone feels the same as I do about this greeting-card racket? I can think of no other word to describe it. Not content with the conventional Christmas and birthday cards, the market is flooded with "Get Well," "Sorry I'm Late," and hosts of other equally stupid cards. How much more sincere are a few personally written words of the sender's own choosing than these canned messages.

10/6 to Mrs. S. McDonald, 838 Burke Rd., Ingleburn, N.S.W.

ONCE windows at the sides of houses were generally small and frosted, and, despite a high fence or hedge, as soon as the lights in the front windows would come on the blinds were lowered. Now, with low fences, and big windows with either venetian blinds or draw curtains that mostly stay open, I think when you walk along the street at night there seems to be a such warmer atmosphere.

10/6 to Mrs. Jean Cother, 54 Boondara Rd., Box Hill North, Vic.

WITH the price of poultry, pork, and ham so high, it is a problem to manage the extra for Christmas. I have a money-box marked "Christmas Fare" on the kitchen shelf, and encourage the family (father included) to make small donations, plus making a weekly effort myself to save something out of the housekeeping. When Christmas comes round there is more than enough to buy the extras, and no one misses what has been put in.

10/6 to "Every Little Helps" (name supplied), Portland, Vic.

Working wives

"WIFE and Mother" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 4/7/56) was talking about married women in jobs. Well, in our city of Lismore, I know that in most shops there are more married women working than single girls. The managers and owners say that the married women are a lot better workers than most of the single girls, who go to parties and dances and are too tired to work next day. Another thing, a lot of the single girls get together and talk about boys instead of attending to customers.

10/6 to Mrs. G. Vidler, Wollongbar, via Lismore, N.S.W.

Family affairs

● Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

I FELT quite impressed when a friend told me how she had overcome the problem of telling her little boy (who is not her natural son) the circumstances of his birth. They live in a small town, the boy was of school age, and my friend was only too aware of the unkind remarks passed by small children. She explained that she and her hubby had longed for a little baby, and went along to a nursery where they saw him lying in a crib. They loved him at sight and adopted him for their very own. Later on, when the lad was told he was adopted, he was neither shocked nor hurt, but related the story of the nursery as his mother had told it to him.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Enid Moses, 49 George St., Windsor, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"AUSTRALIAN men are born punters, and love is only secondary with them."

I saw this remark in a letter to a newspaper.

It sounds like a complaint from some neglected bride, but it was written by a man.

Is he right? In spring, does an Aussie's fancy lightly turn to thought of punting?

I put the question to a young fellow I know.

"Which do you like best—punting or love?" I said.

He thought hard before replying. "If you always won, I'd prefer punting," he said. "But the game is too hard to beat. I reckon love is the best bet."

Many other Australians, I believe, have the same viewpoint. They prefer love to punting.

That letter to the paper was an exaggeration.

Still, there are men who think it's punting that makes the world go round.

A chap of this type is a difficult prize for any girl to get.

GIRLS AND GEE-GEES

Some might say he was not worth getting.

But I think that would be a mistake.

A steady punter can make a very faithful husband.



His thoughts never stray much beyond horses.

So let us consider a girl who meets a punter, likes him, and decides to marry him.

How can she go about it?

The first thing to remember is not to try to compete with horses.

It's no good stamping her pretty

foot and sobbing: "You're more interested in Battery Boy than you are in me!"

Of course he is.

What she should do, if she is wise, is to be a good pal to her punter.

She can read out the form guides to him, and sharpen his pencils.

A good idea is to learn the names of horses' mothers and fathers, so she can call them "the son of Hydrogen" or "the nephew of Comic Court."

In time she will find his attitude to her is warmer.

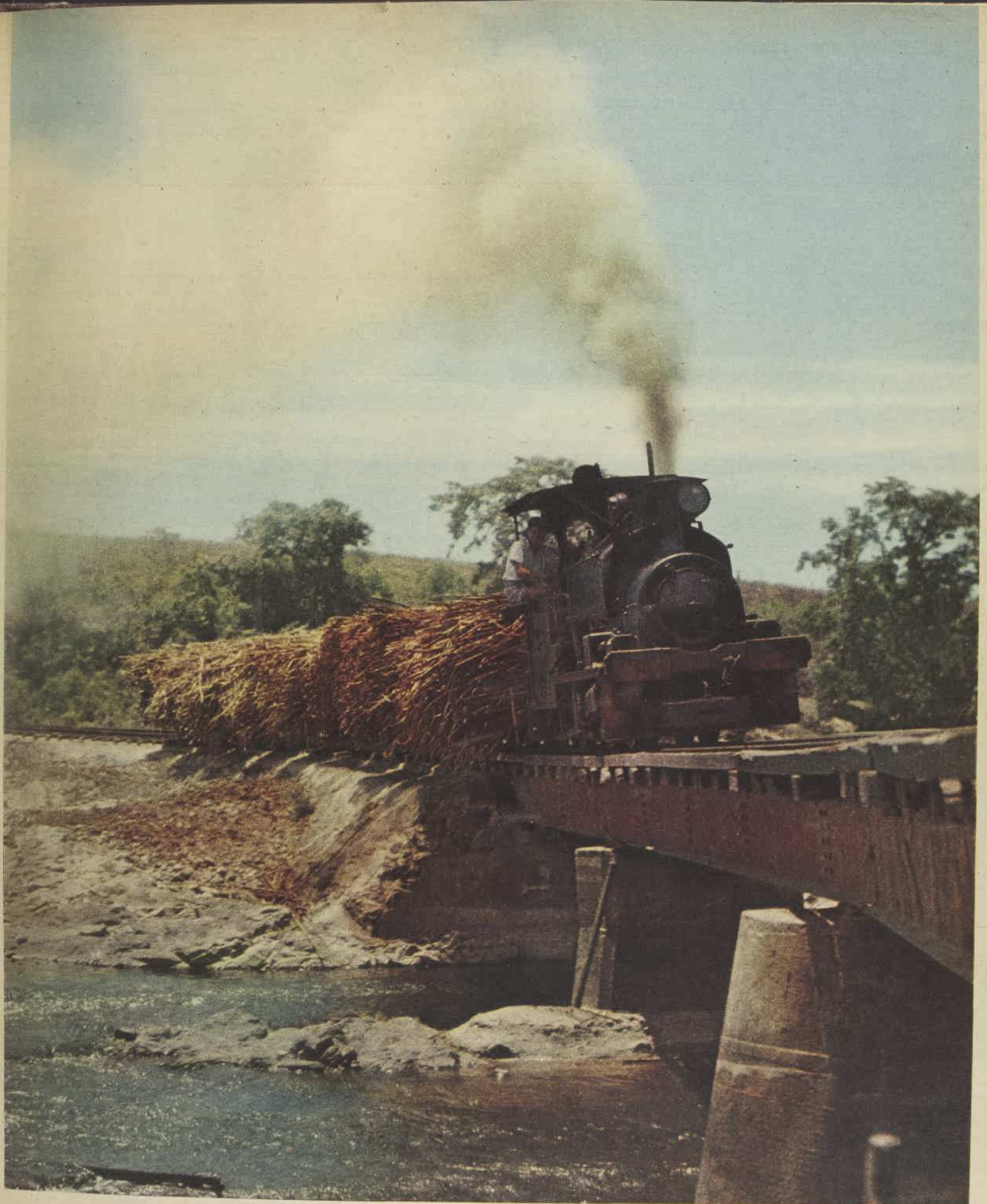
He may take her hands and whisper things like: "Simple Simon is a moral for the Flying."

Before long she will be home on the bit.

But there's one thing to be careful about. It is dangerous to give tips.

I know of a girl who gave her boy-friend Prince Tortoise for the Melbourne Cup. She pretended she was related to the jockey.

The horse was left at the post—and she was too.



WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

LADEN WITH SUGAR-CANE, a little train puffs across a bridge spanning the Pioneer River in the Mackay district, Queensland. The cane is on its way to the Pleystowe sugar mill, which handles about 100 tons an hour. Queensland produces 90 per cent. of Australia's sugar—most of the rest comes from north New South Wales—and the prosperous town of Mackay is one of the main centres in a rich sugar-growing area which stretches as far north as Cairns. Australia is the only country in the world where a white-labor force grows and harvests cane sugar. The cane-cutters sometimes use harvesting machines, but in most districts they still rely on the efficient and practical hand-cutting method. The raw sugar is processed in refineries at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, and Bundaberg, Queensland. The picture is by Harold Pollock, of Queensland.

● See page 66 for order coupon for Wonderful Australia Book.

"Miss Photography" takes a bath



"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does... use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning... in the room from which sickness may spread... in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath)... in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



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Safer for Clothes

New MUM

WITH LONG LASTING M3
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
MUMMA

Dr. MACE'S MAILBAG



His two loves

Her married happiness that ended in infidelity after 15 years has set an unusual problem for a wife. Her husband wants her back but won't give up the other woman.

HER letter tells Dr. Mace of strange behaviour that is causing her great worry.

MRS. S.P. writes: "My husband and I had been happily married for 15 years until a year ago he told me he was in love with another woman."

"Of course I was very upset. But my husband assured me that he still loved me, too. However, the strain of having to share him with someone else was more than I could endure. I told him it would be better if he left me."

"After about six months he began taking me out regularly. He said he had made the biggest mistake of his life and asked me to forgive him. Of course I said I would, but that he must break off with the other woman. He assured me he would, but it would be awkward and take time."

"He has continued to visit me, acting the loving husband. But he keeps making excuses when I ask him when he's coming back. He seems to be concerned about not hurting the other woman's feelings, but what about mine?"

"My husband has always been somewhat eccentric. He wouldn't let me have a family because he wouldn't make a woman go through the ordeal of childbirth. He always said he wouldn't have been able to face that had he been a woman. He keeps changing jobs because he falls out with his boss. He has few friends."

"He seems very unsettled and I wonder if he is mentally ill. What do you think?"

Dr. Mace says:

The behaviour of Mrs. S.P.'s husband, as she describes it, certainly suggests emotional instability. He seems to be a man who is unable to settle down to normal patterns of human relationships—in his social life, in his work, and now in his marriage.

Yet he has not acted ruth-

lessly. He seems very anxious to please everybody concerned. In his own peculiar way he at least expresses concern for his wife.

The present situation, however, is humiliating for Mrs. S.P., and must be a great strain. To be assured that her husband loves her and yet to find herself playing second fiddle to the other woman in his life is not a state of affairs that she can be reasonably expected to endure for long.

One way to end the present uncertainty would be for Mrs. S.P. to issue an ultimatum. Surely it wouldn't be unreasonable to tell her husband she would be glad to have him back, but only when he comes for good. The present arrangement plays into his hands.

I'm afraid the outlook for radical change in this man, who must now be in middle life, is not very promising. I suspect that the marriage has been kept reasonably stable till a year ago largely because Mrs. S.P., being clearly a long-suffering person, has been ready to make a good many concessions to her husband's weakness. How far she can go on doing this and maintain her integrity and peace of mind is a matter for herself. But it might be well at this point to give the question very serious thought.

Emotional trials accentuate ills

MR. H.F. writes: "My wife and I have two children, a boy of eight and a girl of six. We have had a lot of trouble with our in-laws."

"At first my wife's parents kept interfering in our affairs. In the end we moved in with my parents."

"Unfortunately things haven't worked out very well. My parents have favored our boy, indulging him. But they have caused a lot of tension by expecting too much of the little girl and punishing her when she didn't respond."

"My wife has been working,

so the children were left a good deal with my parents. I didn't realise at first what was happening. But the child has been suffering from asthma and the doctor has suggested that it is due to nervous strain. My wife thinks it is because of the way her grandparents have treated her, and I'm wondering if that could be possible. What do you think?"

Dr. Mace says:

It is perfectly possible that Mr. H.F.'s daughter's asthma is caused, or at least accentuated, by her emotional suffering. A child has a keen sense of justice and is quick to sense any discrimination in the treatment of a parent or guardian. This little girl would certainly be hurt by the fact that her grandparents made a fuss of her brother and slighted her. This could make her feel that she was not as worthy of love as was her brother—which could create deep anxiety in the child.

I think it is advisable for Mr. H.F. and his wife to try to find a separate home of their own, and for the wife, if at all possible, to stay at home and give the little girl all the love and care she needs to tide her over this difficult period. The few extra luxuries the wife's earning can provide will be dearly bought if they are secured at the cost of the child's emotional security.

• Dr. Mace, world-famous marriage guidance counsellor, has agreed to answer readers' problems of love and marriage during his stay in Australia. Address your problems to Dr. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Pen-names and disguised addresses may be used for publication, but real names and addresses must be supplied as a guarantee of good faith. See page 37 for details of Dr. and Mrs. Mace's Queensland tour.



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BEST AGE TO HAVE A BABY

Motherhood, at any time, is woman's richest experience

By BARBARA RICHARDS

"I'm going to have a baby!" How often have these words brought supreme joy to a married couple whose lives have been planned to include a family.

IMMEDIATELY, the mother-to-be becomes an object of interest and of consequence—especially if it is to be her first child. She is congratulated, cautioned, and controlled.

If a woman is over 35 years old, having her first baby, then the eyes and ears of her friends and acquaintances are really wide open.

Somehow, there is something inspiring about an older woman having a baby for the first time. Yet it is common enough. It always has been, according to the statistics.

Motherhood, said a top-flight American obstetrician, is the world's most wonderful experience for any

woman, and, if she places herself in the hands of an experienced physician, no woman should let age alone deter her from becoming pregnant.

Another said: "Pregnancy after the age of 35 may be contemplated with reason and approached with intelligence and confidence."

The ideal family theoretically is said to be one in which there are four children. The mother is 24 years of age, or thereabouts, when she has her first and not older than 35 when she has her last.

There are, however, few women who can choose the age at which they will have their first baby. They may not meet the man they want to marry till they are well into their 30's. They may be married young enough, but apparent sterility may make conception impossible for some years. For financial and allied reasons they may have to postpone having a family.

Facts show that generally the more educated a woman is the later she is likely to have a child.

In Sydney's largest maternity hospital, the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, the average age of women having their first babies is 24 years in public wards and 29.9 in the intermediate and private wards.

But doctors believe that unless the circumstances make it impossible or really unwise, no couple should deliberately wait a long time before having a child.

Matron Edna Shaw, who was for many years matron of the Women's Hospital, said:

"Couples should as much as possible have babies when God sends them. I've known plenty of women who've gone to work to get money and at the same time put off having a baby. That might be all right for a little while, but lots of them take it too far."

Doctors agree that the problem of older motherhood is

both a medical and an emotional one. But they say it is not something to be frightened of. Indeed, there is a lot to be said in favor of it.

Take the case of a woman whom I shall call Mrs. Smith, living at Epping, a Sydney suburb. Mrs. Smith and her husband have a three-year-old son, Ian. He is their only child, born when Mrs. Smith was 38 and after 13 years of childless marriage.

The Smiths had always wanted children, but had almost given up hope of having any. They were delighted when Mrs. Smith became pregnant.

During her pregnancy she was well. At the maternity

Age no deterrent

hospital she had a Caesarean, and Ian was born weighing 7lb. 10oz.

"In the hospital," said Mrs. Smith, "although the other mothers were much younger, I didn't feel my age."

Mrs. Smith went home after 12 days and had no trouble breast-feeding her baby. She obeyed her clinic's instructions to the letter.

"We probably fussed more than young couples do," said Mrs. Smith. "We wanted to look after him perfectly."

Life changed in all kinds of ways for the Smiths, but Mrs. Smith said about older mothers:

"If you can have a baby, go ahead. It's true that children keep you young. Sometimes you get rather tired, but it's worth it. Another thing: if you're older you have more patience."

"I sometimes worry that Ian, when he grows up, will think his mother is too old. But then I say to myself that all youngsters think their mothers are old anyway."

Another "older mother" who had her first child, a girl, at the age of 38 is now on the verge of having a second. She didn't marry until she was 37.

"I would have liked to have got married and had a family earlier," she said, "but things didn't work out that way. But I think I'm happier to settle down now to having a family than I would have been, say, 10 years ago."

To balance this argument there is, of course, the young mother who has her family in her very early 20's and by the time they are old enough to go to school, or be left alone, occasionally she is still young enough to enjoy her life.

According to Dr. F. W. Clements, of the Institute of Child Health, Sydney, the most important factor in child-bearing is not the age of the mother, but her emotional maturity.

"One woman can be emotionally grown up when she's 20," he said, "but I doubt if many teenagers are. Yet another woman can still be immature at 40. Having children means considerable sacrifice. A woman has to make room for the child in her life, suppress many of her own wishes and desires in favor of the child, and 'understand' his physical and mental needs."

"The woman who is emotionally mature generally



makes a good mother, and I don't think that maturity comes much before about 23 or 24. For this reason I'd say there is a better chance of a woman over 35 making a good mother than a teenager. I've known hundreds of older mothers and I'd say most of them are wonderful."

One possible snag, he said, is the excessive affection an older woman tends to lavish on her first child, partly because he has been wanted so

long, partly because she thinks her chances of having more may be slim.

With the advantages of modern medicine it would seem likely that more older women would be considering having a child for the first time.

But this apparently is not so. In 1934, the percentage of women over 35 who had a first baby was 4.9 per cent. In 1939 it was 4.64 per cent., in 1950, 5.6 per cent., in 1952,

5.0 per cent., and in 1954, 4.97 per cent.

At the same time, the mothers are not getting younger. In 1934, the percentage of girls under 20 who were confined was 5.06 per cent. The figures rose to 5.26 per cent. (1939), 4.57 (1950), 4.67 (1952) and 4.97 (1954).

This is in spite of the fact that women are marrying earlier (the proportion of the under-20's has risen from 28 in every 100 in 1950 to just over 32 in every 100 in 1954).

In fact, over the past 50 years there has been remarkably little change in the average age of the mother having a first child. In 1900 in N.S.W. it was 24.66 years, in 1914 25.25 years, in 1930 24.91 years, in 1939 25.31 years, in 1946 25.63 years. Since then there has been a slight decline to the 1954 figure of 25.02 years.

Summing up the older-mother problem, a leading Sydney obstetrician said:

"No woman who is biologically capable of having a child should ever think she is too old. I have delivered women in their 40's time and time again with no more trouble than younger mothers. One woman was 58, and her little boy was a beauty."

"Motherhood is a most rewarding and, I would say, a most necessary experience for any woman. The older mother may find it a bit more difficult, both physically and emotionally, but she will also find it is all worth while."

Typical fears of older mothers

● Doctors say that older mothers—those who have a first baby after their 35th birthday—have special fears. Here are some typical "older mother" questions, and answers to them given by a senior lecturer of the Obstetric Department of the Sydney University, who is also in private practice as an obstetric specialist:

Q: Will my baby be of poor quality physically because it is the child of old parents?

A: If there is any difference at all, it is so slight as to be negligible.

Q: Am I likely to have a child with a mental defect?

A: No more so than anyone else, which means there is very slight risk.

Q: What about mongolism? Don't figures show that older women have a greater proportion of mongols?

A: This risk has been greatly overestimated in the past.

Q: Is it true that because of my age I will probably have to have a Caesarean section instead of a normal delivery?

A: No. A few more Caesarean sections are done in the case of older mothers, but the vast majority of the

older group having their first baby have them quite normally.

Q: Have I to take special precautions to avoid a miscarriage because I am old?

A: No. The risk is the same as in a woman of any other age.

Q: Could fibroid growths in the womb interfere with the normal development of my child?

A: No. Fibroids rarely interfere with pregnancy to any appreciable extent, though they sometimes give vague pains, and normal delivery is possible even in a woman with large fibroids. Fibroids usually grow during the pregnancy and regress afterwards.

Q: If I have a normal pregnancy will my confinement be more difficult because of my age?

A: This is unlikely. Most of the older mothers do very well in labor.

Fathers prefer **BOND'S**



FATHER'S DAY SEPTEMBER 2nd!

AMERICAN-STYLE (FOR COMFORT AND ACTION) T-SHIRTS AND BRIEFS

by Munsingwear (U.S.A.)

He'll wear this new Bond's T-shirt as underwear or for casual wear. In finest suede interlock cotton... it's knit for comfort and fit... Nylon reinforced collar can't lose its shape... stays flat and trim always. **And only 12/11.** Bond's Sport Briefs for perfect support, with perfect comfort... plus the revolutionary new horizontal fly. **Price, 8/11.**



CHESTY BOND ATHLETICS AND MATCHING KNEE PANTS

Knit from 100% pure super-carded cotton, Chesty Bond singlets are extra strong for longer wear. Will wash and wash. Guaranteed to give every father "muscle freedom". **Only 6/11.**

These new super-carded cotton knee pants have every practical feature father wants. Elastic at waist... they're soft... comfortable... wonderfully absorbent. Long wearing... they actually improve with washing! **Priced at only 9/11.**

"These knee pants are tough they're made from exactly the same fabric as my singlets!"



BOND'S NEW **ORIGINALS** ... S-T-R-E-T-C-H WOOL AND NYLON SOCKS

(perfect fit for every foot)



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WOOL MIXTURE SOCKS

Reinforced with nylon

NYLON **SPRINGBAKS**

stretch to fit all fathers! Solves your gift problem... no sizes to consider.



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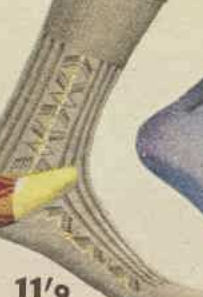
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THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

This section shows some of the fashions that make today's well-dressed man. It indicates the variety of clothes that have replaced the Australian blue business suit.

Clothes should be noticed—

—says JOHN TAYLOR,
editor of "Tailor and Cutter"

● The first essential of the well-dressed man is to be noticed. For too many years people have insisted that a perfectly dressed man must be inconspicuous.

THIS is arrant nonsense, and a complete fallacy. Give me the man who, still paying lip service to fashion, is prepared to try something new and different.

When choosing my year's ten best-dressed men I look for individuality without isolation, rectitude without bigotry, color without cacophony, and novelty without eccentricity.

First selection is Prince Charles. His clothes remain smart and imaginative as he grows older. Recently I saw him wearing a flat cloth cap with a fitted formal overcoat, much to the chagrin of a Savile Row tailor.

But the Prince was right: the flat cap is de rigueur for spectators at football matches, and that's where H.R.H. was going. A cloth cap is cheaper for throwing into the air, too.

Sir William Darling, M.P. for Edinburgh, gets my badge for tenacious rectitude. In an age when Members lollop to the House in lounge suits, top-hatted Sir William is the only one in step.

Adlai Stevenson gets the vote in trans-Atlantic politics. He stands as a Democrat, but dresses like a Republican—in "Ivy League" suits.

Should he be urged into the wigwag of the Drape Shape I shall have to reconsider his chances next year. It's a hard decision, either way.

Marshal Tito is the ritziest dictator—he combines a short stature and a rather Ruritanian uniform without looking ridiculous.

Are you surprised at my choice of Charlie Chaplin? The little tramp was never smart in the true sense of the word, but he had a defiant, threadbare mental elegance that the world has never seen before—or since.

Film star Fred Astaire has the ease of movement and lightness of physique which ensures his clothes looking as good in motion as in any fashion-plate pose.

Porfirio Rubirosa, one-time husband of Barbara Hutton, etc., would be difficult to exclude. He has the traditional elegance of the diplomat.

General Sir Frederick Browning, Treasurer to the Duke of Edinburgh, is included as the smartest soldier in the world. Again, looks, military carriage, and personality are underlined.

Billy Graham is nominated because of his influence in making a smart appearance not necessarily concomitant with worldliness.

Marshal Bulganin may be a surprise. I include him for his appreciation of the psychological importance of dressing well.

While no Australians are included in the list, I would like to make special reference to Peter Finch and Dick Bentley.

Dick, one of my favorite dressers, has the art of always looking clean and neat without sacrificing personality.

Peter Finch achieves the same object, although he dresses very casually, and without apparent concentration.

For years, Sir Anthony Eden was my choice as the world's best-dressed man. Now he seems to have lost interest.

Perhaps he got sick of all the fuss.

Generally I am inclined to lean towards people who dress up to their job.

It has always seemed strange to me that men like Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson wear clothes that any businessman might choose.

One feels that Shakespearian actors might well overplay their clothes. Perhaps their knighthoods have sobered them.

Apart from Sir Ralph's off-

SOME OF THE TEN BEST-DRESSED . . .



RUBIROSA—traditional elegance.



STEVENSON—hard decision.



GENERAL BROWNING—the smartest.



PRINCE CHARLES—imaginative.



BULGANIN—self-assured.

But local expert likes a quiet dash in fashion

Leading Melbourne men's fashion expert Mr. Norman Tosh does not agree with Mr. Taylor that the well-dressed man must always be noticed for what he is wearing.

"NOT to be eye-catching" is his principle.

"To be well dressed is to be dressed in individual good taste without being conspicuous," he said this week.

"Contrary to Mr. Taylor's idea, I think one can use imagination in dressing without drawing attention."

Mr. Tosh feels it is the place of mature men to lead fashion, and of young men to follow within reason.

"This is the way it goes overseas, but in Australia we are usually back to front about it," he said.

"I would include the Duke of Edinburgh in my list of best-dressed men."

"He does dare to appear in something different, yet, in his position, a change is never anything but in good taste."

"There is a lot in dressing-up to a job."

"I think that just as we are beginning to package our food attractively, so we should package brains and ability to help sell ourselves."

"Lighter-weight materials are ideal for Australian weather, waistcoats to match suits will soon make a comeback."

"Colored waistcoats are at their peak now."

"Women are the pioneers of colors and style trends for men, though men don't realise it," Mr. Tosh declared.

"Often when women have been wearing a new color, such as the recent charcoal-grey, pewter, or gun-metal, for a year it becomes accepted by men and soon appears in their clothes."

"Look, for example, at the tweeds women have been wearing for the past year, and watch them appearing now on their menfolk."

"Actually, this charcoal-grey craze was the best thing that could have happened here."

"Having wrenched men away from the eternal blue suit we are one step further towards introducing them to more colorful dressing . . . but, of course, in a quiet, tasteful manner."

. . . AND FOUR OF THE NEXT BEST.



EDEN—sick of it?



OLIVIER—too sober.



RICHARDSON—the hat.



BENTLEY—clean and neat.

HE CARES WHAT HE WEARS



● Clothes, says a well-worn adage, make the man. Fashions, say the tailors, make the man well dressed.

AND the niceties of fashion—whether it is permissible to wear this with that—are growing in importance among Australian men.

No longer are clothes bought merely for warmth or convention.

The ill-fitting, ready-made, blue-suited days are out, and the vented jackets and narrow ties are in—at least until the fashions change.

People in the clothing trade believe they have an explanation for this.

Today, they say, a man can dress well and be comfortable, too. His clothes are cut on looser lines, and he doesn't have to wear a waistcoat unless he wants to.

He doesn't have to wear a stiff collar to be correctly dressed for the office and his summer suits are as light and cool as possible.

His shirts are made of fine, light cotton or synthetics. His ties are narrower and less bulky, and his socks are usually nylon.

So, admittedly assisted by synthetics and light, crease-resisting materials, Australian men are really beginning to care what they wear.

Clothes-store salesmen have another word to add: Men are much less dependent on wives and mothers to make up their minds for them.

They want to shop for themselves, and they enjoy doing it.

Here are some clothing-trade tips on current trends for the summer:

Shoulders and trouser-cuffs are narrower.

The "town suit" is following more closely the natural lines of the body and has a slimmer look. Trouser-cuffs should not be much more than 19in. wide.

Single-breasted suits are most popular—buttoning higher, with three buttons and a shorter lapel.

Lightweight suits are lighter than ever. The latest—made of wool and mohair—weighs about 2½lb.

The vented jacket is good fashion for any occasion. Side vents are not so popular. The vent has shifted to centre-back.

Striped shirts are back for business. The stripes are hairline, in greys, greens, and many shades of blue on a conventional white ground.

Ties are still colorful, but the patterns are more restrained, less splashy, and the tie itself is narrower—from 2½ to 2¾in. wide.

Cuff-links will be bulky and decorative.

The manager of one big city store feels that matched accessories will be fashionable and popular—matching tie, hatband, and plaited silk belt.

Men's footwear is shedding weight, too. Italian-designed slip-on shoes, suitable for city wear, will be seen this summer.

Clothes photographed on these pages were supplied by Sydney men's-wear stores.



ABOVE: The classic black evening suit is back in wide favor for any occasion which calls for evening dress, displacing the pastel-colored tuxedo. This suit is cut in slimmer lines, with a neat, satin-faced shawl collar.

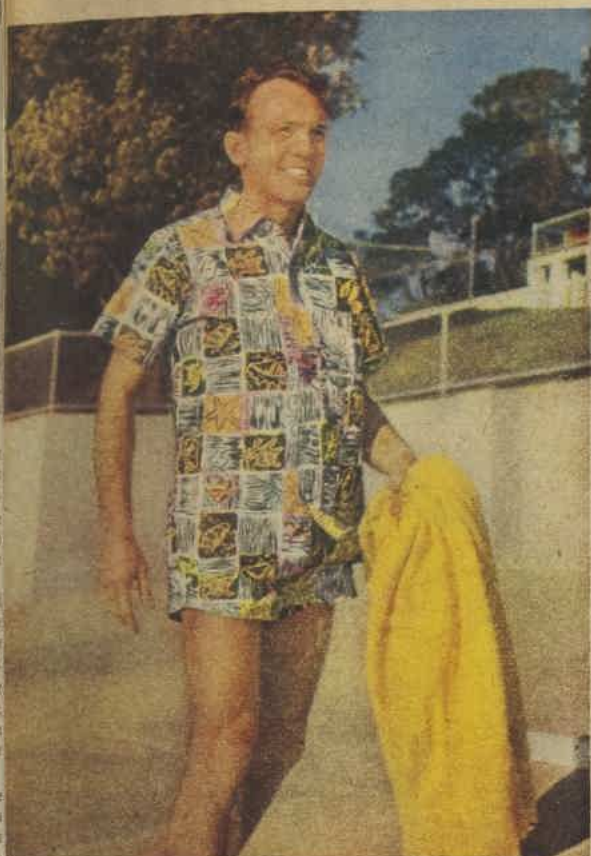
★

LEFT: Summer-weight "separates" are now acceptable male fashion for business as well as social wear. This navy jacket, made from 58 per cent. mohair and 42 per cent. Australian wool, weighs only 28oz. The slacks are of summerweight flannel.

★

RIGHT: This business suit of dark navy worsted, single-breasted, and cut on slim lines, is of standard weight, and is designed for the man who works in the city. Pictures on these two pages by staff photographer Frank Gardner.





ABOVE: Bold colors look like being most popular in next summer's male beachwear. This outfit combines shorter boxer-style swim-shorts with matching shirt, worn buttoned or open.

RIGHT: Tropical-weight business suit, in cool-looking light grey, made from mohair and Australian wool, weighs only 44oz. The jacket is vented centre-back—a new fashion for men.



NAVY FLANNEL double-breasted blazer with chrome buttons is growing more popular for spectator sports and semi-casual weekend wear. Worn here with mid-grey flannel slacks and chocolate-brown suede shoes, it fills the gap between a man's business and "best" suit, and casual slacks, sports shirt, and beachwear.



DARK GREEN business suit, designed with the new three-button jacket and shorter lapel, worn over a contrasting yellow-beige waistcoat, demonstrates the popularity of color in business clothes.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4810619>

HERE'S HOW NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR GIVES YOU

Positive Relief FROM COUGHING!

Not just one, but ten medically proven active ingredients in NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir give a 3-way expectorant, sedative and decongestive action. That's why NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir acts so quickly to stop harsh, racking coughing; "breaks" bronchial coughs for, far better than ordinary mixtures.

Exclusive 3-way Action

1. **Loosens Phlegm.** Five gentle expectorants in NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir rapidly clear phlegm-congested membranes.
2. **Stops Irritating Coughing.** The sedative action of Codeine soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest—bringing positive and prolonged relief from irritating coughing.
3. **Reduces Congestion.** Only NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir contains Phenylephrine—an active agent for relieving congestion; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes; makes breathing easier.

In addition, the formula contains Croosafe (as an internal antiseptic); Honey and Glycerin (to soothe sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest).

NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir is a safe, sure treatment for coughs and bronchial congestion for adults, children, infants. There are 3 formulations, with dosages specially adjusted for all ages:

Infants 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' BABY Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., 3/9; 6 fl. oz., 5/6.

Children 5 years to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/6.

Adults and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/6; 12 fl. oz., 9/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR



Special Cough formula for Children

When kiddies cough their heads off, don't guess how much of an adult cough mixture to give them. Be accurate! Give NYAL 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir—the only mixture which has the dosage accurately prepared especially for children from 5 to 12 years old. This raspberry-flavoured elixir soothes inflamed tissues of throat and chest; cuts away phlegm; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes; makes breathing easier. 6 fl. oz., 5/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' CHILDREN'S COUGH ELIXIR



Stops Sore Throats Quickly

Don't suffer the discomfort of a sore, inflamed throat one minute longer! NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets will bring you speedy, soothing relief. Slip just one of these pleasant-tasting tablets into your mouth... the inflamed membranes lose their soreness... the iodine content helps check the infection. Use NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets as a safeguard against infection whenever you are in crowds—trams, trains, buses, theatres, etc. 40 tablets, 2/3; 60 tablets, 3/4.

Nyal IODISED THROAT TABLETS



Breathe freely in 2 minutes!

At last—here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you have longed for! You'll breathe freely two minutes after using NYAL 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray—the newest, most modern form of nasal medication known. Contains an active agent for relieving congestion; does not sting; can be used as often as necessary by young and old alike. So easy to use, too!

The ingenious microspray tip of the pliable squeeze-plastic pack ensures that the relieving spray reaches high into the blocked nasal passages—shrinking them to normal. Carry a pack with you—get relief anywhere, anytime.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY



How You Can Have WHITER TEETH In 10 Days

New NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before. It gives you the completely clean teeth you expect; gives you stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly activated dental detergent which foams instantly, safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.

Smooth texture and a clean, refreshing peppermint flavour make NYAL Toothpaste the family favourite. Try it soon!

Nyal TOOTHPASTE



Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

Suffering from persistent cold sores—cracked lips? Then try the soothing, healing action of NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion. The Cream keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The Lotion dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion, 2/9.

Nyal COLD SORE CREAM & LOTION



Sold ONLY by Chemists

CHECK LIST of other Dependable Products

Nyal Aspirin-Codeine Tablets. Quickly relieve headaches, migraine, toothache, nerve and muscular pains. 2/3, 3/6.

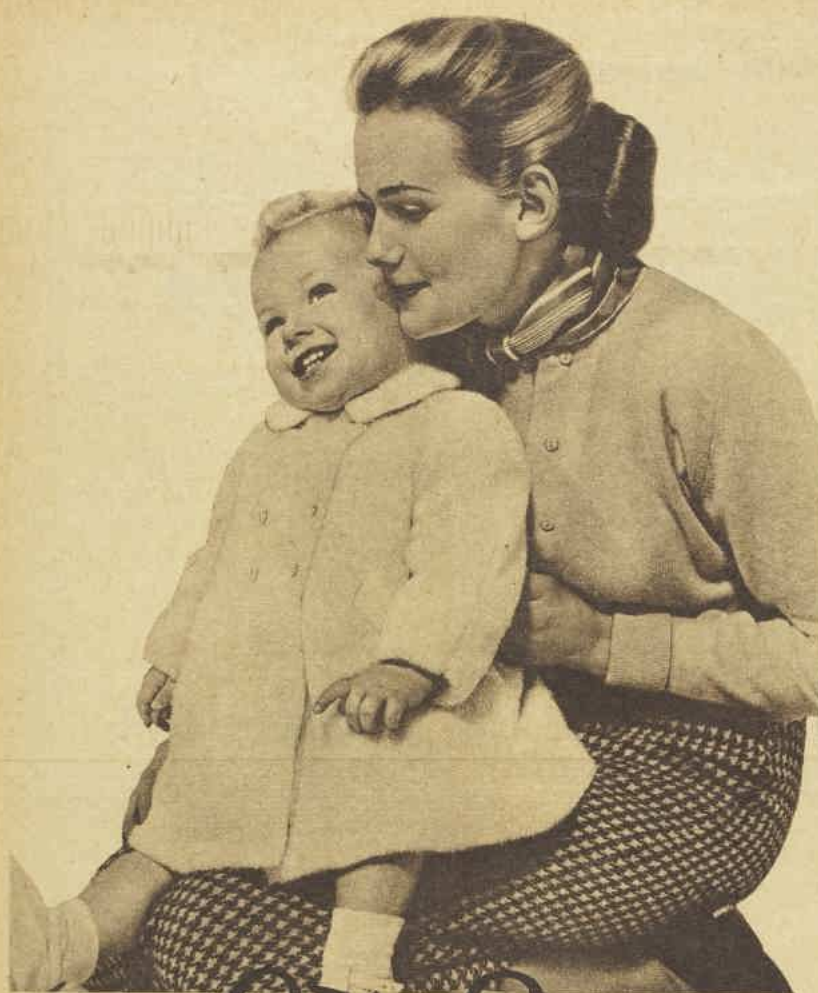
Nyal Croosafe. A valuable "After-Flu" and convalescent tonic. 4/6, 7/3, 8/6.

Nyal Quinine 'Flu Mixture. Wards off attacks of influenza and feverish colds. Reduces high temperatures. 4/9.

Nyal Chlorine Paint. Cools and soothes the burning, itching of irritating chilblains instantly. 3/6.

Nyal Figgs. A palatable, chocolate-flavoured, efficient laxative tablet suitable for all ages. Regular or Double Strength. 2/3, 3/6.

Nyal White Lip Salve. Invisible protection against wind-burned lips. Assists healing—protects your lips while it soothes them. 2/9.



new?

NO, THEY'RE LUX WASHED!

*... it's hard to tell the difference —
Lux keeps the new softness of all
precious things*

WHAT A DARLING she is with her very first fluffy, white, walking-out coat! This little coat has been washed six times in Lux. Yet its adorably "grown-up" line and soft white fluffiness are just as if it had been bought today. This pretty mother's twin set, too, owes its good looks to safe Lux washing.

"WASH OUR WOOLLIES in Lux — because it's so safe" — that's what the makers of Twinprufe Wools say. Your lovely hands will tell you how gentle Lux washing is.

*The makers of
fine knitting wools say:*

**"Wash woollies
in Lux
because it's
so safe"**



Perfect for dishes, too! For as little as a penny a day, you can wash-up the pleasant way with Lux... and without spoiling your pretty hands.

The well-dressed
MAN



IMPECCABLE and elegant, Robert Clause frequently acts as an adviser to clients at a leading Parisian tailor's.



ROBERT CLAUSE gives a Press showing at the Ambassadeurs, Paris. His suit has a Prince of Wales check.



DURING a Paris review of fashions for men, Robert wears tails and dances with a ballerina.

He's a model of fashion

TWENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD student singer Robert Clause was working as a porter in the meat section of the Paris markets when a photographer introduced him to modelling.

His rise to fashion fame was swift. As Paris' only male mannequin and cover boy, he was soon in great demand by tailors and men's wear stores.

His good looks and charm brought reward in hard cash, too. Robert commands more than £25 for one parade — much more than any female mannequin could hope for.

Modelling occupies most of Robert's time, so he dresses the part from a wardrobe of 25 suits, five overcoats, 25 pairs of shoes, and about 200 ties.

The rest of his time? It's spent studying singing between baritone appearances at the Opera-Comique in a Schubert operetta.



DRESSED for the songs of a Schubert operetta at the Paris Opera-Comique.

LEFT. Robert poses in a striking outfit for pictures along the quaysides of the Seine.



THIS was the Jean Davies that Mrs. Anne Lambton found behind a chain-store counter. Jean proved that a shop-girl can become a socialite—and remain just a nice girl.

JEAN DAVIES has her first taste of champagne . . . and samples the sparkling life that goes with it. Her dinner partner is handsome deb escort Brinsley Black.

From shy shop-girl to lovely debutante



IN A DREAM frock of white lace banded with cherry-red, the girl who has seen life mostly from behind a shop counter steps out on her way to a deb-class dance with the Mayfair "set." She wore a cherry-red taffeta coat over the frock.

Month's glamor course turns her into poised socialite

● Can you take a girl from behind a chain-store counter and turn her, poised and lovely, into the enclosure at Royal Ascot?

CAN you teach her to take part with complete self-confidence in the social round of London's 1956 debutante?

And can you achieve this in the space of four weeks?

London television fashion expert Mrs. Anne Lambton says that it can be done—and has proved it with a shy, 21-year-old shop-girl.

The girl is Jean Davies, who lives and works at Watford, Herts. Today she has the sophistication and easy charm of a trained deb.

What brought this change is an experiment like the one Bernard Shaw invented for his play "Pygmalion," in which Eliza Doolittle, a flower-girl, was groomed into a socialite.

Mrs. Lambton searched for weeks to find the right girl.

Why did she make the experiment?

"Because," says Mrs. Lamb-

ton, "I believe there is part of every woman's personality which needs to be developed. 'Most of us need to be shown how to put ourselves over and make the most of ourselves.'"

You meet girls like Jean Davies every day. She is not a great beauty, neither is she plain. She is just a nice girl in glasses with a slim, attractive figure who lives at home with her mother.

Mrs. Davies said: "We have had to pinch and save and I have always had to work, so there had been no glamor and excitement for her."

Jean left school at 15 and has worked in a department store since. Today she is earning £6 a week. On her half-day off she

helps her mother with the housework in their tiny flat.

At weekends she watches her boy-friend play football, and goes to the local cinema.

This was the simple pattern of her everyday life until Mrs. Lambton began the great experiment.

This included deportment, elocution and beauty. And then a new wardrobe was chosen for her with the glamorous outfits and accessories Jean had only dreamed of.

So the transformation began:

STAGE ONE was to give Jean confidence by helping her make the best of her looks. Mrs. Lambton took her to Mayfair beauty salons for advice about her skin and hair.

The beauty consultant's analysis of Jean: the cream foundation she used was too heavy for her sensitive skin. She was given a fine foundation, blue-grey eye make-up and a softer pink lipstick.

The hair stylist's analysis: too much bleach and Jean's bun-and-bang style was too old-looking.

She was given a soft ash rinse and her hair was cut to half page-boy style.

The final beauty touch: a luxurious French perfume. "No dabs behind the ears," ordered the perfumier. "Spray it generously from head to toe."

STAGE TWO: Mrs. Lambton made Jean change her plain, rimless spectacles for a chic pair of doe-like glasses in tortoiseshell.

More exciting was the oculist's opinion about her eye-

By
AMY LANDRETH,
in London

sight: with 15-minutes-a-day eye exercises, she might eventually be able to give up wearing spectacles.

STAGE THREE: Mrs. Lambton and speech expert Mr. Lynton Fletcher helped Jean overcome her shyness and too-quiet voice.

STAGE FOUR was the most difficult. Its aim was to help a girl whose life so far had been centred upon a simple home and her job behind the counter to feel socially at ease in Mayfair society.

So, although during the month she was under Mrs. Lambton's care there were informal lessons in Court etiquette and Mayfair manners, visits to theatres, art galleries and dress shows, there was much more emphasis on helping Jean to develop her own personality.

With the beauty grooming, and the new clothes Mrs. Lambton chose from top fashion houses, Jean knew she was looking her best.

At a lunch in her honor, Jean met celebrities such as Viscountess Boyle, Viscountess Tarbat, producer Peter Cotes, stage star Tony Britton, and Brinsley Black, one of this year's popular deb escorts.

Jean sailed through with flying colors.

But it was Tony Britton who dared to ask the question on everyone's lips.

"What will this all mean to Jean?" he asked. "Will it ruin her life?"

Watching Jean these past few weeks, I am sure this will not happen.

Today Jean is back at her job in the store. Has she settled down again?

"Of course," said Jean. "I've had this wonderful chance. Now it's up to me."



HAPPY AND RELAXED after a month of grooming, Jean takes the social whirl of Royal Ascot in her stride. Her pink-and-green rosebud frock was in glazed cotton, her coat in black silk. The cheeky pink straw hat came from Paris.

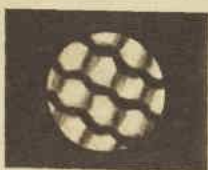


AFTER the transformation—Jean Davies is glamorous, gay, and self-assured. She's the new Pygmalion girl!

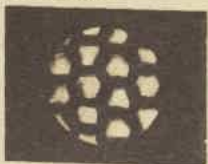


THE WORD THAT REVOLUTIONISES CASUALWEAR!

NYCOTE®



Magnified portion of the yarn fibres of an ordinary cotton garment.



Magnified portion of the yarn fibres of a garment treated with exclusive Crestknit NYCOTE. NYCOTE seals the fibres and gives every one complete protection against dirt and wear!

Exclusive **CRESTKNIT** Process gives
50% longer wear — easier laundering

A Crestknit Nycote-treated garment feels smoother, finer and more luxurious — warmer in winter, cooler in summer. Nycote protects the fibres — makes the garment stay cleaner, longer. So easy to launder — just a brief rinse and casual iron restores that film star look. And actual tests show that Nycote gives 50% longer wear. Gay Nycote-

treated leisure wear by Crestknit is obtainable in a variety of popular colours. Here are four from the highly individual style range at all Crestknit retailers (from left to right) —

"VAGABOND" (action-attraction)
"PAULA" (poised and practical)
"CATHY" (cool and casual)
"BUCCANEER" (seafaring sophistication)

Look! Look! Look! The



Look!

£2000 art award

Battle through sickness to success

Prize-winner describes wife as "my staunchest supporter"

Charles Doutney, winner of the £1500 award for the best entry in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956, was so ill on the eve of the date for sending in entries that he didn't think he would be able to complete his painting.

DOUTNEY, a Sydney ex-serviceman, who suffers from a rare blood disease, was working on his portrait the day before the closing date when he suddenly had one of his frequent, blinding headaches.

"I had gone so far with the portrait that I just had to finish it," he said. "I rushed down to my specialist, told him the story, and as a special favor he gave me four pills to take to enable me to get the picture finished."

"I came back home, had a lie down, and woke up at 9 p.m. with the headache gone. I worked through until 2.30 a.m., then had a sleep and got up early in the morning to work for three and a half hours to get the picture finished."

"I didn't want him to go on with it on the Friday," said Doutney's attractive wife, Yvonne. "He was in terrible pain and I wanted him to let the picture go and get into bed."

"Of course, the prize was important, but I want him always to put his health first."

Yvonne, a youthful-looking mother of two — Irene, 8, and Charles, 14 — runs her home uncomplainingly on Doutney's totally disabled pension of £9/15/- a week.

Doutney describes her as "my staunchest supporter."

"We have been married for 17 years," he said, "and she certainly hasn't had it easy."

"I was in the R.A.A.F. during World War II and served in New Guinea and the islands, ending up with an aircraft-repair depot at Darwin."

"After the war I went back to my job as paymaster with a wool firm. Then one day I had such acute pains that I couldn't sit down."

"I went to the Repatriation Hospital and found I had this blood disease which makes me so tired that sometimes for weeks I can't even pick up a paint brush."

"I went home and told Yvonne, and we discussed the future. I knew that I could only continue this job for a short while before the disease made it impossible to go on."

"I have always wanted to paint, and asked Yvonne what she thought about my applying to study art under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme."

"Even though it meant giving up my comparatively good salary and living on £5 a week throughout the five-year course, she agreed."

"I thought that at the end

of the course I would be a fully qualified artist and able to get a lot of work that would enable me to stand, which I find easier, and that perhaps I could even get a job as an art teacher.

"So I went ahead. But less than two years after I started the course, I had to give it up under doctor's orders. However, he said I could continue painting as a therapeutic measure."

"Since then we have continued to live on the full £9/15/- a week pension, but Yvonne never complains."

"People said I was behaving badly to her when I started the course. They didn't know about the health factor."

"But Yvonne has been wonderful. And I know that if the woman you are with doesn't have faith in you, you are lost. If she doesn't go all the way along with you and is cranky, you are completely lost."

Yvonne, a green-eyed brunette with a soft voice,

By **NONI ROWLAND**

blushed and muttered, "Don't be silly," while she poured us all another cup of tea.

"It hasn't been so bad," she said, turning to her husband, "We've got by all right."

Doutney's winning portrait was the second he started for the Portrait Prize.

About eight months ago he began work on a painting, and only when he had completed it found that the man he had painted in the foreground made it ineligible.

"I tried to blot out the man, but ended up ruining the painting and had to start all over again three months ago."

"In the portrait I submitted, Dita epitomises for me many of the girls you see round King's Cross. I only know her as Dita; don't even know her second name."

"In the tight matador pants and brightly colored sweater she was wearing she looked

like hundreds of girls I have seen in the area."

"I knew that these days the portrait would be regarded as unconventional, although it wouldn't have been last century. But I wanted to get away from the old head-and-hands routine. I tried to make the figure, background, and general atmosphere all one."

"If, when I finished the portrait, Dita didn't look as though she belonged in that setting of a Sydney restaurant I wouldn't have entered it."

Doutney, who adds up his total academic training in art to one full year and two years of night study rates Sydney teachers Frank Hinder and Wallace Thornton as the biggest influences in his life.

His working conditions are far from ideal.

In the small one-bedroom flat in which he and his wife and children live in Potts Point he works mainly in the living-room.

"I put in two panes of glass, which gives me adequate light after 11 in the morning, but it's not so satisfactory when I have to paint in our bedroom, where there are no windows," he said.

The children sleep in bunks on a verandah.

"Maybe one day we'll have a bigger place with a room where I can lock myself in and not get in Charles' way," said Yvonne.

But Doutney regards his wife as "the most constant reviewer of my pictures."

"When I have reached a stage in my work where suggestions are valuable," he said, "Yvonne says what she doesn't like. And, you know, it's uncanny what she doesn't like is what I myself have unconsciously not liked and not admitted."

I asked Charles and Yvonne what they intended to do with the £1500 prizemoney.

Charles thought for a while and said "The main point, I think, is that it has to provide some sort of surety for the family."

"I'm not concerned with spending it in a hurry, but with thinking out some way to make it last for a long time."

The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize Exhibition will be on view at the National Art Gallery of N.S.W., Sydney, until September 16. Gallery hours: 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Monday to Saturday, and on Sunday from 2 to 4.30 p.m.

● Prize-winning portrait and four finalists are shown in color overleaf.



"I'd like a trip abroad, but I know that would soon eat up the money."

With two pairs of small Doutney eyes on me, I said with a smile that perhaps there would be a few presents.

But eight-year-old Irene disconcerted me when she said in an anxious voice: "Daddy, you promised you'd give me some money to buy mummy a birthday present."

Explaining that Yvonne's birthday fell on August 20, Doutney assured his daughter that mum would certainly be the first beneficiary.

When staff photographer Ron Berg and I got up to leave the tiny picture-filled flat, Yvonne thanked us again for bringing the good news.

"And thanks very much for breaking it so gently," she said. "When Charles learnt very suddenly about winning the Sulman Prize in 1952, he was so stunned I was worried. I couldn't get a word out of him for hours."

Woman painter

JUDY CASSAB, who, for the second time, won the £500 award for the best entry by a woman, learnt the news from her husband, businessman John Kampfner.

"John got up early on the day the results were announced to buy a copy of the paper," she said.

PRIZE-WINNING SMILES. Sydney artist Charles Doutney, his wife Yvonne, and children Irene (8) and Charles (14) were all smiles when they heard the news. Doutney said that he thought Bill Dobell had entered and would win, adding: "Dobell at his best is hard to throw. I wouldn't have minded being second to him, but he didn't enter."



JUDY CASSAB, with sons John (right) and Peter, is excited over her win. "I did not dream I could be so lucky a second time," she said. "I hope to go abroad at Christmas."

"I was really amazed. I didn't expect to be so lucky a second time."

Judy's young sons, Peter, 8, and John, 10, greeted Ron Berg and me as old acquaintances when we arrived at their attractive home in Woollahra, Sydney.

Lively youngsters, they cross-questioned me about "Mummy's other entry" — a portrait of Lady Slim — and asked if it had also been among the 10 paintings from which the judges selected the winning entries.

For Judy, August has been an exciting month. She celebrated a birthday the day before the results were announced, and this month her aunt, uncle, and cousin, whom she has not seen for six years, will arrive from Egypt.

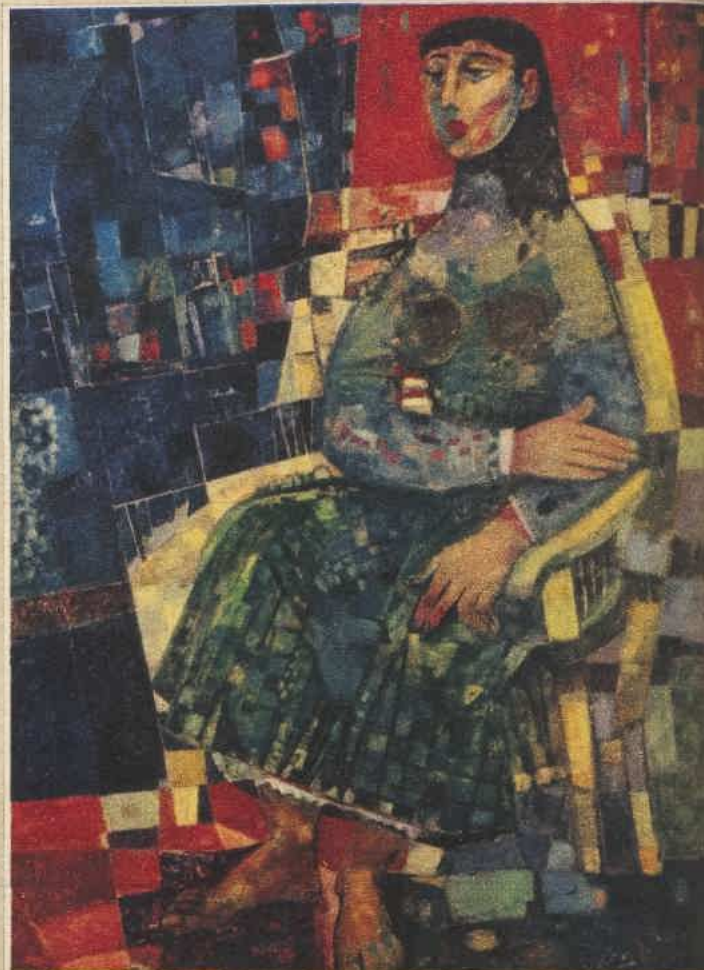
This year, we again regret that lack of space has made it impossible for all entries to be hung.

When the exhibition, which was opened on August 16, ends in Sydney on September 16, it will be sent to all other Australian capital cities.

OUR PORTRAIT PRIZE: Four entries in final selection



"WENDY WHITELEY"—William Pidgeon (N.S.W.).



"EDDA"—Michael Kmit (N.S.W.).



"KATE HODGKINSON"—Frank Hodgkinson (N.S.W.).



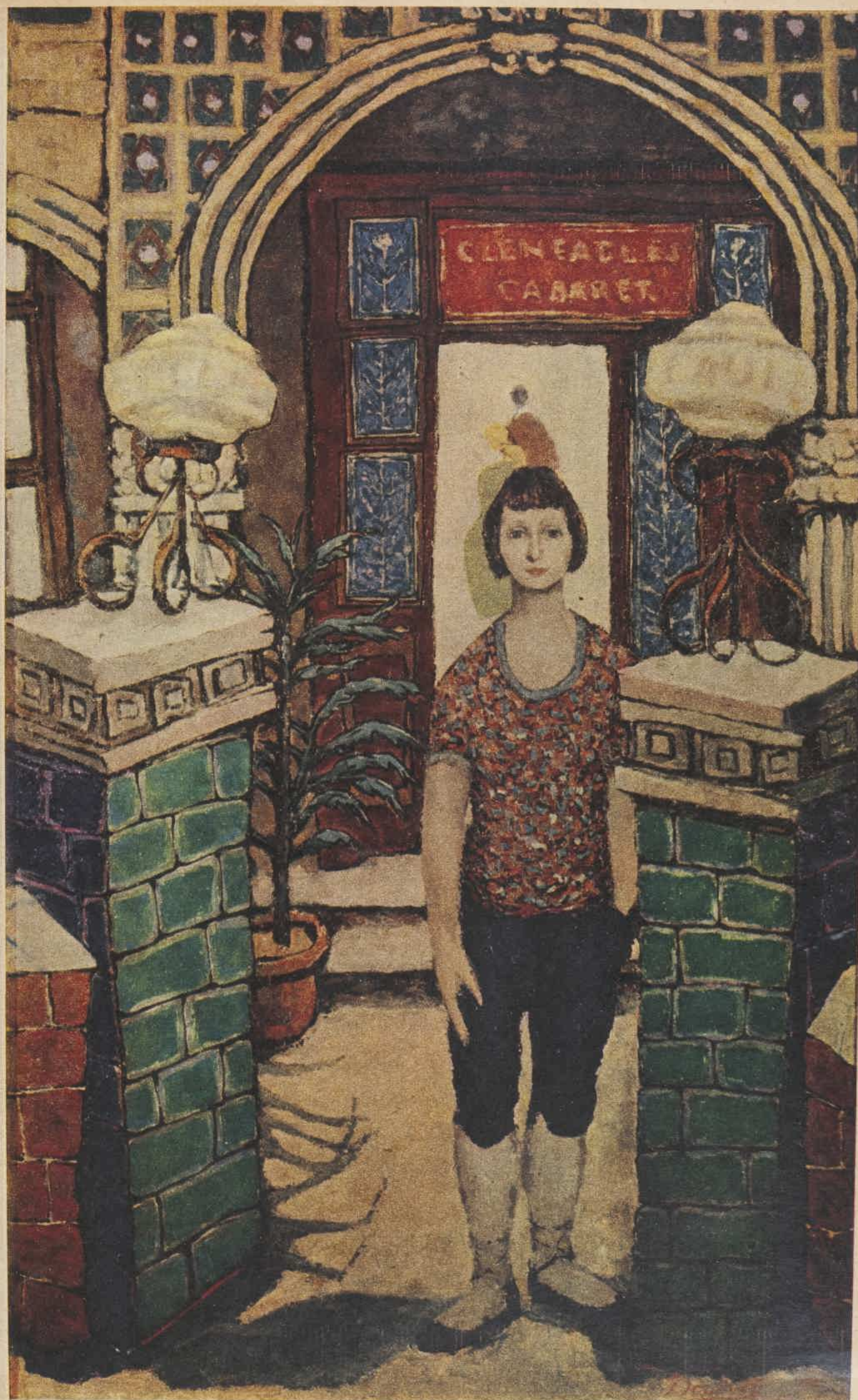
"ESTER YOUNG"—Clifton Pugh (Victoria).

Winner of main award of £1500

CHARLES DOUTNEY, of Sydney, won the main award of £1500 for the best entry in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956, with this portrait named "Dita."

ON the opposite page are four of the 10 paintings from which the judges made their final choice of the two winning entries. The remaining four paintings not reproduced in this issue were "Judith," by James Boswell, of London, "Elizabeth," by Nornie Gude, of Victoria, "Mrs. D.", by Jon Molvig, of Queensland, and "Portrait 1956," by J. Carington Smith, of Tasmania.

JUDY CASSAB'S portrait of Elaine Haxton, which was awarded the prize of £500 for the best entry by a woman, appears on our cover this week.





SYDNEY ARTIST Michael Kmit with his wife, Edda (second from left), Mrs. Francis Graham, and Mrs. Pat Levy in front of Mr. Kmit's entry in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize. Mr. Kmit was one of the ten finalists.



TOASTING THE WINNER. Sir Thomas White (left), who officially opened The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956, talks with Mrs. Charles Dountney and Mr. Dountney, who won the £1500 prize. Sir Thomas is the former Australian High Commissioner in London. The exhibition of portraits is being held at the National Art Gallery and will continue until September 16.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS AT THE ART GALLERY



PRIZEWINNER Judy Cassab with Mrs. Frank Packer, wife of the Managing-Director of Consolidated Press. Miss Cassab won £500 for her winning entry.



TRUSTEE OF ART GALLERY Mr. H. F. Heath with Mrs. Heath (centre) and Mrs. Hal Missingham, wife of the Director of the Art Gallery. Mr. Hal Missingham was one of the judges of the £2000 Portrait Prize competition.

ALL roads led to the Art Gallery when a large crowd of art enthusiasts attended the opening of the exhibition of entries in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956.

Sir Thomas White, who is the former Australian High Commissioner in London, flew up specially from Melbourne to officially open the exhibition of portraits.

After the official speeches, everybody moved around the two courts to have a really good look at the pictures.

And there was a lot of keen discussion as people picked out their favorites.

AS Mr. B. J. Waterhouse, president of the Board of Trustees at the Art Gallery, was abroad, Mr. Eric Langker, one of the trustees, presided at the opening. And with Mrs. Langker he helped to receive guests at a party in the board room of the Gallery in honor of Sir Thomas White and the winning artists.

SYDNEY artists Charles Dountney and Judy Cassab were in the centre of congratulatory groups. Mr. Dountney's portrait won the £1500 prize and Miss Cassab's portrait of fellow artist Elaine Haxton was judged the best entry by a woman artist.

I HEARD lots of people admiring Judy Cassab's second entry—a portrait of Lady Slim, wife of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim. Lady Slim, who is at present holidaying in England, sat for this portrait at Admiralty House, Sydney.

EARLY arrivals at the Gallery were Mrs. R. L. Johnson, of Vacluse, and her pretty daughter Janette, nineteen-year-old. Janette announced her engagement last week to Peter Tanner Vanderfield.

COUNTRY lass Barbara McCoy, of Mollumbidgee, showed me her portrait of Ariana Moretti, of Griffith. Barbara is a nursing sister at the Far West Children's Hospital at Manly and she painted Ariana when she was a patient there recently.

MRS. JOYCE SNELLING of Neutral Bay, was complimented by her friends on her portrait by J. Noel Kour. Mrs. Snelling told me that she is already packing for her three-month holiday in Japan... she sails for Changsha on September 8.

TWO young lasses very interested in art are 11-year-old Susan Hill and 10-year-old Sancha Bovill. Susan attended the portrait exhibition—her first art show—with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill, and Sancha—with her second exhibition—with her mother, Mrs. John Bovill. *Ann*



DIRECTOR of the Western Australian Art Gallery, Mr. Laurence Thomas, with artist Elaine Haxton in front of Judy Cassab's portrait of Miss Huxton.



AT EXHIBITION. Mrs. Marcel Dekyere (left) with artist Nornie Gude and her husband, Scott Pendlebury, looking at Miss Gude's watercolor entry in the Portrait Prize.



EARLY ARRIVALS AT GALLERY (from left) Mrs. John Farrar, Baroness von Nordegg-Rabenau, and Mrs. A. H. Varcoe in front of Judy Cassab's portrait of Elaine Haxton, which was judged the best entry by a woman artist.

PYRAMID

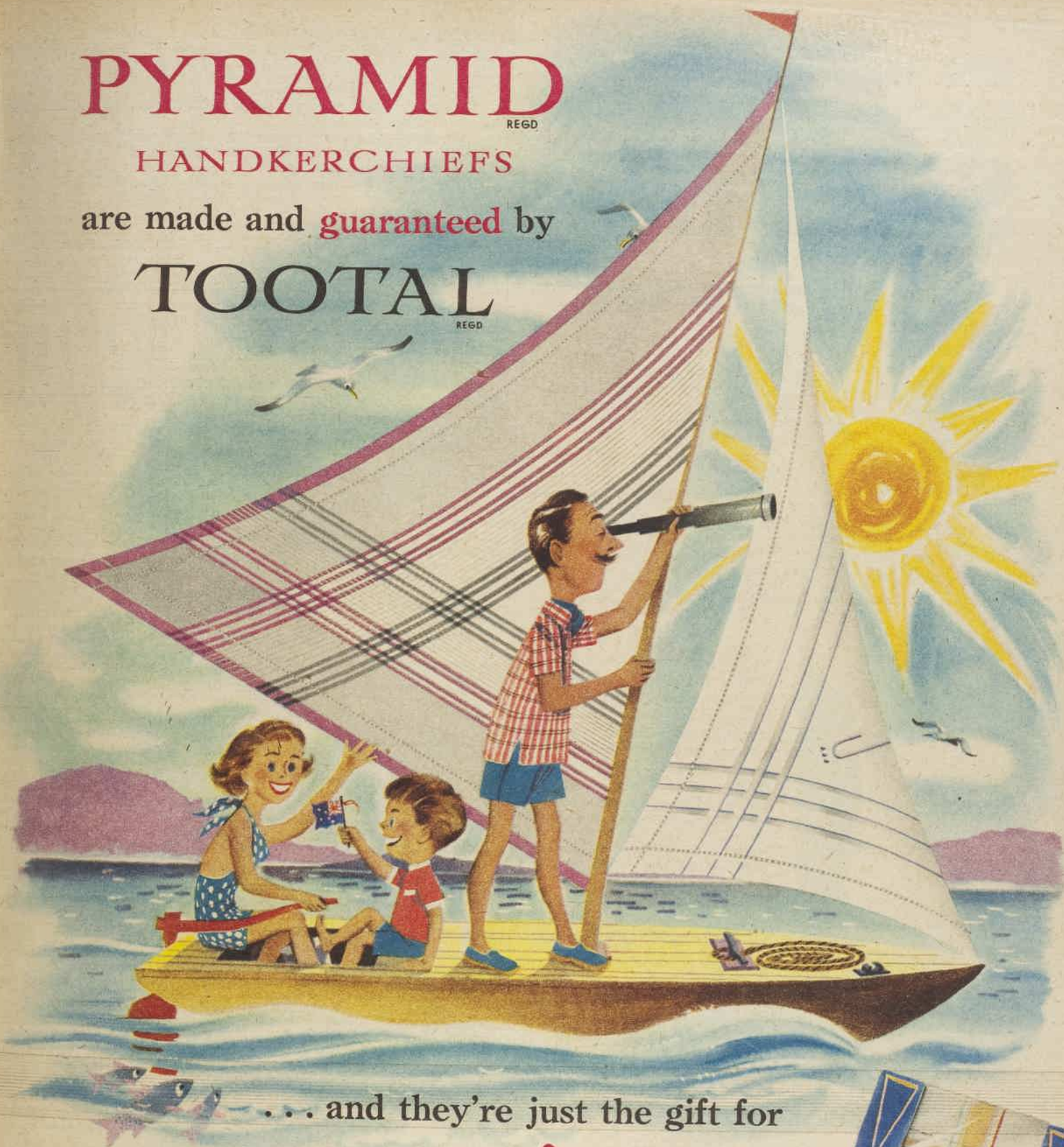
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Other attractive gifts for Father that are washable, crease-resistant and fully guaranteed:

TOOTAL DRESSING GOWNS • TOOTAL TIES

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GIFT-WRAPPED!

See the special Father's Day Presentation Pack, containing 3-dozen Pyramid Handkerchiefs. Or buy Pyramid singly in a smart cellophane wrap . . . at the counter displays in all stores.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956

Page 27

Here it is! From Sarong, New York
THE SENSATIONAL

NEW

Sarong corselet



now in Australia to smooth your
figure to fashion's lovely line!

See how the boneless Sarong Corselet
so easily, so gracefully elongates
your figure to conform to fashion's
longer torso line. See how it
features the same world-patented
criss-cross double front panels as
the amazing Sarong Girdle. If you
prefer an 'all-in-one' foundation—
then for you, from now on, it's the
sensational new Sarong Corselet.

No. 6233 "Sarong" Corselet. Two fittings
for B and C bust cups. 32"-38", 99/6.



AUST. PATENT No. 142,323

Your store has the fabulous
SARONG GIRDLE, too!

Sarong, the original boneless girdle
that walks and won't ride up, is made
to fit 10 of the Berlei fractional fittings.
Whether you need the lightness of
Sarong Junior the firm support of
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of Sarong Regular—Sarong is
completely different—and so flattering.

Made in Australia for
Sarong Foundations Pty. Ltd. by Berlei Ltd.

Go to your favourite Corset
Department and say, "I WANT SARONG!"



FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"All set? The first exercise is to touch
the floor twenty times without bending
your knees . . . One . . ."

MOTHER



"Hello! Mabel? . . . At last I have time
for a little chat with you . . ."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

AT the stocking counter
of one of the big
stores last week two women
were discussing the Suez
crisis.

"Jim said there could easily
be another war," said one,
"so I thought I'd lay-by some
nylons in case."

To anyone with memory,
imagination, or both, such a
remark seems profoundly
shocking. Indeed it is the sum
of such attitudes that helps
make wars always a possi-
bility.

If memory has begun to
fade, a war book will bring it
back soon enough. I read last week "You'll Die
in Singapore," by C. McCormac, the story of
an escape made by the English author and an
Australian in 1942.

I literally didn't put it down from start to
finish — began it in a train and was almost
overcarried, continued it in a tram, and went
on with it as soon as I entered my front door.

Is it the same world, you ask yourself, read-
ing a book like this, remembering the war
years, and recalling that the most vivid
imagination could not even then encompass the
experience of those who endured these things.

Yet it never does to become too sancti-
monious about the outlook expressed by the
woman at the stocking counter.

It is that very trait in human beings — the
ability to forget and the inability to envisage
horror — which makes life endurable.

THE "Do-It-Yourself" craze owes its
popularity more to the high cost of
tradesmen, I suspect, than to real enjoy-
ment of carpentry and painting.

Nevertheless I went visiting some old friends
the other night and saw a picture which might
well have been used to illustrate a glowing
article on the delight of home hobbies.

Father of the household was crouched on
the living-room floor cutting doors for a
cupboard with young daughter helping.

As a silent picture it would have been charm-
ing. The trouble was that father was using
an electric handsaw. For some time his wife
and I carried on such conversation as we could,
but I would nominate an electric handsaw as
a more efficient gossip-stopper than television.

After an hour or so he rose from the floor
and sat in an armchair. "I have to think now,"
he explained, and settled into a brooding silence.

We talked a little longer in whispers and
then it was time to catch my bus.

"Well, it was nice to see you," said the home
carpenter as he saw me to the gate. "You
really must come and see us more often."

THAT American who plans the giant
transatlantic non-luxury liners has
a novel idea. He is cutting down on
elaborate food, but adding television
screens in cabin ceilings to show the sea
to passengers who stay in their bunks.

Economy is his watchword. With any luck
the sea-scenes on the screen should turn
squeamish passengers off their meals for the
whole crossing.

SPEAKING of mice (I
mentioned them last
week, if you're wondering
who spoke of them), some
friends of mine have a
mouse called Wallace.

They live in one of Sydney's
best waterfront suburbs in the
sort of house which would
never harbor mice of the ordi-
nary kind.

Wallace, they explain, is a
visiting field mouse. He is
treated with the greatest
courtesy and house guests are
asked to respect him.

He won a special place in
the hearts of his host family

when he survived an attack by a cat. One morn-
ing the cat grabbed Wallace and bore him off.
There was general mourning until a few nights
later when he reappeared, as lively as ever, but
showing a scarred hip.

Having some experience of mice myself —
though, as I live in a block of flats, I am un-
able to pass them off as field mice — I asked
what diet Wallace preferred.

"Oh, he doesn't EAT at our place," I was
told. "Bed only, not breakfast. He comes in
to sleep beside the kitchen electric clock. Says
it's the nearest thing to central heating he
could find."

TO lead a satisfactory domestic life in
Sydney it has been necessary for
many years to have a roof over the head
and a milk bottle.

The housing situation is nearly as bad as
it ever was, but the milk-bottle situation has
been solved by the decision to charge a deposit
on bottles.

The earlier stubborn resistance to this prac-
tice, common enough elsewhere, was inco-
prehensible. Unless you had a bottle you
couldn't get bottled milk, and the only way
to get a bottle was to buy a bottle of milk.

Occasionally soft-hearted shopkeepers would
lend one on the strict promise of return, but
many were adamant.

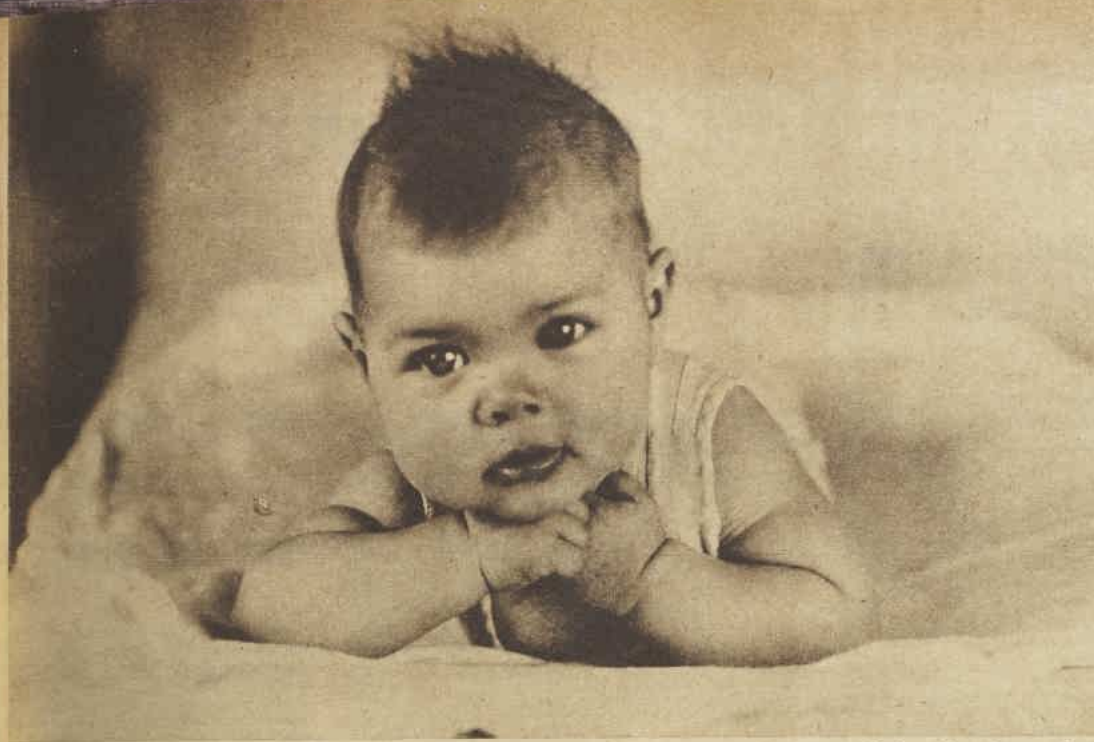
Now the problem will disappear. The charge
— fivepence — seems a bit steep. (Soft-drink
manufacturers ask threepence.) But residents
of the City of Dreadful Fares are inured to
spectacular prices.

IN an article dealing with the
of Kent's gay social life and
accidents the magazine "American
Weekly" states that he may be sent
Australia to "calm him down."

"Youth," pronounced a greybeard wisely.
"Is a wild and thoughtless time.
Let us study maps, selecting
Some far-flung and peaceful clime."

Said another, "Try Australia.
I remember, long ago,
Hearing many lengthy speeches
Poured in soporific flow."

"Splendid," cried the first. "There's nothing
Calculated to depress
Youth's ebullience like the droning
Of a loyal Mayor's address."



PRINCESS GRACE of Monaco, who is expecting her first child in February, 1957, was a beautiful baby. Her picture taken at six months (above) proves this. Grace grew up in a typical American home and had a typical American education. Her child will receive its schooling from a governess, grow up in a State hedged in by the protocol that surrounds royalty.

Monaco rejoices at good news of royal baby

While the ruler of Monaco, Prince Rainier, and his bride, Princess Grace, cruise slowly in their royal yacht along the Italian coast, the Prince's subjects are celebrating the news that their Princess is expecting a baby in February.

THE news means that they are protected against absorption into France with its crippling taxes and military conscription.

An heir—either a boy or a girl—keeps the principality of Monaco a tax-free heaven. If the royal couple had no family, Monaco would become part of France and have to pay French taxes. As well, her men would be conscripted for French military service.

With Prince Rainier's official announcement recently of the expected baby came the first audible sigh of relief from the threat of French taxes, then a typical burst of galling rejoicing.

From the highest to the lowest, all social strata celebrated with glasses raised. In the luxurious Hotel de Paris champagne flowed for all guests. In little bars and cafes working-men and their wives laid for carafes of wine.

In one cafe a proprietor with a foresight his customers appreciated produced a life-size celluloid baby doll for them to toast.

Proving that Monegasques are as practical as their French cousins, Prince Rainier added to his announcement of joyful news a plea to his people to "have faith in me." Monaco's finances were checked by the breaking of the Monte Carlo bank just before Rainier's marriage, but now Prince insisted, "This must enforce our hope in the future."

The reinforcement includes a scheme for rebuilding the fire foreshore of the prin-

cipality, erecting new hotels, and eventually opening a heliport.

As the great majority of Monegasques live on the tourist trade, these projects come like personal birthday presents to them.

Now coping with a busy tourist season, the Monegasques' remaining queries are limited to the names of the child, and although February is a long way off, already they have many suggestions.

The succession can, by law, pass to a boy or a girl, but the Monegasques would prefer a boy, as they feel that male succession is more regal.

The Grimaldi family names include Honore, Louis, Charles, Albert, Antoine, Jacques, and Florestan, so all of these are possible.

There is also pretty safe

betting that a final choice would include Princess Grace's father's name of John, although it is unlikely that this would be his first Christian name.

Americans in Monte Carlo have suggested that the young prince could also carry the male form of his mother's second name, which would be Patrick.

If the child is a girl it is most likely she will be called Charlotte after Prince Rainier's mother.

Whether the royal baby is a boy or a girl it will occupy the traditional Grimaldi family nursery apartments in the palace, which consist of two rooms, each with its own bathroom.

These are now being repainted, redecorated, and refurnished.



PRINCE RAINIER III and Princess Grace photographed at a party the night before the Prince made the official announcement that he and his wife were expecting a baby in February, 1957. The next day the royal couple left on a Mediterranean cruise aboard the royal yacht.

Someone didn't INSIST ON SELLOTAPE



Such indignity: Mrs. Jackson wrapped dad's shoes to take them to the repair shop, but she made one mistake—she didn't use 'Sellotape'. It pays to insist on 'Sellotape'—you can always rely on it.

'Sellotape' is the consistent brand of sticky tape — it always stays stuck!

When 'Sellotape' leaves the factory its sticky surface is just the right strength—and it's just right when you buy it in the shop—because each roll is over-wrapped in protective Cellophane. 'Sellotape' always comes to you 'factory-fresh'; never dries out, never goes gooey, never splits. And because it's 'factory-fresh', 'Sellotape' sticks like a limpet to any surface and stays stuck!

For the Home: 'Sellotape' costs only 9d. for the 3 yard roll, 1/9 for 8 1/2 yards. A thousand uses round the home—and the youngsters need it for school, too!



For the factory, shop or office: 'Sellotape' comes in factory-sealed tins of 72 or 36 yard rolls to fit standard size dispensers.

* 'Cellophane' is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Ltd.

Career Wives



HEALING IN HER HANDS

"I lead a full but happy life," smiled Mrs. Lipton of 34 Dover Road, Rose Bay. This busy young woman combines the running of a home with the full-time job of physiotherapy. She is still in practice because she finds her work too interesting and stimulating to give up.

Mrs. Lipton was busy massaging when interviewed last week. "My patients have often told me I have very soothing hands," she said. "Naturally, they must be kept soft and smooth, and that's not always easy when there's housework to be done. One important way I guard my hands is by using Persil on washday. Persil is so gentle—it keeps hands wonderfully smooth."

P. 134 W.W. 429

High Fashion... **Colour** and optical precision* in spectacle frames by *Martin Wells*



MARTIN WELLS HAVE THE
"RIGHT COLOUR" AND THE
"RIGHT FRAME" FOR YOU

Your optician sells the most important fashion accessory in your wardrobe... your eye-glasses. These, if chosen correctly, should enhance the contours of your face, and add to the drama and colour of your clothes. Just as you would never consider wearing ONE pair of shoes with every dress, neither will ONE pair of glasses do. Build up a set of frames to match or harmonise with your clothes, from casuals to evening wear.



For your eyes to be "fashion wise" your glasses must actually help the features of your face. The above illustration will show how a square jaw can be minimised by frames with a slightly pointed lower line, and width at the eyebrow level.



Note how the slim frames which tilt slightly upwards at the outer corner (you probably call them "cateyes"), flatter a round face. Another little trick, if your mouth is well-shaped and pretty, or even a shade too small, give it prominence by matching bright red frames to your lipstick.



If your chin recedes, colour and design or trim interest in your glasses will draw attention away from it. Choose glasses something like the ones above for evening, and slightly less ornate ones for day wear.



Never, never, let the line of your eyebrows quarrel with the line of your spectacles. If your brows are thick and rounded, choose rounded frames. The lady with slender upslanting brows needs frames to follow their line.

Consider the features of your face before choosing your Martin Wells frames... there's a "right" frame and a "right" colour for every face, in their extensive range.

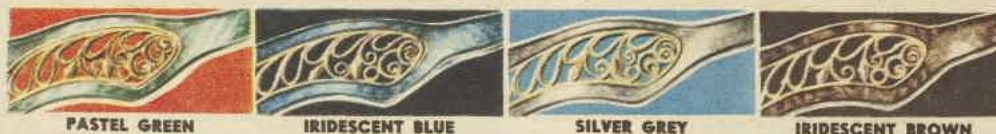
"Hollywood" temple scroll frames; above in Pearl Green ↑



A genuine Martin Wells frame carries their trade mark. Look for it always.



← "Amore" midas-touched frames, illus. in iridescent red.



Here, trend-setting frames based on continental designs and made in Australia by master-craftsmen to cater for fashion-conscious women. Martin Wells brings colour, "line", and extreme precision to optical frames... each style is made in 8 minutely different sizes to ensure perfect fit; and in 2 variations to make sure they flatter the contours of the face. Clear bridge frames for the shortish nose, and coloured bridge for the lady with the medium or longer nose.

Martin Wells frames, available at all leading Optometrists and Optical Dispensers.

Worth Reporting

THE FLYING CASEYS — External Affairs Minister Mr. R. G. Casey and Mrs. Casey — who were planning a flying holiday together at Alice Springs, have been "grounded" by the Suez Canal crisis.

"R.G." had to postpone the holiday and fly to London for the international conference on the Suez Canal and on his return will be kept busy by other commitments.

The Caseys were to have made the trip in their new aircraft, a single-engined Cessna 180, which cost £7000, and is the fourth aeroplane they have owned.

The four-seater plane has rubber-cushioned seats, aqua upholstery shot with silver, white leather trim, and deep aqua instrument panel and roof lining.

"Altogether too feminine for my husband's taste," said Mrs. Casey, smiling.

Mr. and Mrs. Casey, who are now in their 60's, have both held pilots' licenses since 1938.

"In those days," said Mrs. Casey, "transport between Melbourne and Canberra was very poor, so my husband learned to fly. A few months later I decided to learn."

Mrs. Casey is one of 130 women pilots in Australia.

She would rather fly than drive a car, explaining, "It's so peaceful up in the sky."

Music-making couple

SOME rarely heard piano duets by Schubert will be on the programme of the Schubert Society's monthly concert in Sydney on August 31, thanks to the president and secretary, Paul and Norma Williams, respectively.

This musical husband-and-wife team bought the music, not available in Australia, during a recent visit to Mr. Williams' home town — Vienna.

The society is a dream come true for Mr. Williams, who has watched the membership grow from 16 at the inaugural meeting to the present total of about 120.

The first meeting was held on November 19, 1953, the 125th anniversary of the composer's death. Members will celebrate the society's third birthday in November with "an extra special programme."

Sir Robert Garran is patron of the society. To members, he is more notable for his translations of Schubert's songs than he is for his work in helping to draft the Australian Constitution.



"Did you ever get the feeling something's gonna happen?"

THE more sophisticated you are the less successful you're likely to be at mind-reading, according to Dr. S. G. Soal, who carries out research in telepathy at London University.

Dr. Soal runs card games as experiments. He uses sets of five cards, each inscribed with one of five animals. He shows a card to the sender, then the receiver on the other side of a screen must identify the image.

Dr. Soal has found a couple of 13-year-old boy cousins who regularly pull off the 12 million to 1 chance by getting 16 out of 25 right.

Drive was a tonic

FOURTEEN car-loads of elderly and invalid Brisbane men and women recently had their first outing for years driving up and down city streets, window-shopping, and seeing the sights.

The tour was arranged as a cheer-up effort by the Queensland District Trained Nursing Association Committee for patients visited by District Nurses.

Committee president Mrs. R. W. Thomason said that when the excursion was being planned the passengers were asked to select the routes for the drive.

Few wanted to explore any farther afield than the city and suburbs, which they longed to see after years of living within four walls.

Following afternoon tea at the District Trained Nursing Home at Milton, the guests of honor were given parcels of cakes, fruit, and sweets to take back to their families.

On their rounds the next day District Nurses found an immediate tonic effect on patients.

Typical was an elderly, pain-racked woman who had enjoyed a night's sleep without a pill for the first time since the onset of her illness.

Baby-sitters for two days

THREE young married picture-theatre managers set themselves a job as baby-sitters at the Piccadilly Theatre, North Adelaide, on two consecutive mornings recently.

They were Dick Lawless, of West's Theatre, Gordon Wright, of the Civic, and Wallie Webb, of the Piccadilly.

They had invited mothers of one-to-two-year-old babies to park their children in the theatre foyer while they enjoyed a preview of the domestic drama "Never Say Good-bye."

More than 100 mothers arrived each day with their babies, equipped with nappy bags, feeding bottles, and name tags. The three sitters were assisted by seven trainee nurses from Calvary Hospital and girls from the theatres.

"We did plenty of nappy-changing," said Mr. Lawless. "That was just routine. Gordon Wright has two children and I have four."

"Unfortunately," he added, "we had the idea of having boiled sweets on hand for crying children. As a result, some of the patrons at night had difficulty in lifting their feet from the carpets."

"But we coped. And we're pleased to report that not once did we flash an S.O.S. on the screen for mother's help."

Book News

By AINSLIE BAKER

PEOPLE TO BE FOUND, by Joanna Cannon (Gollancz). The grotesquely absurd figure of Dr. Ogletorp dominates this story of English family life. A very readable novel by an always reliable author.

GRAND PRIX MURDER, by Douglas Rutherford (Collins). A Crime Club choice. Young English racing-driver Tony Templar in his first Continental race runs into murder. A colorful background peopled with a new set of characters.

MY SHIP IS SO SMALL, by Ann Davison (Peter Davies). The author of the moving "Last Voyage" tells of her lone crossing of the Atlantic in a 23ft.-long yacht. A remarkable achievement related by a talented writer.



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For the name of your nearest store or salon please write to E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD

THE FASHION FOR RED

Paris wears it in all shades

● The red dress (or suit) is at the head of the color list in Paris, and it's a brilliant new way to look chic in spring and cool in summer. Red has other attributes, too. For instance, men will hover round a red dress like moths, and it's a wonderful color for morale and fashion drama.



● Sleeveless, street-length theatre-coat (above) made in fire-cracker-red taffeta. The coat is shirred below waist-level and tied with a small self-material bow. Note the tiny evening hat in matching taffeta, worn on the back of the head—it's a new Paris fashion.



● Above: New summer formula for hot days—a sleeveless one-piece in fire-engine-red cotton with a band of chalk-white to mark the front-buttoning. The dress is beltless, but fitted at the waist.

● Right: Sun-dress in rose-red linen is finished with a white braid trim. The moulded bodice has a square-cut, low-back-and-front, camisole-type neckline. The skirt flares out softly from the waistline.





• Spring suit (above) has a froth of white frills at the neckline of the jacket. The jacket is fitted, and has three-quarter-length sleeves; the skirt is slender. The hat is matching red.



• Strawberry-and-cream-red for the easy fitted two-piece city suit (above). The color is wonderful for the woman who likes her red on the subtle side. The suit is buttoned in beige to match the beige accessories; the skirt has all-round box pleats. The Garbo-type hat gives shade and flattery to the wearer's face.



• For the summer-red category the short-skirted evening dress of crimson-lake silk taffeta (above) has distinct fashion drama. Notice the subtly curved bodice with its high-to-the-throat neckline and tiny sleeves. The narrow "window drape" skirt is finished with two gathered side panels dipping to the floor.

Timbrock

HARDBOARD

builds this—



a sewing centre any wife would love

This unit gives space for patterns, fabrics, cottons, and all other odds and ends you need for sewing — plus a worktable for cutting out and supporting the machine.

Yet when closed it takes only three feet of floor space and makes a handsome piece of furniture.

Timbrock was chosen to make it because its smooth pressurised finish makes an ideal snag-free working surface, and because it can be used to make the multitude of small slides and racks that are needed to store the small objects used for sewing.

In addition, look at all the other advantages you get with Timbrock.

- Timbrock is so much easier to work. Your saw zips through the grainless texture — leaves a clean edge. Nails can't make it split or splinter.
- Timbrock is flexible—can be bent around curves to achieve particular effects. Also, even the big sheets won't crack in handling.
- Fine, glass-smooth paint surface. Any type of paint goes on over Timbrock. No tiresome initial sanding before you can even start to paint. And Timbrock needs less paint to do a good covering job.



- White ant proofed! Timbrock was buried for a year in white ant riddled ground. Result when it was unearthed: Timbrock was not touched.
- Big sheets for big jobs—5, 6, 7, 8 and 14 feet long, 4' 6" wide to fit standard 18" studding. Timbrock Shorts when you only want a little Timbrock for a small job.



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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

The flower-printed brunch-coat illustrated below is chosen for a young woman who inquires about a paper pattern for an easy-to-make housegown in mid-calf length.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"WOULD it be possible to obtain a 'Dress Sense' pattern for a short housecoat? I want it to wear round the house cooking breakfast, etc. I am just average at sewing, so don't design anything too hard to make. I take 36in. bust size."

The design I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. The coat is short-skirted and frill-trimmed, and, with a paper pattern to follow, is well within the sewing ability of the average home dressmaker. The lines under the picture give further details.

"WHAT style of outfit, color, and design would you recommend for a summer playsuit? I have rather thin legs—the thighs particularly so—and would like this figure fault disguised."

A sleeveless blouse with a round collar in bright polka-dotted cotton with puffy romper trousers to match would be a good summer playsuit. Furthermore the bloomer legs would disguise your too-thin thighs.

"WOULD you please suggest color and fabric for a formal summer-wear coat? I like anything that is new and striking."

A summer coat made in raspberry-red silk would look new and striking. A coat in this color and texture would come under the list of day-coat, little-dinner-coat, and theatre-coat. Have the design falling straight from the shoulder-line, unbelted, and finished with a round collar cut well away from the throat.

"SOME time back I bought some white lace to make a short evening frock. Now my dressmaker tells me I have sufficient only for a very simple style. Could you suggest something very nice, as the lace was expensive?"

I suggest a strapless design with the bodice peaked at centre back and front, fitted and beltless. Have the skirt rather straight but bell



DS204.—Brunch-coat in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 2yds. frilled edging. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

just slightly towards the hem. Finish the dress with bows of white satin ribbon (five in all) placed centre-front from the bodice-top to the hemline—two bows on the bodice and three on the skirt.

"MY boy-friend, who is in the Forces, has sent me some beautiful Chinese silk damask from Malaya. It is a pale aqua-blue. I don't have much use for formal evening frocks, so how would you suggest I have it made?"

A soft version of a shirt-waist dress would be a pretty and practical way to use your silk damask. In this form the silk would make a perfect late-afternoon dress. Have the bodice finished with below-elbow, cuffed sleeves and the skirt bell to the hemline—the waist in its natural place and narrowly belted. For informal occasions wear the dress with white shoes; for dinner, etc., add sapphire-blue satin sandals.

Beauty in brief:

REFRESH YOUR COMPLEXION

By CAROLYN EARLE

- Winter's tag-end calls for a practical programme of skin refreshment. If possible, leave off all make-up except lipstick for a while; your skin will benefit no end.

IF this idea has no appeal, at least give your complexion a break by wearing less make-up than usual. Today's trend is away from the heavy make-up base with loads of face-powder piled on top.

Instead, you are advised to cleanse and treat your skin with a lubricant or a stimulant, depending on its type, then condition it with a mild lotion or cold water.

After so much skin preparation, apply

a minimum of suitable foundation that is sufficiently smooth not to seem dry or clog in the expression as in the face.

Make a point of spreading your foundation thinner and more evenly than ever.

Actually, the inclination toward a moist and thin make-up is youthful and kind, no matter what the wearer's age.

To follow, all that's necessary is a dusting of powder.

NOW guaranteed ACTIL-SHRUNK



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THE ALL PURPOSE FABRIC

All the boisterous fun and gaiety of the fair are captured in the exciting colours and smart durability of Actil-Shrunk Fasco, the all purpose fabric. Fasco makes ideal, budget-saving garments from shirts to shorts, rompers to tunics, sunfrocks to slacks — in fact, play and everyday wear for lasses and lads of all ages!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956

Page 35

* For years this man (though well-to-do)
Of business shirts has owned but two

"Each Bisley shirt outlasts" says he,
"A score of lesser quality"



No shirt looks as good
(or lasts as long)
as a **BISLEY NYLPOPLIN "666"**



7 REASONS WHY....

- **Bisley is stronger** — made of exclusive Nylpoplin 666. Tests prove it's the strongest shirting fabric you can buy!
- **Saves money** — costs you less to wear because it lasts so much longer. Saves laundry bills, too.
- **Truly non-iron** — not just for the first dozen washes but for all its long life.
- **Quick-drying** — wash it tonight, it's ready to wear again next morning. Not a crease in sight.
- **B-r-e-a-t-h-e-s** — never feels stuffy like weaves that are clogged up to make them crease-resistant.
- **Smoother** — has a rich, soft, silky texture that makes you feel — and look — a million.
- **So good-looking** — non transparent; never wilts; never loses its fresh-from-the-laundry look.

AND NOW... **BISLEY NYLPOPLIN 777**!
Same superb quality, same price as Nylpoplin 666,
but in smart **SELF STRIPES**!

Bisley

Made from
Sisal
Yarn — Lyon, France.



"I've worn and washed my Bisley over 600 times since I bought it, back in October '53," writes Sydney photographer Mr. F. W. George. "No doubt about Bisley Nylpoplin 666 — it's still as good as new!"

BISLEY — strongest by test!

See below what happened when an independent technical authority tortured 3 shirts on the American "Taber" Abraser — a testing device which rubs fabrics mercilessly with an electrically driven emery wheel.

BISLEY NYLPOPLIN 666
proved up to 24 times stronger!



Official Suppliers of shirts to the
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COOKERY CONTEST

• Another ten progress prizes — two in each of the five sections — have been won this week in our £6000 Cookery Contest.

EIGHT of the recipes are eligible for the special combination prize of £600.

Seven are eligible for the special butter first prize of £100.

This is in addition to the possibility of winning main prizes in the sections for which they were entered.

Readers do not have to submit separate entries for the special prizes.

Recipes will be considered automatically for these prizes if they are eligible.

To enter this Contest:

Send a recipe or recipes using bananas, rice (whole grain), eggs, cheese, or dried fruits (seeded raisins, sultanas, currants, mixed fruits), or any combination of these.

Write clearly, type, or print each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.

Remember to write or print your name and address at the top of EACH SHEET OF PAPER.

Write clearly at the top of each page the section in which your recipe is entered.

Attach your recipe or recipes to the coupon below.

Mark the envelope containing your entry "Cookery Contest" and address it to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

HERE are this week's progress prizes:

BANANAS

SPICED BANANAS

One cup red wine, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup pineapple juice, 9 or 10 cloves, 1-2th teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4 bananas.

Place wine, brown sugar, pineapple juice, cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg together in saucepan. Bring mixture to boil. Lower heat and cook about 8 minutes longer, or until the sauce reduces slightly. Peel bananas and cut into chunky crosswise pieces about 1in. thick. Drop pieces into sauce and simmer until bananas glaze. Serve hot as vegetable.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. P. K. Tozer, 45 Bedford Rd., Ringwood, Vic.

JAMAICAN BAKED BANANAS

Four barely ripe bananas, small quantity prepared mustard, 8 thin slices ham or bacon, breadcrumbs, 3oz. grated cheese.

Halve bananas crosswise. Spread mustard thinly on ham or bacon slices, and wrap a slice around each half banana, securing with cocktail stick. Place in greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with crumbs and cheese. Place in moderate oven, and bake 20 minutes until top is browned.

Mustard pickles (chopped) or mango chutney may be used instead of mustard.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. F. C. Heaton, "Redlands," North Isis, via Childers, Qld.

DRIED FRUITS

FRUITED HONEY ROUGHS

Half pound butter, 1 cup honey, 2 eggs, 1 cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch of salt, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup currants, 1 cup dates, 1 cup chopped almonds, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda.

Beat butter, honey, and brown sugar together until light and fluffy. Add beaten eggs gradually, then bicarb. soda (dissolved in milk), dried fruits, and almonds. Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon and add to mixture. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on a greased

CONDITIONS

Employees of Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about that decision.

All entries become the property of Consolidated Press.

Closing date of this contest is September 2. Entries received after that date will not be eligible.

ENTRY COUPON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY COOKERY CONTEST

I agree to abide by the contest rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

NAME

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS

STATE

Mark each recipe for the section in which it is entered.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956

Ten more progress prizes this week

biscuit-tray. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Allow to cool on trays.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Jackson, 24 First Street, Cardiff, N.S.W.

CUSTARD FRUIT FLAN

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, thinly sliced processed cheese, 2oz. raisins, 2oz. sultanas, 1oz. currants, 1oz. chopped peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened cooked apple pulp (free from syrup), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Roll pastry thinly, line 8in. tart-plate, prick base with fork, pinch frill around edge. Weight down with grease-proof-paper covered with beans or rice. Cook in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Remove beans and paper, allow to cool. Cover base with thinly sliced cheese.

Prepare fruit mince by combining fruits, apple pulp, brown sugar, spices, and sherry. Fill into tart on top of cheese. Beat eggs with milk and sugar, pour egg mixture over and decorate top with trimmings of pastry and small pieces of peel. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. M. L. Inglis, 7 Isla Street, Sunshine North W20, Vic.

CHEESE

SWISS VEAL ROLLS

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 6oz. tasty cheese, 1 egg-yolk, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 2lb. veal steak cut into thin slices, flour, 1 egg-white, breadcrumbs, 3 extra tablespoons butter.

Melt butter, add flour; mix well. Add milk, stir constantly until sauce boils and thickens, cook further 2 or 3 minutes. Cut cheese into small cubes, add to sauce, stir until cheese melts. Add egg-yolk, salt, pepper, and paprika. Pour cheese sauce on to flat plate, allow to cool. When cold and set, cut into 2in. lengths, finger thickness. Wrap each piece of cheese mixture in small slice of veal steak; secure with cocktail stick. Dip veal rolls in flour, then in lightly whipped egg-white; toss in fine breadcrumbs. Fry golden-brown in extra butter. Cover with lid and continue cooking over low heat until meat is cooked. Do not add water. Serve with boiled rice or mashed potato and sliced tomatoes.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. Edith Kalmar, 35 Woodlands Road, East Lindfield, N.S.W.

CHEESE BUTTERFLIES

One cup lobster or crab meat, 1 tablespoon butter, 3oz. soft cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, few grains of cayenne pepper, 3 teaspoons mayonnaise or cream, carrot, spring onions. Cheese circles: 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, few grains of

cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika (optional), 3oz. butter, 2 cups grated tasty cheese.

Place flour, salt, baking-powder, cayenne pepper, and paprika in basin. Rub in butter until mixture is crumbly; add grated cheese. Mix to smooth dough with water. Roll and cut into circles with a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cutter. Mark centre of half the number of circles with back of knife (this will enable you to snap them after baking). Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven.

Mash lobster with softened butter and add cheese. Season and moisten with mayonnaise or cream.

Pile mixture on cooled cheese circles. Press halved circles on top to represent wings. Press small pieces of raw carrot in one end for a head. Place $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lengths cut from thin green end of spring onions between wings and projecting beyond the head to represent feelers.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. F. C. Snell, 41 Henry St., Oakleigh, Vic.

EGGS

EGGS VALENCIENNES

Four eggs, 1 cup pulped cooked tomatoes, 1 cup boiled rice, 4 tablespoons cheese, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, dash of paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper.

Put tomato pulp into saucepan; add rice. When hot, add grated cheese, stirring until heated through. Add salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Brush shallow ovenware dish with melted butter and make a border of rice, tomatoes, and cheese. In the centre break four eggs. Season, place in hot oven 4 or 5 minutes or until eggs set. Sprinkle with parsley and paprika. Serve hot.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Scells, "Selma," 8 Eveleigh St., Woolloowin, Brisbane.

EGGS DIVAN

Six hard-boiled eggs, 2oz. chopped ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, dash of pepper, 1 or 2 tablespoons

cream or milk, cooked drained broccoli.

Sauce: One and a half tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated sharp cheese.

Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slice from one end of each cooked egg and carefully remove yolk. Mash yolks and end slices; add rest of devilled egg ingredients. Mix well, then use to fill egg-whites. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, mustard, salt, pepper, then milk. Cook until thickened. Add cheese, stir until smooth. Arrange broccoli in greased ovenware dish. Stand eggs, with stuffed ends up, between and on broccoli pieces. Pour sauce over all. Bake 40 minutes in moderate oven or until top is bubbly and brown.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Harrison, 6 Wilson Ave., Blackburn, Vic.

RICE

RICE A LA NELSON

Half-pound rice, 2oz. castor-sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, thin slivers of lemon rind, 1oz. butter, 1 pint milk, 3 eggs, chopped toasted almonds, slices of pineapple (tinned or fresh), orange-rum sauce.

Place washed rice in large saucepan, cover with cold water, bring to the boil. Strain, rinse in cold water, return to saucepan. Add sugar, lemon rind, butter, and milk. Bring to boil and simmer until rice is tender and has absorbed milk, adding more milk if necessary. Remove lemon rind, add vanilla and beaten egg-yolks, mix well. Fill into individual moulds well greased and sprinkled with chopped almonds. Bake in quick oven 20 to 30 minutes. Cool slightly, turn each mould on to slice of pineapple, pour sauce over, and sprinkle with extra chopped toasted almonds.

Orange-um sauce: Into saucepan place $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, grated rind and juice of 1 small lemon, 2oz. castor-sugar. Bring to boil, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons blended arrow-

HERE ARE THE PRIZES

In each of the five sections:

First Prize . . . £400

Second Prize . . £200

Third Prize . . £100

One prize of £50, one prize of £25, five prizes of £10, five prizes of £5, 10 progress prizes of £5.

Best recipe which also uses butter:

First Prize . . . £100

Second Prize . . £30

Third Prize . . £20

Special prizes for best recipes combining two or more listed ingredients:

First Prize . . . £600

Second Prize . . £100

Ten Prizes of . . £5

root, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add 1 wineglass rum, 1 oz. chopped glace cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. chopped preserved ginger.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. P. S. Dillon, Hobart Rd., New Norfolk, Tas.

QUICK SAVORY BISCUITS

Two and a half ounces butter, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. grated cheese, pinch salt and pepper, pinch cayenne, 1oz. cooked rice, 1oz. chopped almonds, 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 egg-white, 1 extra tablespoon grated cheese, and split blanched almonds.

Cream butter, cheese, and seasoning; add rice and almonds, then flour and baking-powder sifted together. Mix well, then roll into small balls, place on greased oven-tray, and flatten with fork. Beat egg-white stiffly, place small quantity on each biscuit, and sprinkle with some of extra cheese. Decorate each with almond half. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Cool on trays.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. L. A. Reynolds, Howes Creek Roadside, via Mansfield, Vic.



RAISIN JOE'S SPECIAL
for FATHER'S DAY

Alaska Mixed Fruit Pie

One baked pastry shell left in Pyrex plate. Chill well. Ice cream, 1 pint bought or homemade, frozen hard. Whites of 3 eggs, 6 ozs. castor sugar.

FILLING: 1 cup mixed fruit 1 tablespoon brandy
1 tablespoon nuts 1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon cherries

Mix all well and chill.

Make meringue by beating the egg whites till very stiff, with pinch salt. Add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Just before ready to serve, fill tart shell with fruits and top with ice cream and cover with meringue, sealing well to edges. Put on cold tray and place in hot oven for about 5 minutes. Watch carefully and when nicely tinted, serve immediately. Serve with brandy flavoured cream.

Win £1,000 with your Dried Fruit Recipe

Enter your favourite recipe for delicious, energy-packed Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins in the Women's Weekly Cookery Contest.

Serve dried fruits every day for extra health, and send the coupon below for your copy of the new A.D.F.A. cook book.

To: The A.D.F.A. Dept. W.W. (29/8), Box 4524, Melbourne. Please mail me a free copy of "100 Tested Recipes for Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins". I enclose 6d. in stamps to cover mailing costs.

NAME
ADDRESS

NOW EVEN FUSSY KIDS ENJOY TAKING COD LIVER OIL EMULSION



New **ORANGE FLAVOURED** Lane's contains cod liver oil and fresh eggs

It's no trouble to get children to take the body-building nourishment they need—Vitaminised oils and tonic Hypophosphites—in the new **ORANGE FLAVOURED** Lane's Emulsion. Lane's also contains the **EXTRA** goodness of fresh farm eggs! Start Lane's now—and build up firm bodies, resistant to coughs, colds and epidemics this winter. From chemists and stores (plain or orange flavoured), 4/6.

To cut a cough, take plain flavoured Lane's with **CREASOTE**

Bad Coughs, Bronchitis and Sore Throats, in old or young, need the healing, strengthening action of the original Lane's Emulsion, containing pure Beechwood Creasote.

Lane's Emulsion

DR. AND MRS. MACE

Queensland programme

August 23: 5.30 p.m., Youth meeting, "Courtship, Marriage, and You," Albert Hall, Albert St., Brisbane. Admission 2/6. 8 p.m., Mrs. Mace. Women's meeting for members of Brisbane's Women's Club, Adelaide St., Brisbane.

August 24: 8 p.m., Public Lecture, "Marriage As a Sex Relationship," All Saints' Hall, Ann St., Brisbane. Admission 3/-.

August 27: 10.30 a.m., Mrs. Mace. Guest speaker of the National Council of Women, Celtic Chambers, George St., Brisbane; 3.30 p.m., Dr. Mace. Address to students of Kindergarten Training College, Victoria Park Rd., Kelvin Grove.

August 28: 1 p.m., Dr. Mace. Address to students at the Medical School, Herston; 8 p.m., Public Lecture, Dr. Mace, "Marriage As a Personal Relationship."

All Saints' Hall, Ann St., Brisbane. Admission 3/- at door.

August 29: 8 p.m., Dr. Mace. Meeting with Queensland Marriage Guidance Counsellors; 8 p.m., Mrs. Mace. Address at Southern Brisbane Ladies' Junior Chamber of Commerce, T.P.I. Rooms, 48 Melbourne St., Brisbane. Admission, for members only, 2/6.

August 30: 10 a.m., Dr. and Mrs. Mace meet Queensland University staff at University at St. Lucia; 1.10 p.m., Dr. Mace. Address to members of the Students' Union at Queensland University, St. Lucia; 5.45, Dr. and Mrs. Mace. Dinner given by Fortitude Valley Rotary Club at Golf Club House, Victoria Park; 8 p.m., Dr. Mace. Public Lecture, "Marriage and Parenthood," All Saints' Hall, Ann St., Brisbane. Admission 3/-.

August 31: 8 p.m., Toowoomba City Hall, Public Lecture.

*I sleep so much
better when I drink
BOURN-VITA*



At some stage in life every normal healthy person has trouble in sleeping. To help promote that deep, restful sleep which is all-important in maintaining good health and a friendly disposition, drink a cup of delicious hot Bourn-vita at bedtime *every night*. Made from malt, eggs, milk and chocolate, Bourn-vita is a tonic food drink suitable for all the family. You'll find they will enjoy its distinctive flavour.

Sleep Sweeter
BOURN-VITA
IT'S CADBURY'S

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

An urgent desire to get life arranged into neat segments of love, courtship, and marriage seems to be a characteristic common to all teenage girls. You'll have a much better time if you don't decide these things when you are very young.

FIRST letter on my desk this week was from a young girl, who at 16 feels she has found her life partner.

Here is her letter:

"I USUALLY read 'Here's Your Answer,' and hope you can give me your opinion. I am 16 and have been going steady with a boy of 16½ years for nearly 10 months. You have said 16 is too young to have a steady, but we love each other and are satisfied to grow up together and then marry. My mother says I am lucky to have such a nice boy. She has known most of his relations all her life and was brought up in the same home town with his father and mother. I am content, but do you think I am silly to feel like this, and am I really too young to feel that I have found my life partner?"

"Only Sixteen," S.A.

I don't think you are a bit silly to feel contented now. Everything sounds just wonderful with a nice boy approved by the family and wedding bells ready to ring when you want them to. But I do believe, as I have said before, that 16 is too young to go steady. At 16 everything is forever. You can't imagine that you'll ever feel any different. But people do change, even you will change.

To become an adult involves many mental and physical changes. As your body changes and grows each year, so does your mind. And everyone's development is different. Consequently it is quite common to find that suddenly your childhood friends are no longer the satisfying friends they were before. Generally it is because you have progressed further in your mind and interests than they have, or, of course, it may be the other way about.

Don't doubt me, this will happen to you. Whether your steady boy-friend will be the man for you when you are really grown up is impossible to say now. He may be and he may not be.



A word from Debbie...

DOES "Heartbreak Hotel" send you? Well, take note that in America Presley fans call anything good "real Elvis."

Roses on your toes are a must for spring dances this year. Buy two matching full-blown artificial roses and sew them on the straps of your evening sandals, high enough to show a verandah of pretty toes lacquered rose-pink.

Remember those sail-cloth hats you used to embroider with mad things a couple of summers back? Buy yourself a bright colored beach towel for this summer and embroider it big and bold in the same way. If you want to be exclusive, just stitch "Keep off" right across the middle.

That is why I always say 16 is too young to go steady, why I believe you should just enjoy yourself with this nice boy, and, despite the suitability of the match from your mother's point of view, just wait around until you are really grown up before you make any firm decision.

"I AM very much in love with a boy I have known for three years. We go round in the same crowd, but now we are getting old the crowd are pairing off. I would like to go round with this boy, but he thinks I pity him because he has a bad background. Can you tell me how I can tell him that it is not the case?"

J.W., Sydney.

I don't believe this boy thinks you pity him. Otherwise, why would he have enjoyed your company for the past three years? It looks to me as if he doesn't want to get himself tied down now to a steady routine that leads him straight to the altar. Relax, and see what happens. If he doesn't want to take you out, you can't make him. If he really wants to take you out, he'll take you whether he thinks your feeling for him is pity or not.

"MY husband has to go and take an important position in the country. I would

be very grateful if you could tell me the correct way to receive and return calls and if it is right to offer afternoon tea to these callers. Is it necessary to have cards?"

F.G., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Calling is a custom instituted to give new arrivals an opportunity of getting to know the people in the town in which they settle. Cards are no longer necessary. Calling in the days of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," and indeed in the first half of this century, was merely a matter of ringing the doorbell and leaving cards as an indication that the caller was prepared to receive you into her social circle.

Nowadays what is far more likely to happen is that the wife of someone in your husband's business circle will invite you to afternoon tea and introduce you to her friends. Even formal "callers" now generally announce their intention by a phone call or a message, but you must be prepared for an occasional die-hard who may arrive, cards and all, unannounced. Always give callers afternoon tea. If you have formal callers you must return the calls within three or four weeks. To do this, ask two or three days ahead if it is convenient.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

KEEN on opera? If so, you may enjoy a new LP which introduces melodies from "Alzira," "Il Finto Stanislao," "Aroldo," "I Masnadieri," and "Attila." Don't hesitate admitting that you've never heard of them before. I confess I hadn't until I played "The Lady and the Fool" on OCLP.1059. This is a ballet suite made up from tunes from these and other rarely performed operas by Verdi.

The suite has been fashioned by the former Sydney oboist Charles Mackerras, who made

his name overseas with the ballet "Pineapple Poll."

Most of it is full of vitality and gaiety, the sort of bustling, merry stuff one associates with the circus ring. These bright tunes are interspersed with several lyrical themes: from such operas as "I Lombardi," "Jerusalem," and "The Sicilian Vespers," and taken all round it is a thoroughly entertaining piece of work. It is played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Mackerras.

For anyone who has just begun a collection of popular

classical records there is another 12-inch which demands investigation. It's called "Tchaikovsky's Famous Triplet" (KLC.509) and presents excellent hi-fi recordings of the poetic "Romeo and Juliet" Overture, "Marche Slav," and "Overture Solennelle," better known as the "1812." Standards in the repertoire and deserving of a place in every newly begun library, these three works receive thrilling treatment by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning August 27

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey and yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in passing unnoticed.	* If trying to make work run more smoothly, a couple of bright ideas might lighten your tasks. In some cases an occasional change of services could simplify matters.	* That minor domestic revolution may be due to certain inconveniences in the home. Loosing patience, you take drastic but beneficial steps.	* It is possible to be so matter of fact and take the beloved so much for granted that romance flies out of the window. Shower attention.	* You will need to be strong-minded this week. You have to get out and push in order to make things go faster, but associates are casual and easy-going.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, all pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. A surprise element in your luck.	* Taking your job with unfailing good humor and a willingness to fit in with those around you, it won't weigh too heavily. Spend spare time in tasks for yourself.	* You tend to invite more people to your home than you can really manage to entertain, and the preparations are going to be more exhausting than you figured on.	* Whether you are six or sixty, the flame of love will burn brightly this week. For those who are eligible, an offer of marriage, otherwise, exciting plans for the future.	* Unless it's fun you will call it off. Duty dates are out, whether people like it or not. Dancing, the theatre, music and the arts will appeal to you.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy blue. Gambling colors, navy blue, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in an old box.	* If you're a suburbanite, you enjoy a bit of gardening enthusiasm. If you are a flat-dweller, scope is more limited, although potplants and window-boxes nourish.	* Your home is likely to have a new look in some way. You rearrange the furniture or you reorganise your cupboards. Fresh curtains make things gay.	* If a teenager, you bring home the boy or girl friend for inspection by the family. Do not share up if you are teased; it will be without malice.	* Staying home is not generally a big part of your programme, but some handyman or backyard project could claim your attention and grow into a social factor.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a distant place.	* You may waste more time than you wish owing to telephone calls, inconvenient visitors. A number of trips may be needed to accomplish one simple objective.	* This is the right time to study publications for new home-making ideas. Some of you will be keeping a scrapbook filled with unusual recipes and home notions.	* Should you be asked to make up a foursome or fill in at the last minute, you may meet a member of the opposite sex who appeals to you. Excitement ahead.	* If you are a member of a learners' class or still in mug's alley in regard to some pastime, you are going to surprise yourself with an outstanding improvement in skill.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Make your money go farther.	* The management of your finances is still one of the most important questions you have to deal with. Look for sound value in any investment. Gambling is risky.	* If you simply can't afford what you have in mind, you might settle for a compromise or join the do-it-yourself brigade. If the latter, read carefully all instructions.	* Have you been trying to manoeuvre the beloved into a scheme close to your heart? You might bring it off this week and feel interest is shared.	* There could be a fuss over some technicality in connection with a club or other organisation to which you belong. A misunderstanding creates difficulties.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck will come through enthusiasm.	* Unless you yourself take the initiative you are going to stagnate. Pick and choose carefully and stick to your plans. Your advice may be sought over business.	* No matter how pleasant your home, unless it represents in some measure your own personality you will not feel really satisfied. Show others your hobbies.	* Nobody can rush you into a love affair, but you are extraordinarily susceptible at present. You could easily be in love and not know it. You'll soon find out.	* Work behind the scenes is not glamorous, yet it may be essential if any enterprise is to succeed, whether it means cooking for a fete or sewing costumes.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, purple. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck lies in a clear conscience.	* If you really wish to hit the target you must depend largely on your own efforts. People make reckless promises and fail to carry them out. Delays may irritate.	* Don't be so busy behind the scenes in the kitchen that you can't sit down and joke with the family. The whole home atmosphere takes its tone from you.	* Perhaps you are so shy that when the object of your undisciplined love speaks to you you blush and can find nothing to say. Don't be too sentimental.	* Just a bit sentimental and showing it by lending a hand to help a person or group that really needs it, you'll be rewarded with several new friends who appreciate you.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck on the winning side.	* If you are one of a team engaged on a piece of work, things should move fast. Do not be too critical when kindly but inept help is offered. Consult others.	* Perhaps you will shut up your house or flat and buzz off for a short while to parts unknown. Sociability, hobbies, and pastimes give you a lift.	* A club or group to which you belong may hold a party and a thrilling stranger walks right into your heart. Get busy and create new opportunities for meeting.	* Don't resign in a huff if you are criticised when you are doing your best. Remember there can be more than one opinion on many subjects. Offer alternatives.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20	* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck will be found in a high place.	* Strike while the iron is hot. Whatever your goal, now is the right moment to make requests, apply for a position which appeals to you, accept responsibilities.	* Be prepared for a flock of visitors even if they do not come. Get in food that will keep or can be enjoyed by the family so there will be no waste.	* Should you be put in charge of a social event, don't leave the one you love best out in the cold. Find a way in which he or she can be helpful and included in the activity.	* Plan that outing and see to it that it clicks. Right now it would be most successful if it includes a journey, either for educational purposes or to visit friends.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. There is luck in the letter-box.	* If you are stubborn and pig-headed now, you will pay for it during the next three months. Friendly relationships with those who count can be invaluable.	* Little trips to new places are a mental stimulus. Unless you escape from dull routine you grow bored and irritable and you exaggerate trifles. Make a change.	* It could be someone you see frequently at the bus stop or one who works nearby, but a small adventure or misadventure is likely to introduce you.	* Should you have reason to suspect that someone is attempting to undermine your social plans or working against you in a group to which you belong, wait and see.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. There is luck in a secret.	* With all the delays or obstacles in your pathway, you will ride triumphantly on sheer grit and the determination to achieve your purpose. Don't expect help.	* Perhaps you decide to carry into effect a plan that has long appealed to you and you confront the family with a decision. Don't ram it down their throats.	* Any love affair begun now is likely to last a long time and leave a permanent mark on your life, so don't take it too lightly. Make sure your choice is wise.	* Whatever your social schedule, it is going to include a member of the opposite sex. Evening entertainment will be under exceptionally friendly stars.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Your luck lies in winning friends.	* A sudden step up the career ladder could come through the favorable report of a friend. Your record of past efforts and wide interests may mean opportunity.	* The bright spot of the week is likely to be a birthday, possibly a 21st-birthday party or an anniversary of some kind. You are likely to see many friends.		



This space reserved for a second tooth that must last 68 years



YOU: They tell me that over 98% of Australian children are affected by tooth decay.

US: Yes. And on the average a 14-year-old child has already lost two PERMANENT teeth.

YOU: I don't want that to happen to any child of mine! Can't anything be done about tooth decay?

US: Certainly. In fact, that's why Ipana contains WD-9.

YOU: How can WD-9 help?

US: WD-9 destroys the bacteria that cause decay. It foams into tiny crevices where even the toothbrush can't reach.

YOU: Mm—and that's so important when it comes to children's teeth. But tell me, is it really important to brush as soon as possible after eating?

US: Yes. Your dentist will support that. Incidentally, 8 out of 10 dentists recommend Ipana above any other toothpaste.

YOU: Well, nothing could be more convincing. My family will start using Ipana to-day.

US: And you'll find Ipana has such a sparkling-fresh flavour everyone will love to use it.

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Protect your child's teeth with the toothpaste recommended by 8 out of 10 dentists*

Ipana ... the toothpaste that fights decay with every brushing

* According to independent surveys, 8 out of 10 dentists recommending a toothpaste recommend Ipana above any other brand.

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How proudly you'd drive this beauty

This is the luxurious Holden Special Sedan . . . one of three wonderful-looking new Holdens now on view. Magnificently styled, these new Holdens bring a new thrill to family car motoring. There's fashion-setting beauty in the new front end styling and longer, lower lines. Your first look inside tells you of other wonderful new things. Of the new instrument panel. Of new upholstery colours and designs. Of new washable plastic headlining.

You see more in these new Holdens — vision is increased by 40%. You ride in new comfort and quietness. With wider seating for six people, longer wheel-base of 105" and new ball-type steering . . . Holden gives you a new experience of comfort, safety and handling ease in a family car.



*There's glorious new styling
inside and out!*



This is the new Holden instrument panel, smartly styled and featuring a spacious lock-up glove box. The new steering wheel with richly chrome-plated horn ring, adds a further graceful touch.



A broad wrap-around rear window gives extra vision. There's more space inside the boot which is longer, wider and flatter and has the spare tyre mounted vertically on the left hand side.



Door trims on Holden Special are specially designed to harmonise perfectly with both interior and exterior colors. And the gay floor coverings carry the rich new color schemes throughout the interior.

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Performance, too, is finer with increased horsepower, yet Holden economy is as remarkable as ever. And wonder of wonders, Holden is priced within the means of just about every family buying a new car. Convenient GMAC hire purchase can be arranged by your Holden Dealer. See the new Holdens on view at your Dealer's showroom now. List prices from £910 plus sales tax.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956

S225

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... but it takes

Reckitt's Blue

to get them really white



says Mary Rawlins.

"It's so easy to be misled, but take it from me, you never will see a sheet or a shirt fit to be called white from washing alone. You must give whites that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue for a white you'll be proud of."

"To keep whites truly white—WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, then into RECKITT'S BLUE for true white."

... and for perfect starching

You'll never be disappointed with Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch which does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and everything has just the right gloss and crispness.

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GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Remember! Reckitt's Blue and Robin Starch

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Roboleine provides energy—nourishment in its most delicious form. Contains Malt Extract, Bone Marrow, Lemon, Egg Yolk, Vitamins A and D. Children love to take it! For adults, too—in convalescence or "run-down"—Roboleine is the ideal reconstructive.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT ROBOLEINE

Roboleine

In 12 ounce and 36 ounce glass jars at all Chemists

group, but she was flattered. Carol (now Karyl) was a television actress who had played three meaty if not starring roles, and her conversation was always peppered with names of celebrities she had known in some devastating situation.

"I'll never forget the time I was caught in the revolving door with So-and-so!" she would say. Or "Will I ever forget So-and-so? He had to carry me all the way back to my hotel when I fainted on the beach at Cannes from too much sun."

While Karyl doted on her faux pas, Iris never made any. Iris worked for a dress-designing house that sent her to Europe twice a year, and she spoke three languages impeccably.

She was a tall girl, but she tried to stand even taller. Her clothes were all from Paris, her shoes were Italian with pointed toes, and her jewellery was antique. To parties Iris always brought several attentive young men with accents.

The fourth member of their group, Margaret, who had succumbed to marriage and a child, was married to a blond Austrian named Josef, who came from a tiled if penniless family and now demonstrated ski-ing equipment in a fashionable men's shop. She was certainly the farthest cry possible from the Port Haven conception of the robinlike, cookie-baking mother.

Tall and stylishly starved, with luminous white skin and great, sad hazel eyes, she had never worn any color but black since she was sixteen years old. If she bought calves' brains at the butcher's, it was not for economy, but to serve with beurre noir.

Although they all lived in Port Haven they were hardly ever there. It was close enough to New York—The City—for the commuter trains to run every twenty minutes, so they made their daily escape. They were fond of saying that Port Haven had adopted nothing from New York except its grime.

On Saturday, the big social night in Port Haven when everything blossomed and the young people went to the drive-in movie or the drive-to-restaurant, a large barnlike affair where people milled around and looked at the people they had known all their lives and drank watered drinks and danced to the music of the High School band, Sukie's group was careful to stay in The City.

"I must confess, Sturtevant," Sukie said once, "Iris and Karyl overwhelm me."

"You poor thing, to have such friends."

"There you go again," she said. "They're fascinating. Like advocaat—it scares you at first, but it's so good."

"Like normalcy," said Henry Sturtevant. "That scares you at first because you think it's going to overwhelm you. But it doesn't. You find it's very comforting."

"A dictionary definition of normalcy," said Sukie, "is 'conforming to the mean. Ordinary.'"

"Some definitions, girl wonder of the library stacks, are not found in books. They're found in life, as I would be happy to demonstrate to you while comforting you in your lonely old age."

"And some old ages, boy wonder of the tarnished epigram, are not lonely; they're just boring. I hope to avoid both."

But now, since her English lord had entered her life, Sukie felt she could spar with the best of them. She had not told anyone about the lord yet, except of course Sturtevant, to whom she told everything.

The lord was still her secret, better for being a secret, more romantic. He had walked into

Continuing

There is a Secret Word

[from page 3]

her office one morning, and one of the men had introduced him. The most amazing thing was that he had liked her as much as she had liked him—after one look.

He had asked her to have lunch with him the next day, and when she had gone downstairs to the lobby of her office building to meet him, she had been sure he would not be there. But he had been there, his hair with its long English haircut curling quaintly over his collar and a magazine rolled up in his hand. The magazine listed the names of all the restaurants and nightclubs in the city, and he had asked her to check all the ones that were "the most amusing."

"Amusing" to him meant fashionable, talked-about, or expensive. He took Sukie to lunch or dinner every day at a different place on their list and gave her flowers. Sometimes, if it was cold, he wore a turtleneck sweater under his jacket instead of a shirt and tie, and with the sweater and his long hair he looked like a juvenile delinquent. But his accent and his manners gave him away; he was a lord all right.

"I never have to strain to make conversation with him," she said to Henry Sturtevant. "In a pinch I can always ask him something about Europe." "You've never had to ask me anything about America," Henry noted. "And what will you ask him about after he's shared you with all these places?"

"By then we'll have our memories," said Sukie.

She had only known the lord a month, but she was already beginning to have dreams of permanence. They weren't half bad, either. She imagined herself writing to Sturtevant about the wonders of life abroad, the towers of London, the grassy hills of the lord's estate, the fox hunts, the garden parties, the clever conversation.

She would have some sort of crest on her stationery, and her letters would be "very amusing." But no, she thought with a start, I couldn't write to Sturtevant. Not if I was married. I'll have to write all that to my mother.

And, of course, to Iris and Karyl and Margaret, who already knew so much about such things that she would only have to make allusions to places and events for the whole picture to spring up before their eyes.

Knowing the lord suddenly

seemed to make her an inalienable part of The Group, as if in describing herself she were to say, "And then, last but certainly not least, there's Sukie—she lives in England now. She used to work in New York before she married the lord; met him there, in fact."

She would see the others that afternoon for tea at Margaret's. They were all to arrive after office hours, late for a tea party by Port Haven standards, but not by theirs, because none of them ever had dinner before eight o'clock. And it would be the afternoon of Sukie's coup, for she would tell them about her lord.

Sukie climbed off the train at Port Haven and went down the stairs to Main Street. Dusk came earlier at this time of year, and the air was cool. She could smell the bakeries on the outskirts of town. The silver train with its long greenish windows moved on deeper into the country, and Sukie walked past a few dusty trees to where the buses hissed under the railroad bridge, shirt-sleeved taxi drivers called, "Cab, Miss?" and housewives in slacks and sweaters honked their auto horns so their home-coming husbands could find them.

SUKIE shook her head at the taxi-drivers and walked up Main Street towards Margaret's, looking into the shop windows. There was nothing she wanted to see. An Army-Navy surplus store, with teenage boys lounging in front of it, whistling at the girls; a super-market, with a woman emerging from it with her hair up in pin curls and her arms full of groceries.

She left the shopping centre and turned up a wide side street. Margaret's house was set back, with a clipped lawn in front of it and two tremendous old maple trees on either side of the walk.

After she rang the doorbell Sukie pulled the belt of her dress in another notch, to look thinner and more chic, although she doubted she would be able to sit down. The part-time maid opened the door. How like a retreat the darkened hallway was, with its curving polished stairs!

Sukie was the last to arrive, and in the living-room she could see the other girls lined up along the el of the sectional sofa, like birds on a

bough, balancing cups of tea on their knees.

The first thing Sukie noticed was that they'd all been to the hairdresser—the lacquer gave them away—and their eyebrows were all pencilled in an identical gamine tilt. Karyl wore her hair a new way—pulled straight back into a French roll. She looked strange. Margaret's child, Elwynne, a tiny four-year-old, sat on the floor near the grown-ups, her corduroy overalls slightly lumpy from playing on the rug. She seemed thrilled.

They greeted Sukie warmly, and looking from one to another she was glad she had worn her best daytime dress. They were so dressed up.

"Now, you're here we can have the cake," Margaret said. But no one wanted cake; they were all preserving their figures. Karyl poured herself another cup of tea and said she couldn't possibly eat anything; she was going out later for a large, expensive dinner.

"Where are you going?" Sukie asked, now more than interested in the fascinating wanderings of her group.

"Oh, some fancy place. I don't know," Karyl said. "We'll go out somewhere."

"Well, I want cake," Sukie said. "Even if I am a pig." She cut a large slice. Margaret nibbled along with her to be a good hostess. It was probably Margaret's first meal of the day, Sukie thought; she was thinner than ever, dressed in black, as usual.

"Where did you get your dress?" Karyl asked Sukie.

"Bonwit's," Sukie said, thinking of how it had cost her more than two weeks' salary, and how she hoped it would stay in style for at least two seasons. "Where did you get yours?"

"Oh, this?" Karyl said. "Paris. From now on no more American copies."

"I know the designer of Karyl's dress," said Iris. "I met her at the Beaux Arts Ball in Paris. I came dressed as a tin can, and she came as a hardware store, with a can-opener."

"I was there," said Karyl. "I came as a painting and had to carry a heavy picture-frame around all evening. I nearly dropped it right on the foot of the biggest Italian movie producer. How embarrassing! And I didn't even win a prize."

"I think I saw your picture in some magazine," Margaret

To page 44



Adam and Eve



Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

I HAD been married two months, and my husband and I were discussing his imminent departure on a business trip to Brisbane. Suddenly he asked me if he could have a lock of my hair. Needless to say I was overcome, as he is not a sentimental type. When I asked him what he was going to do with it, he replied:

"I haven't got any hemp, and the laundry tap needs fixing before I go."

£2/2/- to Mrs. H. D. Wood, 40 Tennyson Avenue, Turrumurra, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

ARRIVING home on a bleak evening last week, I found my wife busily poring over piles of mouth-watering recipes.

"Ah, something special for dinner tonight?" I said, rubbing my hands in anticipation.

"Oh, no," she replied, "I've been so busy working out the nutritional value of my entries for the Women's Weekly cooking contest that I haven't had time to get dinner."

£2/2/- to Mr. Allen Cassey, c/o Hill 50 Goldmine, Mount Magnet, Western Australia.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

the one who wears the pants
deserves the best

SUNDAY SEP.

2

FATHER'S DAY



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said: "But that was a couple of years ago, wasn't it?"

"Could be," Karyl said. "I've got the clipping at home somewhere. They really know how to give parties in Paris. I wouldn't for anything miss going abroad. I have so many friends there, it's my second home."

"I'll look you up sometime," Sukie said, thinking it may be sooner than you think. When I'm with my lord—

"Do you remember the time we were chased by the police in Madrid?" Iris cried.

"I was chased by the police in Rome!" Karyl cried.

"What did you do to make them chase you?" Sukie asked Karyl.

"Oh, I don't know. I couldn't even speak the language. But I cried prettily, and they let me go." She laughed.

Margaret turned to Sukie and said with distaste, "Remember when I went to visit you at college and we were chased by the police because we tried to climb in a window to crash the seniors' party? Ugh, how adolescent."

If it happened in Boston or New York you think it's adolescent, Sukie thought. But if it happened in Europe, you call it romantic.

"The funniest thing happened to me in Venice," Karyl said. "I was travelling with a friend of mine, and we wrote ahead and asked the hotel for two single rooms and two baths. We said if that was impossible we would take two single rooms with a connecting bath. And do you know what happened? They gave us one room and two baths!"

They all chuckled. "We finally fixed everything up, but when we were checking out the next day, who did I see but Miss Cronkwhite. Remember her? Our old English teacher? I was so embarrassed!"

She didn't look embarrassed

Continuing

There is a Secret Word

[from page 42]

now though, Sukie thought; she looked pleased.

"Speaking of old acquaintances," Iris said, "I had a dreadful time last summer on Capri—I don't recall if I told you—being followed by that Agnes Thomas. Remember her? That fat one in our class with the little-girl voice? Well, she must have lost about twenty pounds—you wouldn't have known her—and she really looked quite nice, but she was as pushy as ever."

"She kept following me around, and I kept hiding from her. It seemed as if every time I turned around, there she was, looking at me. I knew she wanted introductions to the people I was with; that sort always does. She didn't know a soul at the hotel."

"Well, why didn't you speak to her then?" Sukie asked. "She might just have been lonely."

"Lonely?" said Iris. "I'm not the Travellers' Aid. No, it was just because she knew I was with celebrities, I'm sure, and she wanted to meet them. You know the type. A celebrity hound."

Yes, Sukie thought. And not poor Agnes either. "Excuse me," she said, rising abruptly. "Does anyone want a glass of water?" She fled into the kitchen.

In the kitchen there was a little feeding chair for the child, painted yellow, with ducks on it. Sukie stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, drinking water she really did not want, and absently stroked the smooth wood of the child's chair.

It felt solid, somehow, underneath her hand, and made her feel calmer. She could hear her friends' voices in the other room, and it seemed like the chanting of

a meaningless game that she didn't want to play any more.

She felt for a moment a lump of loneliness rise in her throat for Agnes Thomas, whom she hardly remembered and "wouldn't have known," alone on Capri, and for herself. Her old self, whom she hardly remembered, and wouldn't have known. Her eyes filled with tears for Agnes Thomas, for no reason, for no reason at all.

"Oh, Karyl," she heard Iris cry, "I like your hair swept back like that! You look like a siren." And she wondered why she had ever thought Iris impeccable when her voice was so shrill.

"You do?" Karyl said. "I don't, I just can't get an American hairdresser to suit me. The only place I can have my hair done properly is in Europe."

It's always looked the same to me, Sukie thought.

She felt a pang of remorse then for thinking such malicious thoughts about her friends. After all, they were her friends, her group; she had known and liked and watched them all her life. They had always entertained her. But now, suddenly, thinking of herself with that incongruous but likely title, Lady Sukie, she felt as if a glass wall had been lifted between her and those others. She had come too close to them. Their insensitivity and pretentious remarks pained her as do the faux pas of someone near and dear. She was embarrassed for them.

She had never before had to think of loyalty in connection with them, but she did now. Was she being disloyal? It would certainly shock them if they knew what she was

thinking of. She went out again to join them.

Margaret's Elwynne was sitting next to Karyl now. "How old are you?" Karyl asked.

"Four."

"Four? You are not, I bet you're five."

"No, I'm four," the child said.

"No, you're five," Karyl said, poking her finger into the dimple in Elwynne's cheek.

"You're five," Elwynne said, poking her finger into Karyl's cheek.

"No, you're six," Karyl said, poking Elwynne's cheek.

"You're six," Elwynne said angrily, poking Karyl's cheek.

"Thix?" said Karyl. "What's 'thix'? Is that what you said?"

Margaret was watching them with a detached air, half helplessness. "Isn't it terrible," said Sukie, "what children have to go through with adults?"

Elwynne got off the sofa and went to stand beside it, sucking her thumb. "Make her stop that," Margaret said.

"She shouldn't suck her thumb at her age," Iris said. "It'll make all her teeth stick out."

Sukie went over to the child and put her arms around her. "Someday when you're sucking your thumb," she whispered, "you'll bite it by mistake. And will that hurt?"

The child stopped sucking her thumb and looked at Sukie with a grin. "If you want something tasty, here's mine," Sukie said. She offered Elwynne her thumb, with the bright red nail polish on it, and the child glanced up, half-delighted, half-unbelieving, and snapped at it. They both laughed then.

How delicate they were at that age, their thin little arms and legs and their round pro-

truding stomachs that necessitated overall straps even on their skirts. Sukie put her thumb and finger around the child's arm. "What little bones you have! See, I can put my fingers right around your arm."

"You ought to have a lot of children," Iris said. "You're good with them."

"I plan to," said Sukie.

How would this child grow up? Like the rest of the women in this room? It hardly seemed possible now, and yet they had all been natural and unaffected when they were young, Sukie even remembered back to when Iris did not have that half-European accent.

Suki lifted Elwynne and kissed her. How light she was! With a sudden compulsion to enter and know the secret feelings of childhood she asked, "Does it hurt you when people put their hands under your arms to lift you like this?"

"No," the child said.

"I have to leave now," Suki said. She went into the bedroom to get her purse, and it occurred to her then that she had completely forgotten to tell the others that she was being courted by a genuine English lord and that he had asked her to marry him and come to live in England as his lady. Well, she'd probably never get around to telling them now. They'd think she was crazy if she told them she planned to refuse.

"Don't leave," Margaret called after her. "It's still too early."

"May I use your phone?" asked Sukie.

"Sure. But don't go home."

Home, Sukie thought. You just said the secret word. She dialled the number she knew so well.

"Hello? Sturtevant-Henry? Henry, can you meet me somewhere?"

"Where are you?"

"At Margaret's," Sukie said. "Am I late for our dinner date?"

"What dinner date? Oh, want to get out of there, eh?"

"That's not the only reason."

His voice turned three shades warmer. "What's the matter? Your lord not feeding you tonight?"

"I have to go on a diet," said Sukie. "It was too rich for me."

He laughed. "I'll be over right away, you poor thing."

"I'm not such a poor thing."

"No, you're not," Henry said seriously. "And you never will be, either."

She waited for him on the porch, looking at her watch, and when she saw his black-and-white convertible drawing up near the kerb she ran down to meet him. Henry got out and opened the door for her.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked. "You name it, darling, New York?"

"I don't care," she said. "Any place around here is fine. Just some quiet place where we can talk. I want to tell you all about those girls this afternoon; it was so funny!"

"I know a picturesque restaurant out in the country, with a wishing well, where the local gentry go to propose. We might try it. They're supposed to have very good food."

"And a good wishing well, I hope," Sukie said.

She put her head on Henry's nice non-imported grey flannel shoulder and looked up at the maple trees of home. She would never have to turn Henry into a human guidebook, even if the day ever came when she had nothing to confide to him. Then he could confide to her.

"Every girl should have a lord," she said to Henry. "But not for too long."

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been panic in it. There certainly was a purely physical revulsion against the thought of my being turned into a screaming, pleading animal by torture.

As Whitney opened the door to drag me out, I kicked him in the groin with all my might. He screamed and was no longer there. I remember turning savagely and snatching Katrina van der Poot to me and hauling her from her place behind the wheel. As my feet touched the ground I held her before me as a shield while she thrashed and kicked. Whitney was writhing on the ground. I kicked him and he lay still.

The other gangster, paralysed momentarily by surprise, crouched, open-mouthed. I used Katrina as a missile and hurled her with all my strength. It must have been my good fortune that her head struck his jaw. They were down in a heap, she unconscious, he stunned.

I snatched the automatic as it fell from his hand and struck him once with its butt. Then I stood panting. Blood trickled from the corner of Whitney's mouth. His eyes were closed. I picked up his gun and stood swaying.

Then some measure of sanity returned, and I wondered at myself and at what I had done. There was some elation. Maybe there was a brief prayer of gratitude.

Whitney stirred. The two others lay as they had fallen. I got back into the automobile, started the motor and drove slowly, cautiously, down the winding road to the floor of the valley.

It was without rhyme or reason that I should have driven Miss van der Poot's car to a spot not distant from the Ahwahnee Hotel and then abandoned it to walk to Camp 14. Why Camp 14? I did not plan to go there. It was not with deliberate intention that I went, but because something drew me there.

I did not realise that it was Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee that was the loadstone. Probably I should have gone directly to the chief ranger and made my report of what had happened; but reason, even duty, was not guiding me.

As I approached the trailer I saw Miss Vanderlee seated alone under the canopy, and I was glad. The sight of her mysteriously elated me. She was reading a newspaper, and I walked more slowly, so that I might have the greater time to look at her before I let her know that I was there. Her face was intent as she read, her brows a little puckered.

She was wearing not her chauffeur's uniform, but a tailored suit of some light material. It was rather severe, but it did outline the straightness of her shoulders and the gracious swell of her bosom above her slender waist. The shape of her head delighted me. I thought that it and her profile and her fine eyes spoke of intelligence, and her chin of resolution. It was a solid and trustworthy face, and beautiful. Any doubts that I may have harbored of her honesty ceased to be.

"Why, Mr. Sawtell!" she exclaimed when she caught sight of me. "Dishevelled! A scratch on your face! Could it be fingernails?"

"Are you alone?" I asked.

"Where is Mrs. Potwin?"

"Drove off in a cloud of dust," she answered. "With orders to me to stay put. Have you been capering with a bear? The regulations say—"

"May I sit down?" I asked. She was concerned. "The bear," she said, "gave you a nasty scratch. Wait a minute. I'll get iodine."

"Later," I said abruptly. "I don't know why I came to you."

The Sinister Strangers

Continuing . . .

from page 5

"Am I supposed to tell you?" "If you'll stop being brittle," I said, "and listen—"

"Ah," she said, "confidences."

"Stop it," I said. "I'm not in the humor. Do you know how gangsters make you answer questions?"

"Pull out your fingernails and things like that."

"I just missed," I said, "being the guest of honor at such a merrymaking."

She bent forward, her face suddenly grave. "Tell," she said.

"Miss van der Poot put me on the spot," I said.

"And scratched your face. You must have been impulsive. She fought for her honor. I'm surprised at her. Well! Well!"

"Miss van der Poot," said I,

"had a date to ride with the sheik. He stood her up. I happened to be there and she asked me to substitute. She drove me up there." I pointed to the heights. "I think she would have driven him to the same spot. She delivered me to a pair of Chicago gunmen. It was a quick shift of plan—from the sheik to me."

"You seem to have got away."

"By forgetting how a gentleman should treat a lady," I said, and described the scene. Her eyes danced.

"That," she said, "I should like to have seen." She paused and eyed me, and her gaze made me uncomfortable. "And so you came limping to me. Why?"

"I don't know," I said truthfully.

"How long," she asked, "do you suppose it will be before the authorities find out that the sheik has disappeared—that he isn't ill in his rooms?"

"Not long."

"It wasn't long," she said tersely. "When they found him gone, they reached a natural conclusion."

"What conclusion?"

"That he had killed his vizier and skeddaddled."

"Absurd," I said.

"Not at all," she retorted. "Logical, Police logic. They found themselves dealing with a party of foreigners—Arabs. To their minds, nobody would have a motive for murdering an Arab but another Arab. Near-Eastern political intrigue resulting in assassination. Inscrutable Asiatics." She lifted her graceful shoulders. "Which, Mr. Ranger, lands you in a kettle of fish."

"Why me?" I demanded.

"Aiding and abetting the escape of a murderer," she said.

I pondered that briefly. I saw her point. If I reported to the chief ranger how Miss van der Poot had delivered me to the hoodlums on a silver platter, I would have to go the whole hog and tell them why. He would get the whole story from me—how I had secreted the Sheik el Samari and where I had hidden him.

"I'll have to go on playing it my way," I said miserably.

"And continue making a mess of things," she said sharply. "You need a balance wheel—and I'm it. I'm very astute. But even I can do with a spot of help. In this sort of rigmarole I'm an infant compared to Mrs. Potwin and Mr. Li."

"But," I objected, "they're both in it. Their hands aren't clean. Miss Vanderlee, Haroun is my friend. I don't trust Mrs. Potwin nor Mr. Li."

"Nor me?" she asked.

"I don't know why it should be so," I said, "but I trust you implicitly."

She smiled at me as if I were a little boy—indulgently.

"Based," she asked, "on reason or juvenile emotion?"

"Which would you prefer?" I asked.

This time her smile was

warm and gay. "If I have my choice," she said, "I'll plump for juvenile emotion."

"It is not so juvenile," I said.

"Why, Mr. Sawtell!" She was having fun with me. "Now I'll sleep sounder tonight. I was afraid you hadn't noticed how desirable I am . . . But we're straying away from the subject in hand, which is the plight of the Sheik el Samari."

She actually grinned then. "Maybe, given luck, we'll revert to the other topic later."

My eyes chanced to drop to the table-top where was spread the newspaper she had been reading. From the print in a two-column feature of metropolitan gossip, a name seemed to leap up at me—the name of Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee. I moved the paper so that I could read the paragraph:

"The unpredictable but lovely Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee, who has saddened our night life by giving it the go-by of late, is reported by our reliable international spies to be cutting large slivers off papa's oil millions in the loftier social strata of Paris and London. It is to be hoped she is there only on lend-lease."

I read the item swiftly, and then again more slowly, taking

denly she raised her voice in a shout, "Hey, Li! Are you there? Come ascotoin!"

I heard a door open and shut, and Mr. Li appeared. "Madame!" he asked.

"Take a pew," she commanded. "It's a powwow . . . Yarn your yarn, young sprigins."

Again I related my story. Mr. Li listened, his thin, ascetic face without expression. He nodded to Mrs. Potwin.

"At the climax," he said, "they make mistakes, always."

"Which," Mrs. Potwin said, "is why we put it on their eye. Wait for the blunder and then shoot."

Mr. Li nodded. "Murder was the large mistake."

"In the United States," said Mrs. Potwin.

Mr. Li nodded agreement. "In some places," he said, "murder is a permissible expedient. In those places persons can be removed in the way of business and it is normal. But not in this country. Allowances are not made and palms cannot be greased. There is here a prejudice against murder. So it was a cardinal error to knife the vizier."

"The first mistake breeds others," Mrs. Potwin said. "Having botched things, there's only one way to save their marbles."

"Which is?" I asked.

"Another murder," she said without emotion. "The sheik. They can't bamboozle him now. They've got to scrag him. That's plain as A B C."

"Maybe I'm stupid," I said, "but what sort of cat's-paw did they hope to make of Haroun?"

"Haroun, is it? My aunt's cat! Kind of familiar with potatoes, aren't you, young man?"

"We're friends," I said. "He calls me 'Linc'."

"His grandfather," Mrs. Potwin said smugly, "used to call me prettier names than that—like, for instance, Bulbul, which means nightingale . . . An oil cat's-paw."

"And," I asked, "what sort of cat's-paw did you and Mr. Li plan for?"

"Also oil," she said without resentment. "I turn a penny when I can."

"And Mr. Li?" I asked.

Her voice changed, was no longer strident or jeering. "Li Seow Yen," she said gravely, "is the wisest man I ever have known, and the only one I have known who works sincerely for peace on earth and goodwill to man."

Mr. Li bowed from the waist. "What says Ling Po?" he asked. "A word of praise from a valued friend is sweeter than the aroma of a million flowers."

"What," asked Mrs. Potwin, "do you advise?"

"There is but one road to follow," Mr. Li said. "All that has happened must be laid before the young sheik. It is his right. Mr. Sawtell must go to the Sheik el Samari."

"The bad penny again," she said, and seated herself as upon a throne.

"Deflate," said Miss Vanderlee impertinently. "Mr. Sawtell has had experiences." She related them tersely.

Mrs. Potwin surprised me by chuckling. "That," she said, "I would have paid to see. The van der Poot puss used as a guided missile! Whoops!" Sud-

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in its implications. They did not uplift my soul. I raised my eyes and met Miss Vanderlee's.

"I withdraw," I said, "the part about emotion. I was playing in the wrong league."

"That also," she said without embarrassment, "we'll lay aside for future consideration." She rapped on the table with her knuckles. "The meeting," she said, "will come to order. We will return to discussion of the previous question. Who is most concerned in this general problem?"

I thought about that. "The sheik, of course," I said.

"Then," she said, "he's got a right to a vote."

That was logical. It was common sense. Haroun certainly had every right to a vote—not only to a vote, but to the final decision. Whatever was done, whatever action was taken or decision made, affected him more vitally than any other. Therefore, he must be informed and permitted to choose his course.

This was the moment that Mrs. Potwin chose to return from her foray. She eyed me superciliously.

"The bad penny again," she said, and seated herself as upon a throne.

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"I would be followed," I objected.

"You may be followed," Mr. Li said. "That risk we must take." He paused and considered. "Mr. Sawtell will go alone, if he is willing."

"I am willing," I said.

"You will, then," said Mr. Li. "Come to this place after midnight. You will take Mrs. Potwin's motor-car and drive to the spot where you have secreted the sheik."

"Very well," I agreed. "But if I am followed?"

"If Mr. Li said, 'you have the ill fortune to be followed, the alarm will be given.'"

"How will it be given?" I asked.

Mr. Li glanced at Mrs. Potwin, who nodded.

"If," said Mr. Li, "you hear the Warbler you will know you are spied upon, and will act accordingly."

"The Warbler!" I exclaimed. "The little songbird will warn you," Mrs. Potwin said.

"Then," I said, "he isn't folklore?"

"Pretty solid folklore," Mrs. Potwin said.

Miss Vanderlee surprised me by showing solicitude. "The Warbler," she said, "can warn Mr. Sawtell, but what then?"

"Why, then," Mrs. Potwin said, "the lad is on his own."

This seemed pretty callous to me, but the old lady apparently set a rather low value on human life.

"Right," I said, and limped away.

I had a vague impression that Miss Vanderlee moved her hands in a sort of gesture of appeal, but I cannot be sure. I shrugged my shoulder. What did her attitude matter? After reading that newspaper item I had wiped Miss Vanderlee off my blackboard. I didn't move in the circles mentioned. She was as remote from me as if she lived on Mars.

I kept away from Government Centre, but did go to the cafeteria in Camp Curry, where I filled my tray. After satisfying my appetite, I went out to pass the time until midnight.

Behind me I could see light in the Zaharados cabin. Curiosity moved me to walk around to its rear, where I managed to get a look into the living-room through a chink between the window curtains. Zaharados, in a gorgeous robe, was pacing up and down muttering. The fat boy, head still bandaged, was practising his art. He had pinned a playing card to the log wall and was flicking his knife at this target with amazing accuracy. Thus two of the enemy were accounted for—seemingly settled for the night.

I wondered if Johannes van der Poot and his silver-haired daughter were in their apartment in the Ahwahnee, and if the girl had a headache. I admit to being ungallant—I hoped so. I had little fear that either Zaharados or van der Poot would be abroad that night. They were persons who did not do things themselves, but hired them done.

I went to listen to an illustrated lecture on the park's fauna. When the entertainment ended I drank another cup of coffee and strolled away to a spot where I could safely catch some rest on the dry grass under the trees. I could not sleep, but I could relax.

From time to time I glanced at my wristwatch and the minutes dragged. At last midnight drew near. I cut through sleeping Camp 11 with its amphitheatre, and so to Mrs. Potwin's trailer. Its windows were dark, but Mrs. Potwin's massive figure sat waiting.

"Advance and give the countersign," she said in a hoarse whisper. "You're as stealthy as a herd of elephants. Here are the keys to the car."

"Thank you," I said mechanically.

"Anybody'd think I was doing you a favor," she grated. The door of the trailer opened and Joan Vanderlee stood there. I could barely see her in the darkness. She stepped down and came towards me, and her hand touched my arm.

"Be sure to come back," she whispered.

"You've got too many oil wells," I said unpleasantly.

"That," she said, "is a mean thing to hold against a girl."

"Stop nuzzling and clear out!" snapped Mrs. Potwin.

"I was not nuzzling," I said. "More fool you! Scat."

I scatted, backed the car in to the dusty road, swung it, and started for my distant destination. Presently I was climbing, ears alert. Every instant I expected to hear the warning notes of the Warbler, telling me that I was being followed, but there was no sound. I passed the ski run and continued on. No other cars were using the road at that hour. There was no moon; my headlights pushed their way through velvety darkness. I had some difficulty in finding the spot to turn off from the main road, and then I was bumping along the trail that led to the tent of the Sheik el Samari.

At last I reached it. The embers of a fire glowed and there was the odor of wood smoke. I alighted from the car and walked to the tent.

"Haroun!" I called. "It's Linc! Wake up!"

I heard a stirring, and then a sleepy voice. "Oh, I say! What a beastly time to come calling!"

I pushed the button on my flashlight as he, dishevelled and rubbing his eyes, came out of the tent.

"Old bean," he protested, "this hermit thing isn't my cup of tea." He yawned and stretched. "What tidings from the marts of trade?"

"Can the Oxford thing," I said, "and be an Arab?"

"Right!" he said.

"I'll talk fast," I told him. "Then you make decisions."

Succinctly I related the day's events, giving only bare facts, not elaborating or offering advice. He listened, head cocked to one side. When he spoke there remained no trace of the fatuous haw-haw Englishman. There was dignity and decision and authority in his voice. It was the Sheik el Samari who spoke.

"I have let others think for me and act for me," he said. "My conduct has been that of a boy and not of a man. While I learned the ways of the West I have neglected my own land. I have not ruled. I have not done my duty. In my absence factions have arisen, each plotting to possess me. I was nothing—a puppet—a foolish young man to be used for their own purposes. My name and the place that was mine because of my ancestry—the religious power that is mine, and my position as ruler of a land fabulously rich—were to be moved as pawns in the game of greed. Even to break the uneasy peace of the world. While I played cricket and learned to be an Englishman."

"You were not to blame," I said.

"I was not to blame," he said gravely. "Nor was I as stupid as they thought. Because I did not see my way, I allowed myself to be thought a silly fool." He made a gesture, fierce, determined.

"For the past I am not to blame, but blame and shame are mine if I do not deal with the future as befits the chief of the Samari and a descendant of the Prophet. You have brought me to the moment of decision."

"Which is?" I asked.

"From this day forth, for good or for evil, for peace or

"Anybody'd think I was doing you a favor," she grated.

The door of the trailer opened and Joan Vanderlee stood there. I could barely see her in the darkness. She stepped down and came towards me, and her hand touched my arm.

"Be sure to come back," she whispered.

"You've got too many oil wells," I said unpleasantly.

"That," she said, "is a mean thing to hold against a girl."

"Stop nuzzling and clear out!" snapped Mrs. Potwin.

"I was not nuzzling," I said. "More fool you! Scat."

I scatted, backed the car in to the dusty road, swung it, and started for my distant destination. Presently I was climbing, ears alert. Every instant I expected to hear the warning notes of the Warbler, telling me that I was being followed, but there was no sound. I passed the ski run and continued on. No other cars were using the road at that hour. There was no moon; my headlights pushed their way through velvety darkness. I had some difficulty in finding the spot to turn off from the main road, and then I was bumping along the trail that led to the tent of the Sheik el Samari.

At last I reached it. The embers of a fire glowed and there was the odor of wood smoke. I alighted from the car and walked to the tent.

"Haroun!" I called. "It's Linc! Wake up!"

I heard a stirring, and then a sleepy voice. "Oh, I say! What a beastly time to come calling!"

I pushed the button on my flashlight as he, dishevelled and rubbing his eyes, came out of the tent.

"Old bean," he protested, "this hermit thing isn't my cup of tea." He yawned and stretched. "What tidings from the marts of trade?"

"Can the Oxford thing," I said, "and be an Arab?"

"Right!" he said.

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for war, I am the Sheik el Samari," he said. "I take my place. I assume my responsibilities."

"There are," I said, "a couple of little obstacles—like a murder done already and an assassination planned. A dead sheik won't cut much ice."

"The best defence," he said, "is attack."

"With what army?" I asked. He grinned in the darkness and was boyish again.

"Why," he said, "for a start, just you and I. How do you say it? We'll play the long shot. We'll back ourselves against the field. Come ahead, chum. We'll pack our dunnage and head for the battlefield."

"I think," I said, "that's why they sent me here. My guess is it's what they expected."

"Who expected?" he asked. "Mrs. Potwin and Mr. Li," I answered.

"On our side?" he asked. "I believe so," I told him.

He grinned then, a debonaire, reckless grin—the grin of a fighting man who doesn't count the cost.

"Timco Danaos et dona ferentes," he quoted.

"I fear the Greeks even bearing gifts," I translated, proving that I was educated myself. "I don't believe these particular Greeks are trundling in a wooden horse."

"So we chance it," he said.

"But," I said, thinking it wise to call his attention to another danger, "the police. If they have you picked as the murderer of the vizier?"

"Even the dumbest bobby," he said, "will scratch his ear twice before pinching the Sheik el Samari."

"Right," I said. "Let's be on our way."

"A couple of perishing knights-errant," he laughed.

"Thank heaven there's no damsel in distress," I said devoutly. If I had known how very wrong I was in this assumption I wouldn't have been quite so bumptious as we packed our dunnage and started down the mountain.

The Warbler whistled no warning as we drove to the floor of the valley.

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"Where do we go?" asked Haroun.

"Not to the Ahwahnee at this time of night," I said. "It might not be healthy. We'll report to Mrs. Potwin and Mr. Li. They will have ideas."

He shrugged. "If we're going to trust those warriors," he said, "we might as well go the whole hog."

So we drove to Camp 14 and parked Mrs. Potwin's car in its appointed place. I doubted that either she or Joan Vanderlee would have slept. They would have remained wide-eyed, waiting for me to return or not to return. The trailer was dark and silent. I stepped to the door. It was not closed, as it should have been, but swinging open. I was startled.

I called softly, "Mrs. Potwin. Miss Vanderlee. Joan."

There was no answer. I snatched my flashlight from my pocket and threw its beam into the interior.

"Mrs. Potwin," I called again, more loudly.

When there was still no reply I ventured to step inside. There was no one there. I could see into both bedrooms, for their doors stood open. They were unoccupied.

Sudden panic seized me—panic mixed with rage. For a moment I lost my head and searched the tiny space frantically, as if they might have hidden themselves in some minute closet or under the rugs. I rushed to the door.

"Haroun," I said, "they're not here!"

"At this hour of the night!" he exclaimed.

"Mrs. Potwin does insane things," I said, more to myself than to him.

"Not as insane as this," he said, and stepped inside. He stumbled over something and said, "Ouch!" How I had missed it I do not know, but there on the floor at the right of the door was an object that glittered. It was a knife. It was such a knife as I had seen in the hands of Zaharados' fat boy—a throwing knife. Haroun

picked it up and frowned at it.

"Not good," he said.

"No," I said dully.

"Not some fruity project of Mrs. Potwin's this time?"

"They did not," I said, "go willingly."

"But why them?" Haroun wondered. "How could anyone have snatched them out of this trailer, in this crowded camp, without giving the alarm?"

"It was done," I said.



I was outside, running towards the car. Haroun was at my heels and, as I jerked open the door and got behind the wheel, he was beside me.

"Where to?" he asked.

"The only place I can think of," I said. "It's a chance."

I put my foot on the brake.

"This," I said, "isn't your funeral."

"Is it yours?" he asked.

"They've got my girl," I said. In that moment I didn't remember that she was not my girl and could never be my girl. I forgot her father's oil wells. I forgot everything except that Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee was in danger.

"So," Haroun said, "there was a damsel in distress. Don't spare the hosses, Lind."

"You're crazy!" I snarled.

"There's Samari! There's Is-

lam! There's oil and holy wars! This is small potatoes! It's only a girl!"

"But," he said gently, "it happens to be my friend's girl." Then he rather staggered me by saying hotly, "Samari can wait! Let's go get your girl!"

"It's a chance," I said, as I pressed down on the accelerator. "It's a guess. But I can think of nothing else."

I drove furiously down the river towards that area which was in the park but not of the park. Before the sound of our motor could be heard in that house where the Chicago gang-

Seated on a sofa, side by side, were Mrs. Potwin and Joan. The startling thing was Nature Boy Nussler in all his semi-nude glory. He stood against the far wall, his hands at shoulder level, his classic face a mask of rage. Crouching in front of him was Whitey, automatic in hand, its muzzle pointed at the wrestler's belly.

Another gorilla covered the women with his gun. The other stood in the middle of the room, pointing his weapon at Zaharados' fat boy, who pressed his obese shoulders into a corner and snarled like some over-fed cat.

I could not understand what it meant, except that there was mutiny. I saw Mrs. Potwin lick her lips. Her granite face showed no fear. Joan Vanderlee sat erect, tense, her lovely face pale, her lips compressed. But her eyes were alert.

Mrs. Potwin's voice became audible. It was strident—sardonic in a heavy-handed way. "If you jugheads," she said, "dragged me here to watch a gangster melodrama, you're not amusing me."

"Lady," Whitey said over his shoulder, "we aim to amuse you plenty. You won't have no complaints."

I was pleased to see that he had a lump on his jaw and a ripe black eye. Nature Boy snarled something I could not hear. Whitey snarled back.

"You know what's going to happen to you," Nussler said audibly.

"To us," said Whitey, "nothing's goin' to happen. First we finish up our business. Then we git back to yours. No hard feelin's, Nature Boy—not unless you try to shove." Without turning his head he issued an order.

"You, Flipper," he said, "while I keep Nussler in a good frame of mind, jest start in askin' polite questions of the wimmin. Work on the young one first. Git a quick answer. Couple of screams outa the girl and Old Concrete Face'll soften."

The man called Flipper moved towards the sofa. His little pig eyes were avid. I

did not have to make up my mind. I knew that if that animal laid a hand on Joan I was going through that window, guns or no guns.

I saw Mrs. Potwin move her shoulders.

"I suppose," she said arrogantly, "it's that gold you critters crave. Well, I have enough gold. Wash your cars so sound can enter, and I'll tell you where to find it."

"No kiddin', lady?" Whitey asked.

"No kidding," Mrs. Potwin said composedly. "Give me a paper and pencil and I'll draw you a map of it."

I knew there was no gold. That she had found the old pioneer's cache was utterly absurd. I did not like to think what would happen when they came back, enraged, from a wild-goose chase. The most Mrs. Potwin could hope to buy was time. She sat there unperturbably and drew lines on a piece of paper.

Whitey reached for the paper upon which Mrs. Potwin had drawn and written.

"Atta girl," he said. Then to Nature Boy: "We won't be long, Nussler. We'll be back and finish your job for you."

Nussler said nothing. He was helpless in face of this revolt by the hired help.

"On our way, boys," Whitey said.

He waited until his men had passed through the door, and then, keeping his gun on the wrestler, he himself backed through and slammed the door behind him. Haroun and I crouched in the darkness. A motor roared and the gangsters sped away in search of fools' gold.

The fat boy slid out of his corner. Nussler's face was contorted as he took a step towards the women on the sofa. Mrs. Potwin stood up and was majestic.

"Good-night, Mr. Nussler," she said. "We'll be moving along now."

"Sit down," Nussler commanded.

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Potwin with lifted brows.

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**DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET—
USE KLEENEX**



**"YOU
SHOULD
SEE THE
OTHER
CHAP"**

KEEP
HYGIENIC
KLEENEX HANDY
FOR NOSEBLEEDS
AND OTHER MINOR
MISHAPS. SAVES
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HIMSELF, A SMALL PIECE OF
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AND PUT KLEENEX AROUND JARS OF CREAM, BOTTLES
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**RED NOSES ARE FOR
REINDEER**

DON'T LOOK OR
FEEL MORE MISERABLE THAN YOU HAVE
TO WITH A COLD. SOOTHE THAT SORE
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 "Dear Dad"
 "Dear Father" }

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"Naturally, you will not detain us. Up to and including now," she went on loftily, "you are guilty of nothing. Your glib friends kidnapped Miss Vanderlee and me. A serious crime. Which, naturally, enraged you. If, Mr. Nussler, you have the brains that God gave field mice, you will even escort us back to our trailer."

Nussler pushed her roughly so that she sat down so solidly upon the sofa that it threatened to collapse. Only Haroun's detaining hand on my arm held me motionless.

"If," Mrs. Potwin said, her dignity in no way impaired, "you detain us now by force, you share their guilt. Better wash your hands of it."

Nussler's voice when he spoke was high, shrill, almost hysterical. His lips spouted a spate of vileness. His rage wore itself out.

"Do you know what you have done?" he asked gratingly.

"I fancy," she said, "I've tossed a monkey-wrench into the motor." She grinned. The old woman was without fear.

I understood in a flash what monkey-wrench had been tossed. She had tricked these men, against whom there had been no reason for authority to move, into committing an overt act, a crime—the crime of kidnapping. The police could come in now. The whole situation was changed; Nussler had lost his army; the forces of law could become effective.

"You'd better toss in your hand, Nussler," Mrs. Potwin said. "The fat's in the fire."

"You stay," he said. "You stay until Whitey comes back. I'll keep you for Whitey."

"That," Mrs. Potwin said, "will be hours. Anything can happen in an hour."

He lost control of himself. He struck Mrs. Potwin—slapped her with the flat of his hand. It was enough for me—more than enough. I leaped to the door and kicked it open. Haroun was at my heels.

"Take the fat boy," I said as we burst into the room.

"If it isn't the bad penny!" said Mrs. Potwin.

I heard a scuffle in the corner, but did not look. Haroun would be dealing with the fat boy.

"Well, Nussler," I said. "You wanted to try it."

His eyes widened with surprise, then narrowed. In them was elation. "It had to come," he said.

"It was written," I answered. "Linc!" cried Joan.

"Sit still!" I snapped.

Nussler assumed the pose of a wrestler, crouching, arms extended before his face and high. I held my hands low, fists clenched. It was boxer against wrestler. He moved in, head protected, ready for my blow to his jaw. I feinted with my left, sidestepped, struck low with all my weight behind the blow.

I felt my fist sink into his body. His mouth opened and his gasp was audible. I struck twice more, left and right to the jaw, but he did not go down. His eyes were glassy, but he did not fall.

Instinctively he lunged towards me. I knew that once he gripped me with his powerful, skilled hands it would be all over. And that must come unless I could finish matters quickly. The room was too small for me to elude him forever.

We circled, I backing, he advancing. He shook his head; his eyes were clearing. His left hand darted towards my wrist, but I escaped it, leaping backward. Something tripped me—a stool or other piece of furniture—and I fell on my back. Nussler uttered a cry of triumph and dived to pin me. As his great body descended upon me, I drew up my legs and kicked with all my power. My heels caught

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him in the chest, lifted him, flung him.

I scrambled to my feet. He knelt, head sagging. He pushed himself to his feet, face twisted with pain, and stood reeling. I had no compunction. This was no time for sportsmanship. I took my time, measuring him, and then—first with right, then with left—I struck with all the force that was in my body. Nussler fell forward and lay still.

I stood waiting for him to rise, but he did not move. The room was silent.

Mrs. Potwin broke the silence. "Young spriggins," she said majestically, "you're a dandy fighter."

The sheik, standing guard over the cowering fat boy, looked at me, at Nussler, at the two women. "Where," he asked, "does this leave us? What do we do with these warriors?"

"Tie them up," said Mrs. Potwin, "so we won't have it to do over again."

That was sensible. Nussler was commencing to stir. I stepped into the kitchen and through to a shed, where I found a clothesline. With it the sheik and I tied the pair securely.

"This," Joan said wearily,

"I am the Sheik el Samari," he said. "Your police will not be allowed to do a stupid thing."

"You cannot trust your own people," I pointed out.

He spoke to Mrs. Potwin. "Madame," he asked, "would my grandfather have feared treachery in his own house?"

"Not that old pirate," Mrs. Potwin said.

"I," said the sheik, "am of his blood."

"You're in America," Mrs. Potwin snorted. "No Nubian slaves with bow-strings."

"There are other ways," he said. I was aware of a change in him. In some manner, his stature had increased and he spoke with dignity and authority. He had, as it were, suddenly become a personage, remote and unapproachable.

"Sir," said I, unconsciously addressing him with the respect due to one in high place, "there are Zaharados and van der Poot. As things have moved, they can no longer hope to bamboozle you or use you as a cat's-paw."

"I am, indeed, awake," he responded.

"Therefore," I said, "what

comes to you. If you know what you're about, how do we fit in? How can we help?"

"In good time you shall know," he answered.

"Well," said Mrs. Potwin, half to herself, "if the kid hasn't made a throne out of the front seat of a jalopy!"

"A throne," replied the sheik, "is wherever a worthy ruler sits. The throne does not make the king; it is the king who makes the throne."

"And dog my cats," snorted Mrs. Potwin, "if I don't believe you've got what it takes!"

All in—an instant the sheik was a lovable boy again, without pomp or circumstance.

"I say," he said, "I'm simply wiltin'. I'm bushed. If I don't get a spot of shut-eye, I'm certain to collapse."

"It's the devil of a time of night," I said "to find accommodations in the park."

"How's for rolling up in a blanket under a tree?" he asked gaily.

"On the whole," I said, "that might be a wise idea—if your serene highness could unbend so far."

"To blazes with my serene highness until I get a few hours' sleep." He grinned boyishly. "We'll take up affairs of State after a snooze and a morning cup of coffee. Will Mrs. Potwin lend us a couple of blankets?"

"And the coffee," said Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee, "will be perking when you apply."

We sat at coffee under the canopy of Mrs. Potwin's trailer. Joan Vanderlee served, crisp, clear-eyed, meticulously groomed, as if she had had a full night's sleep. Mr. Li had joined us and sat silently waiting for us to be done. I finished my second cup as Haroun finished his third.

"You understand," I said, "that I must report to the chief ranger?"

"It will," replied Mr. Li, "be unnecessary."

"I am a park ranger," I protested.

"Be assured," Mr. Li said gravely, "that you will not be neglecting your duty."

I did not understand, but there was that in his manner or voice that convinced me.

"I'll be guided by you," I said.

"That is well," Mr. Sawtell said. "And you, sir?" he asked Haroun.

"I listen," the young sheik replied.

"Listen good, ducky," Mrs. Potwin said. "Li is a downy old bird."

"I am the Sheik el Samari," Haroun said.

"We're not forgetting it. Me, if things had turned out differently, I might have been your grandma." She said something in Arabic, and then translated to me. "It sounds highfalutin," she said. "What I just told him was, 'Your honor is my honor.' What's more, I meant it."

"We approach the end," Mr. Li said. "Today will decide. Are you willing to place yourself in jeopardy, young sir?"

"I'll take my turn at bat," Haroun said.

"And you, Mr. Sawtell?"

"I'm no hero," I answered, "but I'll stick with Haroun."

Mr. Li nodded. Mrs. Potwin grinned. "Yeah," she jeered. "You're a timid sort of bloke."

Joan raised her eyes from her lap and looked at me in a way that disturbed me.

"I," said Mr. Li, "took for granted your acquiescence." He turned to Haroun. "Mr. Zaharados has been notified that you, young sir, will call upon him today to negotiate. Mynheer van der Poot will be present. As will Mrs. Potwin and I. All parties in interest. Time has been given them to make preparations for your coming."

"With those men," Haroun said, "I will not treat."

"If," snorted Mrs. Potwin, "you don't put cheese in the trap you catch no mice."

"I would seem," Haroun said, "to be the mouse."

"I know these men well—as Mrs. Potwin does," Mr. Li said. "We think we have read their minds. We think we know how they will react. The great danger is that we may have guessed wrongly."

"I'll bet on Zaharados and van der Poot," Mrs. Potwin said. "The x in the problem is Nature Boy Nussler. All rules go haywire when you deal with a mad dog."

"That," said Mr. Li, "will be Mr. Sawtell's danger."

"He may," interposed Mrs. Potwin, "go off half cocked. He's got face to save."

"You must be adroit," Mr. Li said to Haroun.

"What's my job?" I asked.

"To watch, to be ready," said Mr. Li. "To remember that Zaharados' fat boy is expendable."

"Where and when?" Haroun asked.

"Zaharados' cabin, at twelve o'clock."

"Joan," said Mrs. Potwin, "will have luncheon ready for us when we get back—if we get back."

"No," said Miss Vanderlee.

"You," said Mrs. Potwin tartly, "will do as you're told."

"That," retorted Joan, "is just one woman's idea. I've got a stake in this game. So you might as well make the best of it. I'm going to see it played."

"Much stake you've got!" Mrs. Potwin jeered.

"Such as it is," said Joan dryly, "I aim to kibitz."

Mrs. Potwin was looking at me with what seemed to be disgust. "There's no fool," she snorted, "like a young female fool!"

"Miss Vanderlee," I said, "I don't understand all this chatter, but you'd better keep your patrician little nose out of this."

"And you," she said pertly, "had better get used to the smell of oil."

That was too cryptic for me. "Why should I?" I demanded.

"Because," she said, "it's going to be a familiar odor around the house."

When a girl gets that way, the time has come for a man to take to his heels. I looked at my watch.

"It's just an hour," I said, "before the curtain goes up."

"On a stage," said Haroun, "that has been set by the enemy."

"Sure," Mrs. Potwin said,

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Heard about Curlon?



New Wonder Knitwear discovered —

This wonder knitwear which remains safe when washed, never shrinking, stretching or creasing, was discovered by Mr. D. Finkel, Managing Director of Finlaw Mills, Melbourne. Just imagine, the latest overseas styled knitwear that won't shrink when washed and wearable all year round, keeping you snug and warm on cold winter days and cool as a cucumber in the summer. Another surprise, Curlon is priced well within the reach of every girl's budget. Unfortunately in the past, production could not increase as rapidly as the demand, and other manufacturers tried to sell imitations, calling them by similar names, but they were nowhere near the same class as Curlon. For the coming season, Finlaw Mills have increased their production to meet grow-

Fashion conscious women all over Australia "fell" for Curlon the miracle knitwear when it was introduced on the market last summer.

ing needs. Curlon, spelt C-U-R-L-O-N, is made only by Finlaw Mills, and is easily recognised by its soft to touch texture, and rich, even colour from either side. The latest in fashion trends, the so very popular "Tweedy Look" has been introduced by means of a new basket weave stitch, very different from the usual stocking and rib stitches, and will be shortly available in a range of new, lovely colours, at all leading stores, says Mr. Finkel.

Sheer, glamorous nylons
that just *won't* run!

HILTON

Fanfare

Non-run Nylons

More and more smart women are wearing **HILTON**
"Fanfare" mesh nylons. The non-run nylons with
the dull chiffon look that is so
flattering to your legs — the nylons that are so
resistant to ladders.

In fact, **HILTON** mesh nylons can't ladder,
because "Fanfare" lockstitch stops ladders
before they start!

From **HILTON** "Fanfare" you get
clinging fit, glamorously fine seams,
and fashion-right colours!

HILTON "Fanfare"
... the glamour nylons
that just won't run ...

16'11

Prices vary slightly
in some States



HILTON make glamorous lingerie too!

Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

from page 49

"but there may be some non-union spear carriers in the chorus."

At ten minutes before the hour we arose and walked towards Camp Curry. Again I tried to persuade Joan to remain at the trailer, but my words made no impression. It was Mrs. Potwin who thundered with her knuckles on Zaharados' door. The portbellied Levantine opened the door, smirking.

"Ah, my friends," he said, "you are prompt to come. Such a good day it is when altogether we sit down to discuss so amiable. Already is here Mynheer van der Poot and his so lovely daughter."

He backed away, bowing and ogling. As if it were a mere social occasion, we exchanged greetings with van der Poot and Katrina. That silvery girl smiled at me demurely and spoke as if I never had laid violent hands upon her to use her as a missile. She even smiled at Joan, who gave her a frigid nod.

It was van der Poot who opened the formal discussion.

"It is more wise," he said to Mr. Li and Mrs. Potwin, "that we agree and make the partnership, and no longer disagree and fight."

"Composition of differences always is wise," said Mr. Li.

"Before we whack up the gravy," said Mrs. Potwin stridently, "we better find out if there's any in the bowl. What's the Sheik el Samari got to say?"

"It is my will," Haroun said, "that the oilfields in my land shall be so developed as to bring the greatest good to my people. It is right that those who develop shall be rewarded, but I will not tolerate that this reward shall be greater than is just."

"We," said van der Poot, "are fair and reasonable men. What terms do you offer?"

"We will not speak of terms at this moment. I will speak of the condition of my people. For centuries they have been poor. They have not enjoyed the things that have elevated other peoples of the world."

His voice was calm, dignified, and very firm. "Now there are riches," he continued, "this wealth must provide what they have lacked. There must be hospitals to care for the health; there must be schools to educate the brains. There must be roads and housing and sanitation. My people are living in an age a thousand years back. They must be enabled to live in today."

"That kind of talk I have heard," Zaharados said cynically. "It is for politics."

"Business it is that we talk," said van der Poot, "not nonsense for the ear of the mob. In return for this concession, what it is that for yourself you want?"

"For myself I want a great thing," Haroun said gravely.

"It is that when history shall be written I shall be known as he who made of the Samari a modern people, happy, contented, without poverty, not degraded by ignorance."

Zaharados scowled at Mr. Li. "You have bring him here," he said harshly, "to talk business, not to be babbling thees fool idealism."

"There is a small preliminary thing," Haroun said. "There is necessity that the law of this land be satisfied. A problem for us all has been created by a murder. The murder of my friend and counselor."

"One of your own people," said van der Poot.

"So you would like to have it thought," Haroun said sternly. "An assassination ordered by me. That is not the truth. My vizier was murdered because he was wise; because he headed in my absence those men who were loyal to me. Because he would not see the son of my fathers made a contemptible cat's-paw of greedy men. When he died it was necessary that I become a man. As a basis for all negotiation between us, the murderer must be surrendered to justice."

Mr. Li spoke. "Better heed, Zaharados. The boy is expendable."

Zaharados' eyes narrowed, peered at van der Poot, who nodded his gargoyle head. "What is one man?" the Dutchman said.

"I give heem to you," Zaharados said. "Why not? For what he do I beat him weeth many lashes. He confess to me. For a sum of money so small it is to be laughed at, he did this killing with his knife. His knife skill is known. One came to him, a bearded Arab, and said, 'For so much money you throw the knife in the vizier.' Which he do. So I beat heem. He is not-to-be-trusted fool. Give heem to the police."

From the kitchen, whose door stood ajar, there came a sound like the squawling of a tortured cat. The door flung open and the fat boy crouched there, and I saw the gleam of a knife in his hand. He squealed in some tongue unknown to me, and then in English, which I never before had heard him speak.

"It is lie!" he said with a sort of bubbling shrillness. "For heem and thees other" — he pointed his knife at van der Poot — "I keel by command! To save heemself, he make thees lie and give me to the police! It ees treachery! I keel! I keel!" His voice rose to a scream.

I was nearest the door and the frenzied fat boy. His arm darted back. I swung in my

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FOR TEENAGE WRITERS

TEENAGERS are invited to submit short stories for publication.

Stories should be about 1500 words long. Each one must bear the author's name, address, and age, must be typed or written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope big enough to hold the manuscript in case of return.

The story must also have a statement written by the author and endorsed by parent, guardian, or teacher that the story is the teenager's original, unaided work and is not adapted from or based on any story read.

Brief comment will be given on any stories that merit it. Otherwise, criticism cannot be given. Stories are judged at full adult publication standard.



FORMER SYDNEY MODEL Jeanette Elphick, made famous by Hollywood as Victoria Shaw, recently married young American actor Roger Smith at a simple ceremony in St. Charles' Roman Catholic church, Hollywood. Jeanette wore a classic white gown and a short tulle veil. Later this year the couple plan to visit Australia. This picture shows the happy bride and bridegroom at the wedding reception.



SOMEBODY DIDN'T LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

ALL COTTONS CAN SHRINK

Poor Mary! She bought a pair of jeans for working in the garden, washed them once, and now look at them. Shrank up and too uncomfortable for words! Obviously, she didn't look for the "Sanforized" label. If you don't buy "Sanforized"—shrink cottons—no matter what tedious washing precautions you take—your garments may easily lose that wonderful first-day fit. Looking for the "Sanforized" label is the answer, of course. And don't be misled by labels that merely bear the words "pre-shrunk." For many of these general promises are made, knowing that shrinkage may be as high as 5%—enough to take a garment down two whole sizes.

THESE COTTONS WON'T

"Sanforized"—shrink fabric is processed on special machines and tested to make absolutely certain that shrinkage will not alter the fit of a garment in the slightest. The "Sanforized" label is your assurance of permanent protection against shrinkage. When shopping for jeans, dresses, shorts, overalls, pyjamas, work trousers, shirts—any cotton at all—ask to see the "Sanforized" trade-mark on the label before you buy.

THESE GARMENTS ARE
AVAILABLE IN SANFORIZED
SHRUNK FABRIC, TOO!

•SANFORIZED•
REGD. TD. MK.
Shrunk Fabric
FOR PERMANENT FIT



DRESSES

SHORTS

OVERALLS

PYJAMAS

WORK TROUSERS

SHIRTS & COTTONS

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ A Town Like Alice

ITS authentic Australian characters and outback scenery give J. A. Rank's presentation of "A Town Like Alice" a special piquancy for local audiences.

In both these respects "Alice," from Nevil Shute's fine novel, is certainly the best overseas effort so far.

As it stands, "A Town Like Alice," shot mostly against authentic locations of Malaya and briefly in Alice Springs, is a quiet and solemn epic of human endurance during the Japanese occupation of Malaya.

The stars, Peter Finch as the Australian P.O.W., and English actress Virginia McKenna, are natural, likeable, and always honest in their performances.

The story tells of an English typist (Virginia McKenna) who shares a harrowing trek through hundreds of miles of

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

swamp and jungle with a party of other women and children who are caught in the Jap invasion of the country.

Many of them die from disease and starvation along the way.

The English girl's meeting and strange romance with Finch's soldier who tries to help the outcasts is the bright thread in the sombre pattern of the story.

Noted in the large cast are Marie Lohr, Renee Houston, and young Maureen Swanson.

One can't help a pang of regret, however, that so much of the original story had to be deleted from the film.

In Sydney—State.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Artists and Models," technicolor VistaVision musical comedy, starring Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine. Plus "Immediate Disaster," science-fiction melodrama, starring Patricia Neal, Helmut Dantine, Derk Bond.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit," color CinemaScope drama, starring Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★ "Anything Goes," color VistaVision musical extravaganza, starring Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, Jeanne Crain. Plus "Three Corners Fate," omnibus melodrama, starring Joyce Heron, Maureen Swanson, Jean Aubrey. (At 5 and 8 p.m. sessions only.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "The Man Who Never Was," color CinemaScope spy drama, starring Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame. Plus "Yacht on the High Sea," sea adventure, starring Gary Merrill, Nina Foch, Casey Adams.

PALLADIUM.—"Davy Crockett, Indian Scout," period adventure, starring George Montgomery, Ellen Drew. Plus "Captain Caution," adventure, starring Alan Ladd, Louise Platt, Victor Mature. (Both re-releases, reviews unavailable.)

PARIS.—★ "The Little Outlaw," Walt Disney technicolor feature, starring Andres Velasquez, Pedro Armendariz, Joseph Calleia. Plus Walt Disney featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "Pete Kelly's Blues," color CinemaScope musical comedy, starring Jack Webb, Janet Leigh, Peggy Lee. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "The Man Who Knew Too Much," color VistaVision thriller, starring James Stewart, Doris Day. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Guys and Dolls," color CinemaScope musical extravaganza, starring Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Rififi," French-language suspense drama with English sub-titles, starring Jean Servais, Carl Mohner, Robert Manuel. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "A Town Like Alice," wartime drama, starring Peter Finch, Virginia McKenna. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

Not yet reviewed

EMBASSY.—"Summer Madness," technicolor romantic drama, starring Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—"Ulysses," technicolor adventure-classic, starring Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano, Rossano Brazzi. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—"Invitation to the Dance," widescreen technicolor ballet-fantasy, starring Gene Kelly, Tamara Toumanova, Igor Youskevitch. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Special Delivery," comedy-drama, starring Joseph Cotten, Eva Bartok, Niall MacGinnis. Plus "Uranium Boom," adventure, starring Dennis Morgan, Patricia Medina, William Talman.

PALACE.—"King Richard and the Crusaders," color CinemaScope historical drama, starring Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo, Laurence Harvey. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—"Alexander the Great," widescreen color spectacle, starring Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, Fredric March. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"The Square Jungle," boxing drama, starring Tony Curtis, Pat Crowley. Plus "Raw Edge," technicolor period Western, starring Rory Calhoun, Yvonne De Carlo, Mara Corday.



1 RECEPTION given Matt Ballot (Steve Cochran) by his wife, Bess (Ann Sheridan), is cool. On his assurance that he's a changed man, she agrees to let him remain as a hired hand. The children, Annie, who is a mute, and Abraham, are delighted.



2 TENANT FARMER old Jeff Storys (Walter Brennan) begins to like the outcast, Matt proves to be a good worker. He mends fences, makes badly needed repairs, and even puts the old T-model Ford back in commission.

COME NEXT SPRING



3 POOLROOM taunts fail to provoke Matt, but when local boys deride Annie, Matt wins both the child and Bess by telling how an accident robbed her of speech.

★ A family comedy-drama told with humor and charm is "Come Next Spring" (Republic), which is set in Arkansas farm country and filmed in color. It tells of the reformation of a black sheep (Steve Cochran) who comes back to the wife (Ann Sheridan) and two children (Sherry Jackson and Richard Eyer) whom he deserted eight years before. At first everybody is against the errant father, but, by degrees, he manages to win their liking and respect.



4 DURING A CYCLONE, Matt wins the town's gratitude by his cool enterprise. The family barn, which is destroyed in the blow, is rebuilt by the townsfolk.



5 DANCE at the schoolhouse promises well for Bess and Matt, but their happy night out is soon spoiled by Leroy (Sonny Tufts), the town bully, who likes Bess and wants to rid the countryside of Matt.



6 TO WIN A BET, Matt takes one drink and Bess is so disappointed that he has broken his promise that she tells him she is going home whether or not he goes along with her. Whereupon Matt decides he's suffered Leroy long enough and the inevitable fight begins.



7 THE BATTLE is a tough affair in which Matt beats the daylights out of Leroy. Bess is crushed, thinking that Matt has let her down again. Next morning Annie is missing and a search for her around dangerous Echo Mountain is organised.



8 RESCUE of his daughter is carried out by Matt after hearing her scream. At the top, Bess realises what has happened and so does Annie, who screams again, getting better each time, to the delight of her happy parents.

Hollywood's favourite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



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it Beautifies!

Yes, Grace Kelly uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favourite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars! It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into rich lather, leaves hair so easy to manage. It beautifies! For bright, fragrantly clean hair, choose the favourite of Hollywood stars!



Grace Kelly starring in M.G.M.'s "HIGH SOCIETY" in Cinemascope and Colour



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125 "TOOTH-SAVERS" FOR 3/9—ALL CHEMISTS




Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Pond's brings the freshness of Spring to your complexion

Your complexion can glow with the sweet, dewy freshness of Spring. Just a few minutes tender care each day with Pond's will work this magic—keep your skin satin-soft and young.



POND'S solves these beauty problems . . . helps you reveal your inner loveliness

THE PROBLEM	WHAT TO DO	WHAT TO USE
Drab, sallow skin Coarsened texture Enlarged pores	Unsuspected cause of most "poor" complexions is <i>hidden dirt</i> that hardens in pore openings. <i>Only cream</i> is able to completely clean out water-resistant dirt and greasy make-up—and <i>Pond's Cold Cream</i> is the most successful deep-cleansing cream in the world. After your Pond's Cold Creaming every night you'll <i>immediately</i> be aware of an exciting new surge of loveliness.	COLD CREAM New economy size jar 7/3. Standard jar 4/6. Handy tube 2/3. 
Powder that doesn't cling Shininess . . . Blackheads	Always, before you make-up or powder, film on an invisible veil of <i>greaseless</i> Pond's Vanishing Cream—instantly protects a freshly cleansed skin. To help your skin throw off its every-day accumulation of oily, dead skin cells, simply cover your face lavishly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Tissue off after one minute. Now—skin glands function normally.	VANISHING CREAM New economy size jar 7/3. Standard jar 4/6. Handy tube 2/3. 
Parched dry skin Ageing dry lines Rough, flaky patches	Dry skin can <i>push</i> you into middle age—and its signs appear even as early as 19. Tiny forehead lines . . . little crowsfeet . . . rough, flaky patches. Dry skin needs extra lubrication, so the richer the cream you use, the better. So start using <i>Pond's Dry Skin Cream</i> —richest of all in lanolin. You'll grow lovelier, not just older.	DRY SKIN CREAM New economy size jar 8/11. Standard jar 5/3. Handy tube 2/6. 

See all swift-acting Pond's Creams at your favourite beauty counter.

Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

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chair, pivoting my long legs. My shoe found his kneecap and knocked his legs from under him as he flicked his knife. It glinted through the air to quiver in a log six inches above Zaharados' head. I leaped upon the boy, twisted him on to his face, and wrenched his arms behind him. Zaharados, his olive cheeks pallid, cringed in his chair.

And then, faintly, distantly, we heard a silvery note that rose and fell in beautiful, intricate design. It was a whistle such as no bird of the forest could ever duplicate. We sat as though frozen. Zaharados was ashen; his mouth drooped open. The Dutchman's dwarfish body twisted and shrank.

"The Warbler, Zaharados," said Mr. Li. "Him you have heard before. Only when there is disaster does he whistle. Remember when you have heard him, Zaharados, whistling for others. Now he whistles for you."

The Levantine mouthed panic sounds; van der Poot seemed unable to speak. The sound was not so distant now. It drew nearer.

Fear had invaded the room, and with it uncertainty and indecision came to the Levantine and the Hollander. I was busy holding the squirming fat boy, but I could look from face to face, studying expressions.

Mrs. Potwin sat in a sort of granite immobility; Mr. Li, clothed in dignity, seemed to be waiting; Joan Vanderlee, ash-white and big of eye, leaned a little forward, lips slightly parted. Miss van der Poot was scornful—viciously scornful—of her father and Zaharados.

"It's nothing!" she said in an unlovely voice. "It's a whistle! It's only some sort of hocus-pocus! . . . You, Zaharados, are you a man or a mound of jelly? You are to be spat upon!" She reached across narrow space and raked his cheek with sharp fingernails. "And you," she spat at her father, "are you a nothing because of a little sound?"

"They never," jeered Mrs. Potwin, "did have a sterling set of innards. Always depended on hired help when the going got rough—and the hired help turned sour. Now, lads, instead of snatching an oilfield, you're mixed up in a common or garden variety of kidnapping."

"No," protested Zaharados, "no! We did not plan that! We did not order that! It was a mutiny!"

"Mutiny, eh? So they were your crew, Zaharados." Her voice was taunting. "Well, if you didn't bring them here to kidnap women, what was the idea?"

"I will tell you what was the idea," Miss van der Poot said, her voice now a snarl. "I will tell you because you will not live to repeat. You were fools to come here. Do you think we wait here merely for the talk?" She was taking command. As she spoke, her father's back seemed to stiffen, and even Zaharados was less abject. "You think we divide with you, bargain with you?"

"If," demanded Mrs. Potwin, "you didn't bring us here to dicker, what was the plan?"

Katrina's lip curled. "To kill," she said. "To kill so that one who belongs to us shall rule this sheikdom. And to go away and no one shall suspect us. It is planned good. You are fools."

The Warbler had been silent, but again his whistling, nearer and nearer, reached our ears.

Mr. Li lifted his hand. "He warbles only when there is disaster," he said. "For a hun-

dred years—for more than a hundred years—that has been so."

"It is folklore nonsense," Miss van der Poot said emphatically.

"But you hear it now," said Mr. Li serenely.

"A trick," said the girl. "I spit upon a trick." She fixed her eyes upon Joan Vanderlee. "You," she said, "I hate."

"Of course," Joan said.

"I finish with talk," the silver-haired girl said, and clapped her little hands together. "Nussler!" she commanded loudly. "Come! Come now!"

Once again the kitchen door was flung open, and Nature Boy Nussler and his three gangsters crowded into the room. They spread along the wall, their backs to the logs. I looked up from where I knelt over the fat boy into the man's handsome, effeminate face.

"Too much talk," he said. "The talk is over," said Katrina.

"Personal pleasure first," Nussler said, and from his eyes I knew that crazy rage possessed him. "Crawl, Sawtell!" he grated. "Let's see you crawl while your girl looks on!"

"Why, no," I said. "There'll be no crawl." I hoped my voice was steady. "How are you going to get away, Nussler?"

"So long as I get you," he said, "I don't care." He reached down and slapped me with the flat of his hand. "We'll shoot our way out," he said.

A man who understands the business of gun fighting once told me that the man with the weapon must never get too close to the one he means to shoot. Never, this expert told me, get within reach of your victim's arms. But Nussler was close to me, standing over me, gloating. The muzzle of his gun was within a foot of my head as I knelt there, I spoke again in hope of distracting his attention for an instant.

"You won't get a mile, Nussler," I said, and as he opened his lips to retort I knifed at his gun hand with the hard edge of my palm and lunged upward with my head. I heard his gun clatter on the floor, and then my arms were locked around him, lifting him from the floor.

"Hold it!" said a voice I recognised—a voice I little expected to hear. It was the voice of the chief ranger. "Drop those guns!" he commanded. "Drop them! There are two dozen rangers and State troopers around this house!"

Glass tinkled from broken windows as gun barrels appeared. The chief ranger was followed into the room by uniformed men. I suddenly felt very squeamish as I pushed Nussler from me. He staggered and stood with hands upraised.

"Sawtell saved your life, Nussler," the chief said. "In another split second you'd have been finished."

The room seemed full of police. I heard the clink of handcuffs.

Mrs. Potwin stood up and flexed her arms as if after physical exertion. "Did you get it all?" she asked.

"Every word was recorded," said the chief.

"Conclusive, eh?" she asked.

"It would seem to be," he answered.

I looked beyond the chief.

In the doorway stood that

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young Chinese whom I had seen in attendance upon Mr. Li. He leaned against the lintel and raised a tiny instrument to his lips, and from it poured liquid sound—trills, runs, arabesques, rolls of exquisite whistling. His intelligent eyes looked into mine, and he smiled.

"Only folklore," he said, and thrust his instrument into his pocket. His white teeth gleamed through his broad grin.

"Ranger Sawtell," said the chief grimly, "you will report at headquarters."

"Yes, sir," I said unhappily, foreseeing the end of my career in the Park Service.

Mrs. Potwin spoke to him in a low voice. I could not hear what she said. The chief looked at me briefly under his brows.

"At six o'clock," he said.

The cabin was cleared. Nussler and his three hoodlums had been led away in handcuffs. Zaharados and van der Poot and Katrina were escorted in a less humiliating manner. As they passed through the door, Mr. Li said in his placid voice, "When one handles an eel he should cover his palms with sand."

"Don't you worry, sir," said a trooper. "We've handled slippery ones before."

We were the last to leave—the chief, Joan, Mr. Li, Mrs. Potwin and I.

Mr. Li was bland. "He who has not felt the terrors of the hurricane," he said, "can never know the loveliness of an untroubled ocean."

"Ling Po," said Mrs. Potwin ironically. "We will now go to my trailer and know the loveliness of an unruffled cup of tea."

Camp Curry, as we came out of Zaharados' cabin, was going about its business with its usual bustle. People milled around, congregated in groups and bought souvenirs in the shop, apparently unaware that the world had just been shaken.

At least my world had been shaken and turned topsy-turvy. In that log cabin things had happened whose repercussions would be felt beyond the ocean, in distant lands, in the chancelleries of the nations. In a room a dozen feet square conclusions had been reached that affected the peace of the world—which seemed absurd.

I looked upward at gigantic Glacier Point and was conscious of my tininess, of the microscopic size of the swarm of human beings who milled about on the floor of the valley. Insects! But then the thought came to me that these minuscule creatures, ridiculous on their bicycles, grotesque in their shorts and slacks, were the most important of all the items that went to make up the world.

Glacier Point was gigantic, breath-taking, but in the scheme of things its size and grandeur were of less import to this spinning orb than the least of these human creatures who infested it.

No more than a scant handful of men and women had taken part in these events within the park, but what they had accomplished or failed to accomplish had modified the future of countless millions.

"So," I said aloud, "no one is insignificant."

Haroun, the Sheikh el Samari, my friend, was walking at my side. The three others were ahead of us. His slender, sinewy brown hand touched my arm.

"It is by individuals," he said, "that great things are accomplished, not by masses. For

Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

[from page 54]

good or for evil. One man, selected by kismet. Your Jesus, my Mahomet, Buddha, Caesar, Napoleon, Karl Marx. Always one man! Each one of all the living millions of men is precious because in him may glow the spark that makes him the one of his generation, if Fate touches him with its finger.

"Right," I said. "And it might touch anyone."

"Both of you are a little touched," said Mrs. Potwin crossly. "Come down to earth."

"If," said Mr. Li, "young men do not think high thoughts there is no future for the world."

"Rats!" snorted Mrs. Potwin.

We had reached Camp 14 and turned in to Mrs. Potwin's trailer.

"Tea," she said sharply to Joan Vanderlee. She lowered herself into a chair with massive dignity. "At this minute the only important question in life is: One or two lumps? What's the difference between the sublime and the ridiculous?"

Joan disappeared into the trailer. Mrs. Potwin preened herself.

"Well," she said blandly,

question. It gives you a try for the jackpot, Linc."

"It's a matter," I said stiffly, "that I do not care to discuss."

"In public?" asked Miss Vanderlee.

"Anywhere," I said. Joan walked stiffly into the trailer. I was uncomfortable. I felt myself flushing.

Haroun had been gazing off into the distance, but suddenly he returned to the present.

"Linc," he said, "I've never had a friend. In the days ahead I'm going to need a friend. Will you come back to Samari with me?"

"Wherever you are, Haroun," I told him. "I will be your friend. But I'm an American. I wouldn't fit anywhere else."

"Not even for a time?" he asked.

"He'd make you a rich man," Mrs. Potwin said.

"I would not!" Haroun said hotly. "I do not insult my friend! I offer no reward!"

I shook my head. I almost wished I could go with him. I was depressed, unhappy. To go with him to Samari might be a solution of all my prob-

"All right, Joan," I said unhappily. "But I see no good in it."

She walked ahead of me with squared shoulders and defiant chin. Neither of us spoke. Our silence continued until we came to the river, and there, in the lee of a great boulder, she stopped and faced me.

"I," she said, "have had enough of your nonsense."

"I'm aware of no nonsense," I answered.

"If," she demanded, "I were a poor girl—a chauffeur-secretary-maid—what would you do?"

"You are none of these things," I said.

"Do you know why I am with Mrs. Potwin?"

"Some freakish impulse," I said.

"No," she replied. "Because my father worked with his hands and there are still calluses on his palms." She held out her hands for me to see. They were strong hands, capable hands, beautiful hands.

"Calluses are in my blood," she said. "No elite schools, no luxuries, nothing in the life I have led can get them out of it. Do you understand?"

"No," I said.

"I think you lie," she told me. "Why do you refuse the offers that have been made to you? Why do you remain a park ranger when there are opportunities to get yourself a position in life and a lot of money?"

"Because," I said, "I'm fool enough not to want a snag of money. And because I'm content with my job. It satisfies me."

She nodded. "Am I beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes," I told her.

"Am I desirable?"

"Yes."

"Would not life with me be good?"

"Not," I said stubbornly, "with oil-wells thrown in."

"Is it silly pride?" she asked.

"Deeper than that," I told her. "I did not myself know what it was, but it was there."

"Do you love me, Linc Sawtell?"

"I fear I do," I said miserably.

"Are both our lives to be ruined because of some oil derricks?"

"They stand between us," I said.

She was silent. She seemed to droop, to be resigned, to accept the answer I could not change.

"Very well," she said steadily. "It is good-bye, then?"

"I suppose so," I answered.

"Would it be too much to ask," she said, "that you kiss me good-bye?"

She took a step closer to me and raised her lips to mine. And then my arms crushed her to me and her arms held me fiercely. It was as if some fire melted us and welded us. She pushed me away from her, withdrew her lips from mine, and, standing a little from me, she looked up and smiled.

"That," she said demurely, "was my final argument."

"My dear," I said, and my voice was hoarse in my throat, "it was a clincher. Oh, my dear! My sweet!"

There we remained, and time swept past us. It was she who returned us to the present. She glanced at her watch.

"It is time," she said.

"For what?"

"For you to report," she said, "to the chief ranger."

We walked, side by side, to his house, and I rang the bell. The chief opened the door and stared from me to Joan.

"Is this," he asked grimly, "the way to report? Bringing a lady?"

"A very special lady," said Joan.

"Come in," said the chief. We seated ourselves in his pleasant parlor.

"What," he asked, "have you to say for yourself?"

"I have no excuses, sir," I said.

"Do you tender your resignation?" he asked.

"No, sir," I replied, "not unless it is demanded."

He grunted. He scowled at Joan. "Why are you here? It is most irregular."

"Because," she said, "I want to be a ranger's wife."

He grunted again. "Sawtell," he said, "you seem to have found a use for your spare time."

"Sir," said I, "there's been little time for courting."

"It was very good courting, sir," Joan said. "The best way for a man to woo is to show his wares. Linc, sir, has some fine merchandise in stock."

"He's only a seasonal ranger," the chief said. "On probation."

"Not with me," she said. "He has proved his point."

Then the chief smiled. It was a warm, heartening smile. "Miss Vanderlee," he said, "he has proved his point with me."

My recommendation that he be made permanent has been mailed. I guess the force can put up with him—with you both."

I got to my feet. "Thank you, sir," I said.

He frowned at us, but underneath the frown his eyes were kind. "Report for duty at the usual hour in the morning," he said brusquely.

"Yes, sir," I said.

We left the room and, with Joan's hand clasping my arm tightly, we walked towards Camp 14.

"Mrs. Potwin," I said, "will be surprised."

"The devil she will," said Joan. "She thinks she planned it this way."

"Did she?" I asked.

"No," answered Joan, and what I saw in her eyes made me a very happy man. "I did."

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FASCINATING MYSTERY SERIAL BY POPULAR AUTHOR

WE are pleased to announce that our new serial, "Remember the Last One," opening instalment of which will appear next week, is by Dorothy Eden, author of our very popular serials "The Voice of a Dove" and "Darling Clementine."

A New Zealander by birth and upbringing, Dorothy Eden first visited England in the course of a world tour some years ago, and is now resident in London. She describes her books as being "not thrillers, but more psychological or mystery stories," and this description exactly suits our intriguing new serial.

What was the real story of Lucy Bolton—the girl who had been dead for 20 years, but whose influence was still so vividly alive? Was her mother the generous, warm-hearted person that she seemed to be, or was she slyly hiding some deadly secret? And the lodgers in her big London house—was it mere coincidence that they were all strange or unusual types?

These were some of the questions that puzzled Cressida Lucy Barclay when a strange coincidence brought her to live in the home of that former Lucy. Their solution makes this one of our most fascinating and engrossing serials.

"We knocked 'em for a loop. We twisted 'em into a pretzel. So what comes next?"

"I," said Haroun, "go home to my people."

"And I," I said with a rueful grin, "probably get kicked out of my job."

"I'll give you another," Mrs. Potwin said.

"But I like this one," I answered.

Joan appeared with a tray on which were a steaming pot and cups and saucers—an oil heiress serving as a waitress! The world was too scrambled for me. She was casual, pouring our tea, offering the sugar bowl. It might have been an ordinary social gathering. She scarcely glanced at me, which, somehow, depressed me.

Mrs. Potwin was scowling.

"The understrappers," she said, "are for it—Nussler and his hoodlums, the fat boy, But Zaharados and van der Poot! If you can send all those millions to the gaolhouse it'll be a slick trick."

"Me," said Joan Vanderlee—I thought vindictively—"I'd love to see that juvenile Jezebel scrubbing a cell block."

Mrs. Potwin leered at me. "She's remembering that lipstick on your face."

"Nonsense!" I said testily.

Miss Vanderlee paused, turned her head over her shoulder, and looked at me. "Why is it nonsense?" she demanded.

"That," said Mrs. Potwin, "is a dandy sixty-four-dollar

lems—chiefly of the problem of Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee.

"Will you make me a promise, Linc?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered.

"If I send for you, will you come? It will mean that I need you."

"I will come," I promised.

He smiled at me, and my heart went out to him. Somehow I felt that this moment was our farewell. In a little time we might shake hands at parting and say words of good-bye. But this was our real farewell.

"This is not the end," he said gravely. "We shall meet again. It is written."

"If we do not meet again," I answered, "our friendship will not grow less."

"It will endure," he said solemnly. "It will endure."

Joan emerged again from the trailer. She stood erect so that the graciousness of her figure displayed itself. Her face was determined. She had reached some sort of resolution.

"Linc Sawtell," she said, "come with me."

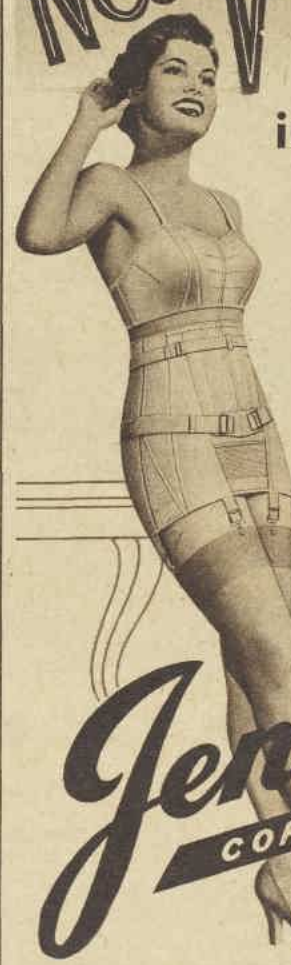
"Where?" I asked.

"Don't ask fool questions," snapped Mrs. Potwin.

Joan answered me. "Away from here," she said, "where I can ram some common sense into your stubborn head."

"Before three things," said Mr. Li, "the wise man bends his head—a rushing torrent, a wind from the hills, and the will of a woman."

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15
BEAUTIFUL
COLOURS



1 Marlite *Lustrtile*

Here's the easy, economical way to make that tired old bathroom, kitchen or laundry look like new... Lustrtile looks just exactly like expensive tiles—same high gloss, same durable, water-resisting qualities—but it's only a fraction of the cost! Choose from either 6-inch or 4-inch tile patterns and ten lovely colours. Each Lustrtile panel is 6 feet by 4 feet and $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick.

2 Marlite *Leveline*

Leveline panels will give that old room a most unusual modern effect. Each gleaming panel has parallel lines pressed into its steel-hard surface. These lines are $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch apart and are spaced at 8-inch centres. They make a highly attractive wall indeed—and there are no less than 15 decorative, high-gloss colours to choose from, including smart stipple-tone colour which give a real ceramic effect. Two sheet sizes: 6 feet by 4 feet or 9 feet by 4 feet, both $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick.

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Beautiful Lusterite panels have no pattern on the hard, glossy surface and they come in fifteen colours in both plain and Stippletone finishes. Like Lustrtile and Leveline, Lusterite panels have a surface that's completely impervious to moisture. A wipe with a damp cloth cleans it in an instant. The sheets are available in either 6 feet by 4 feet or 9 feet by 4 feet sizes, both $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick. Any handyman can instal Marlite panels in your home, with ordinary tools!

Add gleaming colour and beauty to your home with easily installed, easy-to-clean Marlite. Choose patterns and lovely colours to suit your own taste!



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- ★ The genuine high-gloss, oven-baked enamel finish is a time-tested American process, exclusive to Marlite. It seals the colour in—for a lifetime!
- ★ The unique Marlite finish resists moisture, grease, heat, acids, alkalis and stains. A damp cloth cleans it in a jiffy.
- ★ Easily installed! Any handyman who can use ordinary carpenters' tools can quickly and easily erect Marlite panels in bathroom, kitchen, laundry or other rooms.
- ★ Mouldings are available to make joining the sheets an easy matter. Satin-finished ribbed mouldings, polished aluminium mouldings and recently developed aluminium mouldings with a baked-enamel finish in all matching colours. All mouldings are made in 6-foot lengths. Ribbed mouldings also made in 12-foot lengths.
- ★ All Marlite Wall Panels are covered by the exclusive Marlite guarantee.



NEW VARIETY. A 1956 novelty, *Rose Pearl*, is a most attractive gladiolus, with frilled, open flowers in good formation on tall stems. Color is clear lavender-rose, shading deeper in the throat. Offered by Errey Bros., Camperdown, Victoria.

SUNNY FAVORITES

- Gladioli are among the most popular flowers, largely because of their rich and varied colors, their distinction as cut flowers, and the ease with which they may be grown almost anywhere.

THERE are probably seven or eight thousand varieties of gladioli on the market.

They flower best from late October to early December, and their second flush ranges from March to April.

In mild districts they will flower in well-protected places from October to April.

If the corms are planted 6 inches apart in rich, well-drained soil at intervals of a fortnight they will give colorful spikes from late spring to the first frost in late autumn.

All gladioli must be planted in an open, sunny position, preferably protected from strong winds. Their flower spikes grow tall, the stems are brittle, and the petals subject to burning by strong winds and fierce heat.

Corms are comparatively cheap, and the spikes, when cut, carry well. For commercial purposes they are best planted in rows. For garden decoration they should be grown in irregular patches or clumps, 10 to 20 in each patch.

Planted deeply, they seldom need staking, although large-flowered varieties may require the support of slender stakes.

Gladioli last extremely well when cut, and combine splendidly with many other flowers. For best results they should be cut when the lower flowers open. The spikes will open to the top when placed in water.

Flower farmers usually cut the spikes when one or two lower florets open. They should be cut carefully, leaving three to four leaves on the basal stem. If this is not done corm growth will cease.

Rich, well-drained loam or heavy soil to which ample sand and well-rotted vegetable matter has been added, plus occasional ap-

plications of balanced fertiliser and abundant water, are the chief ingredients for success.

Caterpillars of various kinds, aphids, and mealy bugs cause much trouble some years, but gladiolus thrips are the worst enemy of this plant in all States.

Thrips are small, thread-like insects, varying greatly in color from pale yellow to almost black. They rasp the tissue of leaves, sheaths, buds, and stems, and cause most failures. Symptoms of their attack on buds and sheaths resemble water-soaked spots which later turn brown before the plant withers and dies.

Leaves often develop rusty streaks when gladiolus thrips are present. Rough, brown corrugations and streaking also occurs.

As thrips can hibernate in the husks of the corms, the husks should be peeled carefully and then dusted with

DDT. After planting the corms keep a close watch on them, and when green shoots are about three inches above the surface spray with DDT or aldrin. Weekly sprays of DDT are often necessary, but if aldrin is applied early a monthly spray will do.

Leave the plants standing to finish off growth and corm development after flowering, but if the ground is needed, lift and heel them in at once in a shady, moist spot to complete their life cycle, or the corms will not mature satisfactorily.

When the tops have browned off completely, lift and hang in a cool, dry shed. When thoroughly ripe, remove the cornels (small corms) from underneath the new corms and bag each lot separately with the name or color attached.

Cornels should be peeled carefully before being planted in boxes of rich, light loamy soil.

GARDENING

Hotpoint

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Mother steps up to new way of living



● How to live on a limited budget . . . with costs up, four children to look after, and a house to keep! That was the problem confronting Mrs. James Clark, of Bankstown, Sydney. It's a problem that most of us face today, for it seems increasingly difficult to live economically, yet still cling to the standards of life we have set ourselves.

"Economising," says Mrs. Clark, "was not my only problem. With four children, mine was a 120-hour week. What I wanted was to make things easier for myself."

The Clarks' personal revolution came when they invested in a home freezer. They've always been interested in food preserving, but Mrs. Clark found that home freezing, unlike bottling, is the means of keeping practically all foods on hand. Cooked dishes, vegetables, meat, bread, soup stay fresh for months.

"Its convenience is another wonderful benefit," says Mrs. Clark. "These days I shop only once a fortnight."

On the economy side, the Clarks' claim that their home freezer — a Kelvinator — pays for itself. They buy their meat in quantity, cut it themselves, and halve their meat bill.

Savings on vegetables means even bigger savings. This family lives better—without increasing the food budget.

Like the Clark family, you can enjoy the convenience, economy, the extra leisure, better quality food and out-of-season treats with home freezing. If you'd like to know more about home (freezing) improving your way of living, write to me, Dorothy Summers, Kelvinator Australia Limited, Box 1347, G.P.O., Adelaide.



The beautifully-designed Kelvinator Home Freezer—with all the latest American freezer features—holds 210 lbs. of food. Its price, only £185 (slightly higher in country). Lowest deposit—easiest terms. KHF11

Continuing . . . Wanted . . . Poor Boy

from page 9

face was creased by a look of concern.

"You all right?" he said. In spite of her confusion, Miss Tinney's mind recorded the fact that while the man's voice was gruff, its tones fell on the ear without harshness. "You hurt?"

"No, of course not," Miss Tinney snapped. "I'm perfectly all right."

She drew her arm from the man's supporting grasp, tugged her skirt into position, and turned to look for Danny. The boy was squatting happily on the foyer floor, holding the equally happy cat in his lap.

Miss Tinney, whose momentary confusion was yielding to her customary alertness, noticed that the foyer was hung with handsome mirrors and elaborate tapestries. A moment later she noticed that the butler, struggling to rise from the floor, was receiving no assistance from the handsome man who had helped her to her feet.

"Now, listen, boss," the butler said between gasps. "Don't get sore."

"I'm not sore," the dark, handsome man said, and then Miss Tinney noticed a number of other things. The dark, handsome man was wearing a beautiful silk robe. His hair was shot with streaks of grey at the temples. And he seemed completely disinterested in the efforts of his butler to rise from the floor. The man seemed interested only in Danny.

He was staring at the boy with so much intensity, as though he were making an effort to memorise for future reference every detail of the small, round face, that it came as something of a shock to Miss Tinney to realise, when he spoke, that his words were addressed not to Danny, but to the butler. The man said, "What's the trouble, Sam?"

It seemed an odd name for a butler, but no more odd than the butler himself, so Miss Tinney finished tugging her skirt back into place and stepped forward.

"There's no trouble," she said. "Are you Mr. Suva?"

"Yeah," he said, almost absently, and then, as though with an effort, he drew his glance from the boy playing with the cat and turned toward Miss Tinney. "You the kid's mother?"

"No, I'm not," Miss Tinney said. She wished the man would take his eyes from her face. They were large and dark, set deep in shadowy sockets, and there was in them a quality that Miss Tinney could only describe as tortured. "My name is Tinney," she said, speaking clearly and firmly, as though she were giving information to someone filling in the blanks on a questionnaire.

MISS TINNEY could not imagine why the rude butler had tried to turn her and Danny from the door. It required no imagination at all to see that, no matter what the reason, it had changed abruptly as soon as the butler's employer had caught sight of Danny. "I am the director of The Lower East Side Nursery School," Miss Tinney said. "Danny here is one of my pupils."

"Get up, kid," Mr. Suva said to Danny, and then, to Miss Tinney, "He got a mother?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Caroli is quite ill," Miss Tinney said. "That's why I answered your advertisement."

"Sick, eh?" Mr. Suva said. He was staring at Danny again. "Bad?"

"Yes and no," Miss Tinney said. "She's too sick to take care of Danny, which is why he is living with us at the nursery, even though, as you can see, he is beyond nursery age, but Mrs. Caroli is not so sick that several months in a good, dry climate, such as that of Arizona, won't cure her. That takes money, however, and Mrs. Caroli, who is a widow, has none."

"Yeah," Mr. Suva said. Miss Tinney who had already noticed that the gruff voice of

the dark, handsome man fell on the ear without harshness, now noticed that, for all its gruffness, Mr. Suva's voice also fell on the ear with a sort of grudging warmth.

It was as though, in spite of a long and bitter experience that had taught him the utter worthlessness of sympathy, he could not resist the simple human compulsion to offer it. More to himself than to Miss Tinney, Mr. Suva said, "Everything takes money."

"The staff at the nursery has been quite worried about Mrs. Caroli's case," Miss Tinney said. "But our funds are limited and, apart from taking care of Danny, there didn't seem to be anything we could do for his mother—until last night." Miss Tinney paused. It had suddenly occurred to her, as she returned the level, appraising glance from Mr. Suva's eyes, that her straightforward explanation might sound, to a cynical listener, somewhat like an apology.

Standing up straighter, and taking a firmer grip on her purse, Miss Tinney said, "Last night, while looking through the evening paper I came across your advertisement, and it suddenly occurred to me that Danny looked very much like the boy described in it."

"Yeah," Mr. Suva said quietly. Miss Tinney saw that his dark, unhappy eyes were once again fixed on the boy playing with the cat. "Yeah," Mr. Suva said again. "He sure does."

"I have no idea why you want him, of course, since your advertisement did not mention that," Miss Tinney said. "However, it seemed that if Danny could earn ten dollars by spending two hours every morning in your house, five days a week, as the advertisement did say, the opportunity must not be overlooked. Certainly not by anybody interested in Mrs. Caroli's welfare."

"Fifty dollars a week will keep her quite comfortably in Arizona, and eight or ten weeks in that climate, according to

her doctor, will almost certainly return Mrs. Caroli to normal health. Furthermore, since this is the early part of July, and Danny will not have to go back to school until September, his services to you, whatever they are, will not interfere with his studies."

Miss Tinney hesitated. Her own life, which had not made her bitter, even though it had been as long as Mr. Suva's, had taught her that sympathy was never worthless. One thing, Miss Tinney had never learned, however, was how to seek sympathy for herself. She did not need it. She did not want it. But Miss Tinney, for all her inner strength, was human, too.

At the moment she felt the need for justification. And to her intense astonishment she sensed that this strange and forbidding man, whose way of life was so clearly alien to anything she had ever known, would understand and approve of her reasons for bringing Danny here.

"I don't doubt that there are some people who will say I am meddling," Miss Tinney said with a touch of defiance. "That I have assumed a responsibility beyond my regular duties. I don't agree. I have spent my life working with children, and I know that their well-being is directly dependent on the well-being of their parents. If Mrs. Caroli gets well, Danny will have a mother to take care of him, not a nursery school."

"Whether I am meddling or not, I am convinced that I have done the right thing in bringing him here. Provided, of course, that the services you wish Danny to perform meet with my approval. I am afraid, Mr. Suva, I shall have to insist on that right."

"What?" Mr. Suva said. From the look in his brooding eyes, Miss Tinney had the feeling that he had not heard a word she had said. He stared at her for several moments, as though he were trying to decide whether to ask her to repeat, and then, almost fiercely,

To page 62

THE MOST WELCOME GIFT FOR Father's Day

Parker "51" Pen



The Parker "51" Pen is always a suitable gift—always joyfully received by anyone, young or old. And no wonder, for its design and performance are unequalled. Only the Parker "51" Pen has the Aero-Metric Ink System which makes filling so simple; writing so effortless.

Choose a Parker "51" Pen to make someone very happy. Choice of colours, nib grades.

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Parker Ballpoints: "51" Gold Cap, 102/3; "51" Lustraloy, 77/6; Duofold, 38/9



For best results in this and all other pens, use Parker Quink, the only ink containing soly-x.



P 10

DISTRIBUTORS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA: BROWN AND DUREAU LTD., MELBOURNE . SYDNEY . BRISBANE . ADELAIDE . PERTH

Pot-Roasts

The rich aroma of a spicy pot-roast is a fine greeting for a hungry family.

THIS long, slow method of cooking on top of the stove brings out the full flavor of the meat.

Used successfully by grandmother on a fuel stove, this method of cooking a roast is also a good way of using cheaper cuts of meat.

Choose a solid cut of meat for a pot-roast. A piece of corner-cut topside, a piece of bolar (shoulder beef), beef chuck, brisket (left unsalted, boned and rolled), or shoulder of lamb or veal (boned and rolled) are all good.

Water, chicken or beef stock, tinned soups, tomato juice, or vegetable stock are used to provide moisture during cooking. Stock or soup or tomato juice gives a richer flavor than water.

Onion, garlic, lemon juice or vinegar, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, curry powder, paprika, celery salt, or any herbs or spices may be used as a seasoning—in addition to salt and pepper, of course.

Pot-roasts are most successful when prepared in a heavy saucepan.

Thorough browning of the meat, which is essential for a good result, may take as long as 20 minutes.

After this is completed, the liquid is added and the joint is cooked gently over low heat.

The lid of the saucepan must fit tightly to prevent evaporation.

Meat should be turned frequently to ensure even cooking.

Pot-roasts are fine main dishes for family menus such as the one given on this page.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU

Seafood appetiser

Veal pot-roast

Tossed potato sticks

Brussels sprouts in celery sauce

Confetti charlotte

SEAFOOD APPETISER

Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on individual serving-dishes and top with shelled prawns, tomato wedges, and hard-boiled egg slices. Serve with a spoonful of the following cocktail sauce:

Cocktail Sauce: Half cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon garlic salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon minced chives or shallots, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely diced green pepper, 1 minced onion, red food coloring.

Combine all ingredients and allow to stand several hours, preferably overnight. Strain and color a delicate pink with a drop of red food coloring.

VEAL POT-ROAST

One shoulder veal, boned and rolled, 1 quantity seasoning (given in recipe below), 2 tablespoons fat, 1 bay leaf, 2 or 3 cloves, salt and pepper.

Have your butcher bone the shoulder of veal—wipe and trim if necessary. Stuff with the seasoning and roll, securing well with skewers or string. Rub over with salt and pepper. Melt the fat in a large, heavy saucepan and place in the meat, turning to brown on all sides. Add 1 to $\frac{1}{2}$ cups liquid (meat or vegetable stock or water), and bay leaf and cloves, cover closely and simmer until meat is soft right through when pierced with a fork or skewer. Remove from pan and keep hot while making almond gravy. Serve with glazed mandarin slices and black olives.

Seasoning: One and a half cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 1 rasher bacon, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced celery, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper.

Lightly fry the diced onion and bacon, add tomato paste, herbs and celery. Mix with the breadcrumbs, season, and bind with the beaten egg.

Almond Gravy: One and a half cups liquid from pot-roast, 1 dessert-spoon cornflour blended with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry, 1 tablespoon slivered almonds, gravy coloring.

Skim as much fat as possible off the pot-roast liquid and thicken with

the blended cornflour, stirring well. Simmer for 2 or 3 minutes and add the sherry and almonds. Color if necessary and serve with the roast meat.

Glazed Mandarin Slices: Peel and separate the mandarins into sections. Lightly fry in a pan with 1 tablespoon melted butter to which has been added 1 teaspoon brown sugar. Turn frequently to glaze on all sides.

TOSSED POTATO SPEARS

One pound potatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt, fat for deep frying.

Wash and peel the potatoes, cut into straws of finger thickness and pat between folds of a clean tea-towel to absorb as much moisture as possible. Place in basket and deep fry until pale golden brown. Remove basket from fat and allow to reheat to fuming or 375deg. F. Return basket to fat to finish crisping and browning potatoes. Drain

on absorbent paper, sprinkle with salt and toss in a mixture of cheese and parsley and serve immediately.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS IN CELERY SAUCE

One and a half pounds brussels sprouts, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups diced celery, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup celery stock, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese.

Clean and trim brussels sprouts, cook in boiling salted water until tender, and drain. Cook celery in the same way and keep liquid. Heat butter in a saucepan and blend in flour. Cook without browning for 1 minute and add the milk and celery stock. Stir continuously until thick and smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper and add cooked celery. Pour over the brussels sprouts and sprinkle top with grated cheese. Lightly brown under a grill or in a hot oven just before serving.

VEAL POT-ROAST, served garnished with black olives and glazed mandarin slices, is an appetising main dinner dish. See recipes at left. Recipes for seafood appetiser, the interesting vegetable dishes, and confetti charlotte are also given on this page.

CONFETTI CHARLOTTE

Twelve to fourteen sponge fingers, 1 cup seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup glace cherries (red and green), 1 tablespoon shredded lemon peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 cup evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, extra cherries.

Line a cake or flan tin with sponge fingers. Whip the chilled evaporated milk until thick and add the orange juice, sugar and gelatine, which has been dissolved in hot water. Chop cherries and lemon peel finely, and add with the raisins and walnuts to the cream mixture. Pour into lined tin and chill until firm. Unmould and serve decorated with whole cherries.

ITALIAN POT-ROAST

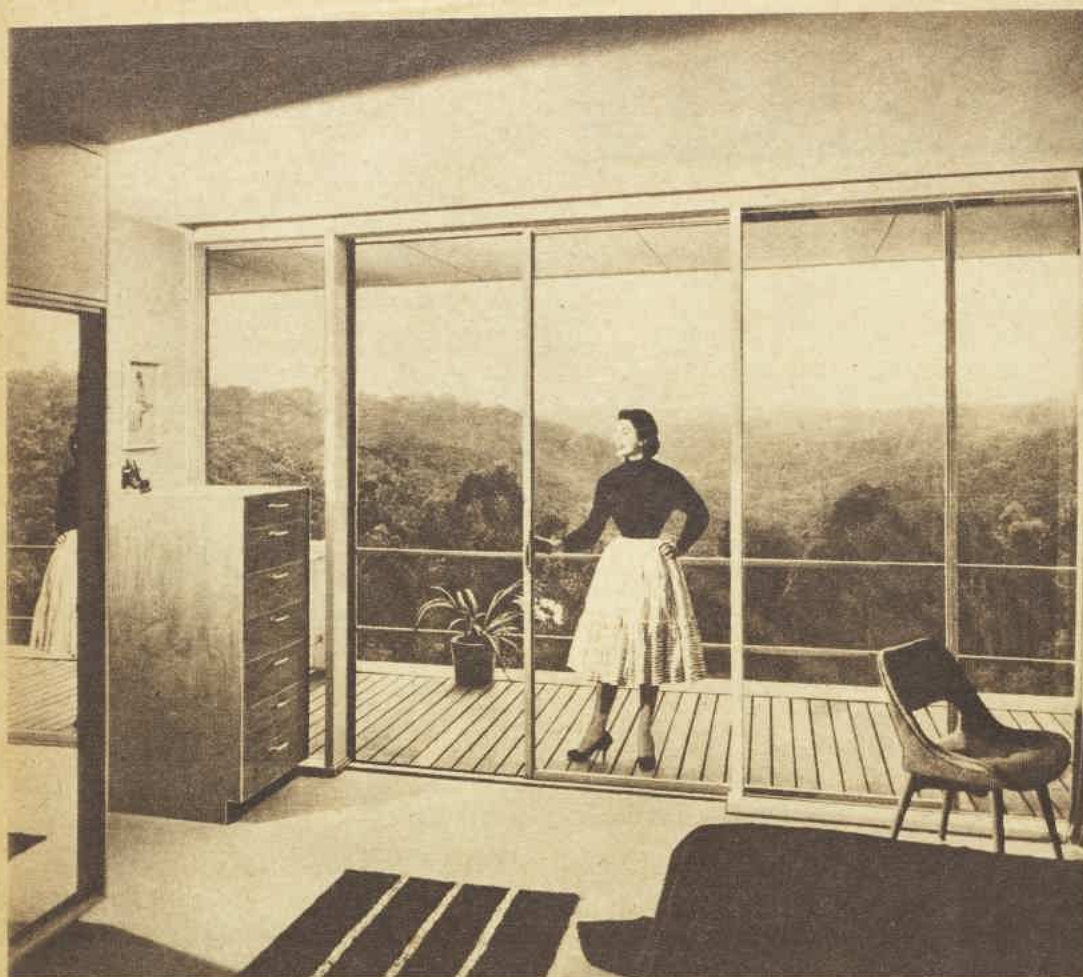
One and a half to 2 pounds beef cut in one piece, 3 dessertspoons olive oil, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped, skinned tomatoes and juice, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ clove garlic, $\frac{1}{4}$ bay leaf, 2 cloves, gravy browning.

Heat olive oil and sear meat on all sides. Add tomatoes, salt, pepper, finely crushed garlic, bay leaf and cloves. Place lid on saucepan and simmer 3 hours. Remove meat, keep hot. Thicken gravy with blended flour or cornflour, adding gravy browning, if desired. Serve hot.

POT-ROAST VEGETABLES

About 45 minutes before the meat is fully cooked add the vegetables (potatoes, pumpkin, carrots, onions) in serving-sized pieces. Replace lid and continue simmering. If vegetables are not sufficiently browned, leave lid off saucepan and cook quickly, turning to brown evenly.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cookery Expert

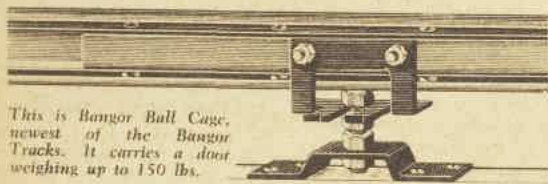


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But Bangor doesn't only make your home look more modern. It helps it function better, too. Sliding doors throughout the house save space, allow you to arrange furniture more freely, give you full use of every inch you own.

There's a Bangor Track for every door—from the smallest cupboard to the largest garage. And they can all be installed in any home, new or old, brick, timber or fibro.



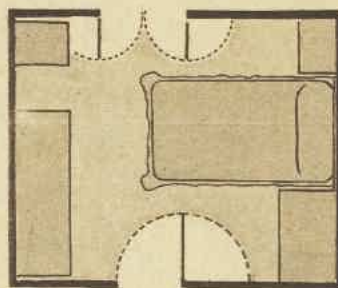
This is Bangor Bull Cage, newest of the Bangor Tracks. It carries a door weighing up to 150 lbs.

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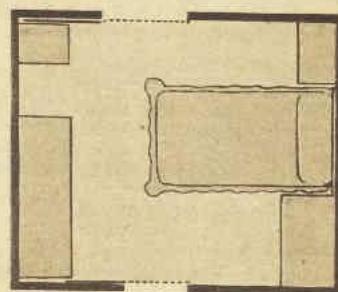
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(If you live in another State, please look up nearest Wormold Brothers address in phone book.) Please send me your brochure which tells me all about Bangor Sliding Door Track and its installation.

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AWW



A JOINT of roast seasoned veal, cooked to moist tenderness, is delicious served with a garnish of pineapple slices which have been sautéed in butter.

Prize recipe

● Apple date crunch, a simple recipe that can be used two ways, wins this week's prize of £5 in our recipe contest.

IT is delicious served hot as a sweet, or cold as a cake or cookie.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

APPLE AND DATE CRUNCH

One cup dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup rolled oats, 2 cups peeled and thinly sliced apples, chopped walnuts.

Combine dates, water, lemon rind, and 2 tablespoons sugar. Place in saucepan, cook over

low heat 3 minutes or until dates are soft. Remove from heat and beat with a wooden spoon until smooth. Allow to cool. Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon, rub in butter or substitute, add sugar and rolled oats; mix well. Press three-quarters of rolled oats mixture over base of greased slab-tin, spread with cooled date mixture, then sliced apples. Place balance of oat mixture over top, sprinkle with walnuts. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Serve hot as dessert, or cut into fingers when cold and serve as a cake.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Maartensz, 63 Broughton St., Concord, Sydney, N.S.W.

Tony's luxury dish

MUSHROOMS a la Bordelaise

"IN Europe various types of mushrooms are sold in the markets," says Tony Clerici, well-known Sydney restaurateur. "Cultivated mushrooms are the easiest to get in Australia. This is a good dish to serve with poultry or grilled steak."

To serve four persons:

One and a half pounds mushrooms, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped shallots, 1 medium-size chopped onion.

Wash and stem mushrooms, but do not peel unless they are old. Put 2 tablespoons of the butter and oil in frying-pan. When sizzling add caps and fry over moderate heat 6 to 8 minutes. Add shallots, salt, pepper, and parsley. Cook a few minutes longer. Chop onion and stems finely. Remove mushroom caps with slotted spoon and place in vegetable dish. Turn heat high and add remaining butter to quickly brown mushroom stems and onion mixture. When onions are golden brown, add to the mushroom caps. Serve immediately.

FAMILY DISH

TINNED fish fillets in Trich cream sauce flavored with parsley and onion make this week's appetising family dish, creamed fish pie. It costs 6/6 and serves four.

CREAMED FISH PIE

One 12oz. tin fish cutlets, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 6oz.

quick puff or flaky pastry, salt, cayenne pepper.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, onion, and parsley; continue stirring until boiling. Remove bones and dark skin from fish, break into flakes, fold into cream sauce with lemon juice and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Season to taste with salt and cayenne, fill into pie-dish. Cover with pastry. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, and cook further 15 to 20 minutes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956

No matter what it's like outside,
**YOU'LL LIVE IN
 PERFECT COMFORT**
 with a **KELVINATOR** Refrigerated
 Room Air Conditioner



MAKE THIS PROMISE NOW: This summer, you will beat the steaming heat and humidity. This summer — and all year 'round — you'll live in perfect comfort by installing a Kelvinator Refrigerated Room Air Conditioner in your home.

IMPORTANT: The Kelvinator unit is a true Room Air Conditioner. Many so-called "Air Conditioners" are merely enclosed fans that circulate air. The true Room Air Conditioner incorporates an actual refrigeration unit. Kelvinator features the famous "Polariscope" Sealed Unit, as well as intake and exhaust fans, air purifiers, and heating units. From £205 plus installation, low deposit and easy terms. Surveys and installation estimates free. The unit, attractively finished in "Harmony Grey", fits in window frame or wall.



Push a button for the weather you want

COOLS THE AIR — It may be 100° outside but push a button and get high or low cooling, as you wish.

EXHAUSTS THE AIR — Removes air from the room. What a wonderful boon after a gathering! Fumes, smoke are cleared from the room. Pleasant conditions always!

HEATS THE AIR — Spreads warm air right throughout the room in winter, pleasantly warming it, without glare or draughts. In summer it cools, in winter it warms.

CIRCULATES THE AIR — Circulates air throughout the room, without draughts. Also heats or cools the circulated air.

DEHUMIDIFIES THE AIR — When steamy, clammy conditions sap your energy, this Kelvinator unit dries up humidity, removes moisture as it removes heat, makes life enjoyable.

FILTERS THE AIR — Brings in air, filters it so that the air you breathe is as fresh and sweet as on a mountain top. No dust, soot or pollen. No harmful irritants!

Kelvinator

Refrigerated Room Air Conditioner

Precision built by Kelvinator Australia Limited

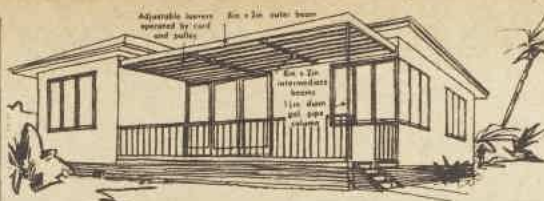
FREE LITERATURE FOR YOU! Send this coupon for informative literature on the Kelvinator Refrigerated Room Air Conditioner to KELVINATOR, P.O. Box 1347, ADELAIDE.

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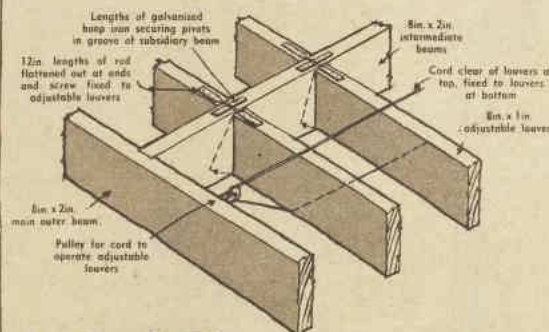
KAC19A



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956



ABOVE: The sketch shows how adjustable louvers can solve the problem of sun-control and yet not detract from the overall appearance of the home. Below are illustrated details of the construction of the adjustable louvers.



Architect's Diary

Sun-control

By Sydney architect **W. J. McMURRAY**

A Brisbane reader, Mrs. J. Hunter, has asked for a solution to the problem of controlling the sunlight on the terrace of her home. The terrace measures 19ft. 6in. long by 8ft. wide, and is a baby's play area.

MRS. HUNTER would like to use a method similar to that described in our issue of 25/7/56, by which sunlight was controlled by means of adjustable louvers in a pergola arrangement outside a window.

But her terrace would need a much larger structure than a pergola for a window.

The sketches above illustrate the method of controlling sunlight on the terrace.

There is an outer beam on a galvanised pipe column, with two subsidiary beams measuring 8in. by 2in. fixed back on to the timber wall of the house. These subsidiary beams divide the pergola into three panels.

In each panel is a set of adjustable louvers, each set being operated by its own system of cord and pulley.

It may not be necessary to have all the louvers adjustable. Some could be fixed, and the adjustable sets placed

only where a window or glass wall needs to be shaded from sunlight.

The louvers consist of pieces of timber measuring 8in. by 1in., placed 12 inches apart. They rest on the top of the beams, where they are secured by steel rods 12 inches long and 1/4in. diameter. These rods are flattened out at one end and are fixed to the tops of the adjustable louvers with 3in.-long galvanised screws.

The rods fit into a groove in the tops of the beams and are secured with a length of galvanised hoop-iron which allows the louvers to be moved but prevents them from being lifted vertically by the wind.

The best timber to use for the louvers is oregon, which is usually well seasoned and is less likely to warp in the Queensland climate than some of the local hardwoods.

• Each week Mr. McMurray will answer a reader's problem of general interest from his mail.

FRUIT IN THE DIET

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**, Our Mothercraft Nurse

FRESH fruit and fruit juices should have an important place always in the daily menu of infants, growing children, and adults — especially expectant mothers.

Some mothers do not make full use of fruits in season for their babes and toddlers. Quite often when oranges are out of season or very expensive no other fresh fruit and vegetable juices are given as a substitute.

A wide variety of fruits in season can be introduced into the daily menu. Fresh fruit jellies, fruit salads, and fruit flummery are delicious and wholesome sweets for toddlers.

It is important to use only fresh, sound, ripe fruits, to wash them carefully, to re-

move stones and seeds for young children, and to give only a very little of any new fruit at first.

Apples, celery, and raw carrots, given at the end of each meal for a toddler to chew, are tooth-cleansers when a child is too young to use a toothbrush efficiently.

Babies fed on dried milk must be given larger quantities of fresh fruit juices daily to supply the vitamin C missing in such milk.

A leaflet giving the vitamin and mineral content of the most commonly used fruits can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send stamped, addressed envelope.

Happy Fathers



get...

SPHINX HANDKERCHIEFS

YES ma'am! Keep that smile on his face by giving him the very best handkerchiefs there are. SPHINX—made only from the finest Egyptian cotton to give him years and years of wear; SPHINX—with guaranteed fast colours to stay bright and smart throughout their long, long lives. Only the best is good enough for Father — be sure you give him SPHINX Handkerchiefs.

Self colours, coloured borders, white satin stripes—3/2 each. Plain white hemstitched—2/10 each. Individually initialed handkerchiefs—3/9 each. CAIRO Brand, colours only—2/10 each.



Ask for SPHINX Handkerchiefs in the attractive gift boxes containing three for 9/6 or six for 19/.

Not forgetting yourself, ma'am, we recommend, for all times of the year, the ladies' handkerchiefs that are in style, in feel, and in name—IDEAL. Colours only—1/11 each.

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SPHINX

MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS

Commonwealth Handkerchief Co. Ltd.
 81-85 Wentworth Avenue, Sydney, N.S.W. MA 3967

Quick, sure relief from HÆMORRHOIDS

Enjoy quick, lasting relief from pain and discomfort of Haemorrhoids (Piles). Trouble-causing locally distended veins quickly respond to treatment. ManZan promptly eases pain, soothes irritation and tones up swollen congested parts. Get ManZan now for lasting relief.

ManZan

With special nozzle applicator 4/- a tube at Chemists everywhere.

Fly NOW ... pay later!

LONDON round trip
 £66 down payment ...
 24 monthly payments of £25

on the new

PAA

"PAY-LATER" PLAN

he shrugged his broad shoulders into a more comfortable position in the beautiful silk robe. It was as though, by this small gesture, Mr. Suva were shaking off the disturbing thoughts that had held him motionless.

He said, "Sure, sure. Anything you say." He nodded toward the staircase that rose from the foyer in a graceful, sweeping arc. "Let's go up and see what's what."

"That's great," a voice said bitterly. Miss Tinney turned in surprise and saw that the speaker was Sam. The butler had risen from the floor and was slapping angrily at specks of invisible dust on his impeccably creased striped trousers. "That's just dandy," he said. "Ten minutes ago, when you threw out that last kid, you tell me, 'No more; anybody else comes answering that ad, chuck them out.'"

The round, flat face settled into the unmistakable lines of personal affront. "So what happens?" the butler said. "The next kid comes along, I try to throw him out the way you ordered, and you come along with 'Let's go up and see what's what.'"

Mr. Suva, who had started up the stairs, stopped and turned.

"Why don't you go out in the pantry and practise rolling that tea-waggon?" he said. Mr. Suva turned toward Miss Tinney. "Please don't mind Sam," he said. "If he was rude to you, I apologise." Even though Mr. Suva was looking at her and his words were obviously addressed to her, Miss Tinney had the uneasy feeling that Mr. Suva intended them for somebody else. Even more uneasily, she felt that the person for whom Mr. Suva's words were intended was not present.

"Sam worries a lot about me, which is only natural, since we

put in a lot of years worrying about each other, but Sam can't seem to get it through his thick head that we're strictly legitimate now; the old-type worrying about hoods and feds and the other mobs, all that's finished, and all he's got to worry about now is how to get the tea into the drawing-room without falling all over his big flat feet."

Mr. Suva laughed, a throaty, full-bodied, infectious rumble of sound that changed, just as Miss Tinney was beginning to feel a sense of relief, into a hard, mirthless chuckle. "Come on, lady," Mr. Suva said impatiently. Stooping down to take Danny's hand, he said to Miss Tinney, "What did you say your name was?"

"Tinney," she said. Moving swiftly, Miss Tinney seized Danny's hand before Mr. Suva could touch it. "Where are we going?"

"Upstairs," Mr. Suva said. "To the library." Seeing the look on Miss Tinney's face, he apparently saw also what was bothering her. At any rate Mr. Suva's handsome, but somewhat forbidding, features spread out, all at once, into an extremely attractive smile. "Relax, Miss Tinney," he said. "Nothing is going to happen to the kid, believe me."

Miss Tinney, who saw no reason why she should not believe him, was nevertheless nervous as she led Danny up the thickly carpeted stairs, behind Mr. Suva. She was glad that Danny, who kept glancing back at the cat in the foyer, did not share her nervousness. In fact, it was not until they had turned the bend of the stairway and the cat was out of sight that Danny seemed to become interested in his sur-

Continuing . . . Wanted . . . Poor Boy

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roundings. He obviously found them fascinating. So did Miss Tinney.

She had never seen such lavish furnishings at such close range. Neither had she ever been puzzled in precisely this way by mere furnishings. The house seemed to be a repository rather than a home. It was as though the owner, anxious for the best but lacking the time to shop personally for each piece, had ordered a trusted but inexperienced lieutenant to fill the house overnight, from cellar to attic, with the finest that money could buy and then had been too busy to check on whether everything

Tinney wished she had been quick enough to put Danny in the chair herself. It was not like the boy to be startled by so simple and natural an act.

Before she could begin to worry too much about that, Mr. Suva gestured toward another chair. Miss Tinney sat down. Mr. Suva settled himself behind the desk. Staring at a large oil painting that dominated the room from the wall facing the desk, Miss Tinney saw that Mr. Suva was staring at it, too.

At first glance it seemed to be a portrait of Mr. Suva. Miss Tinney's second glance revealed that the man in the painting was much younger and more slender than Mr. Suva. Also,



was set in its proper place.

"This is it," Mr. Suva said, leading the way into a book-lined room. With a touch of pride, he said, "The library."

Miss Tinney nodded. Mr. Suva reached down, lifted the startled Danny, and set him in a leather chair beside a huge, elaborately carved desk. Miss

in contrast to Mr. Suva's swarthy but unblemished face, the right cheek of the young man in the painting was disfigured by a long, jagged scar.

"My twin brother," Mr. Suva said in a voice that, to the uneasy Miss Tinney, seemed suddenly charged with a curious tension. "Killed in action,"

Mr. Suva said. "Machine-gun. Thirty-two bullets. Chicago, nineteen thirty-one."

Once again, as Mr. Suva released a short, bitter, and mirthless chuckle, Miss Tinney had the odd feeling, which she had experienced in the foyer downstairs, that Mr. Suva was not addressing her, that he was talking to somebody else.

"Not in the Pacific, and not on the Rhine, and not in nineteen forty-four," Mr. Suva said, still staring at the painting.

"Killed in action," Mr. Suva repeated more gently, "while saving the life of his brother."

Mr. Suva said very softly, "Chicago, nineteen thirty-one."

Miss Tinney, after a quick glance at Danny, cleared her throat.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. "About your brother, I mean." Miss Tinney did not like the way Danny was sitting in the large chair, huddled far back against the smooth upholstery and staring unblinkingly at the dark, handsome man behind the desk. It was possible that the small boy, like Miss Tinney, was merely puzzled by Mr. Suva. It was also possible, now that some of the excitement of a new experience had worn off for Danny, that the boy was a little frightened by his surroundings. Miss Tinney, forgetting all about her prejudice against ice-blocks, found herself wishing desperately that she had one to give Danny now.

"About your advertisement," she said, speaking more rapidly than she intended. The moment of doubt which had struck her when she and Danny had come around the corner from Fifth Avenue and which she had managed to thrust from her consciousness during the confusion in the foyer downstairs, was assailing her again. "I wonder if we couldn't settle the details,"

Miss Tinney said. "I really should be getting back to my work."

Mr. Suva brought his brooding glance down from the oil painting on the wall to the boy in the chair. Danny shifted his body uneasily.

"Yeah," Mr. Suva said, with what, in any other man, Miss Tinney would have described as a sigh. "Yeah," Mr. Suva said again, and he pulled open the top drawer of the desk. He took out a cluster of lollipops, broke the cellophane wrapper, selected a red one, and held it out to Danny. "Try one," Mr. Suva said.

Danny scowled and tried to work his slender body deeper into the chair. "Go ahead," Mr. Suva said. "I don't eat them myself, but Sam says they're the best on the market, and we've been giving them out like crazy since seven o'clock this morning." Mr. Suva's swarthy face broke into his surprisingly attractive smile. "Go ahead, son," he said. "The other kids grabbed them."

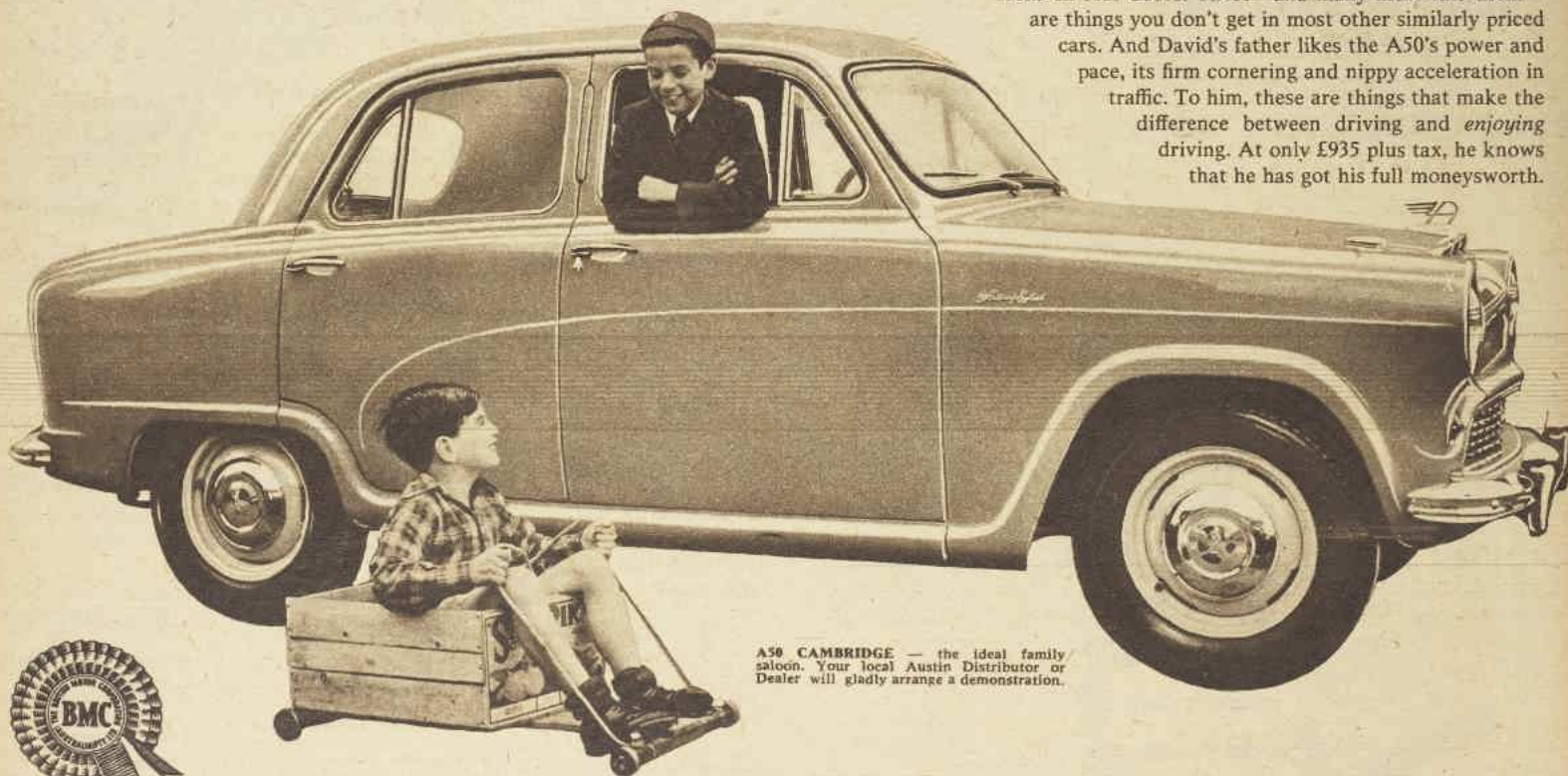
Instead of emulating the other kids, Danny embarked on another wriggling attempt to work himself deeper into the chair. A moment later, when he apparently realised that this was impossible, he sent a quick, pleading glance toward Miss Tinney. She stood up at once, stepped to the boy's side, and put her hand on his shoulder.

The series of small movements seemed to destroy Mr. Suva's interest in both the lollipops and his attempt to get Danny to take one. Mr. Suva dropped the lollipop on the desk, reached into the pocket of his silk robe, and brought out what looked like a small square of battered black tin.

"Here," Mr. Suva said to Miss Tinney, "take a look at this."

Taking it gingerly, Miss To page 63

"Why don't you get a real car — like my AUSTIN A50"



A50 CAMBRIDGE — the ideal family saloon. Your local Austin Distributor or Dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration.

Buy AUSTIN and be proud of it!

The Austin Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd., a unit of The British Motor Corporation (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

AC.277.HP

Tinney saw that it was a faded snapshot, of the kind that used to be made by itinerant photographers for a dime while the subject waited eagerly on the sidewalk for his likeness to emerge from the developing tank attached to the camera. This particular snapshot must have been made somewhere around the time when Miss Tinney, who was now almost fifty, had been Danny's age. The snapshot showed a small boy with dark hair, wearing an old-fashioned sailor suit, standing against the steel railing of a public playground.

The photographer had not posed the boy to best advantage. The boy's embarrassed scowl tended to conceal the clean sharpness of his immature but already surprisingly strong features. And the chemical action of time, which Miss Tinney computed swiftly must be at least forty years, on the crude plate had dulled whatever vividness the snapshot had once possessed.

In spite of all this, however, the child in the snapshot was so unmistakably either the young man of perhaps twenty-seven in the oil painting on the wall or the swarthy man of approximately her own age behind the elaborately carved desk, that Miss Tinney found herself sending her glance back

and forth in swift, darting attempts at comparison. Mr. Suva seemed to appreciate her attempts. At any rate, he nodded approvingly.

"It's me," Mr. Suva said, taking the snapshot back from Miss Tinney. "The guy that took it wanted fifteen cents to shoot us both together, but all we had was a dime, so the guy took me alone." Mr. Suva looked up at the painting. "I made it up to him," he said, and all at once Miss Tinney knew who, though Mr. Suva directed his words at her, was actually being addressed.

"I got a guy over here all the way from Paris, France, to paint that," Mr. Suva said. "It was finished on New Year's Day in 1931," he said. "Two weeks before they spilled those thirty-two machine-gun bullets into him." Mr. Suva paused, and his eyes crinkled as though a twinge of pain had shot through them.

"I made a lot of things up to him," he said softly. "There's some things, though, that you can't—" Mr. Suva paused again, as though the pain had become unbearable, and he made the fierce, strutting motion as though, by settling the silk robe more comfortably across his shoulders, he could settle as well the troubling thoughts that drew him back

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into the past. Then he looked down at the snapshot and across the desk at Danny. "Quite a resemblance," Mr. Suva said. "Wouldn't you say?"

"That's what crossed my mind last night when I read the description in your advertisement," Miss Tinney said with relief. She was glad to get back to the purpose of her visit. Her instinctive sympathies went out to Mr. Suva and his tortured thoughts about the brother who had not survived their violent past to share in the rewards of the affluent present.

But it was Danny and Danny's future that were Miss Tinney's primary concern. "As soon as I read your description of the boy you wanted," Miss Tinney said, "I thought of Danny at once."

"Yeah," Mr. Suva said, staring at the boy. "That's what I thought downstairs when I saw him with the cat. The minute I saw him I knew he was the one." Mr. Suva, with an abrupt thrust, pushed the snapshot into the pocket of his silk robe and stood up. "Okay," he said, "let's go!"

"Where?" Miss Tinney said.

Mr. Suva looked at her, his dark face creased by a scowl of annoyance, as though she were an intruder he had never seen until this moment.

"What?" he said, and then snapped his fingers. "Oh, yeah," he said, and his face cleared. "We'll do it this way," he said briskly. "I'll take the kid upstairs and turn the stuff over to him. If he's all right we'll talk price later. About coming regularly, I mean." He reached over to take Danny's hand. The boy snatched it back. Mr. Suva stared at him in amazement, and then, as Miss Tinney stepped between them, Mr. Suva's eyes flashed with sudden anger.

"Listen," he said, "nobody stuck a gun in your ribs and told you to bring him here. You said you answered the ad because his mother is sick and you want to pick up some dough so she can go to Arizona."

"I also said," Miss Tinney said quietly, "I would also have to insist on the right to approve whatever it is you want Danny to do."

"What do you think I want

to do?" Mr. Suva said. "Eat him?"

"Just to make sure that you don't," Miss Tinney said, "I'm going along."

She had intended the remark as a mild joke, to ease the puzzling tension in the room, but Mr. Suva did not seem to find her words funny. For a single moment his face grew angry; Miss Tinney thought he was going to strike her. Then, with a shrug, he turned away.

"Okay," he said. "Come on."

His silk robe rustled as he hurried from the room. Miss Tinney, with a smile at Danny that she hoped looked more reassuring than she felt, helped the boy down from the chair and led him after Mr. Suva. Mr. Suva moved swiftly, back along the hall, up the carpeted stairs, out on to another landing, and then down a long corridor. At the far end he stopped before a closed door. He pulled a key from his pocket, inserted it in the lock, and spoke to Miss Tinney across his shoulder.

"You wait outside," Mr. Suva said. "Only the boy goes in."

"No," Miss Tinney said. "I'm sorry."

Once again, as the blood rushed to Mr. Suva's face, Miss Tinney thought he was going to strike her. She did not flinch. What sustained her was not courage, although Miss Tinney was far from a timorous person. What enabled her to face the inexplicably enraged Mr. Suva was her sense of duty.

There was no doubt in Miss Tinney's mind now that she had taken more responsibility on her shoulders than a strict compliance with her duties

called for. Neither, however, was there any doubt in Miss Tinney's mind how to discharge that responsibility.

She had brought Danny in to this house. She would remain at the boy's side until they left. Merely from the expression on her face, Mr. Suva seemed to understand this. The sudden rage faded from his eyes. The blood drained out of his face.

"All right," he said. "Come on." He twisted the key in the lock, flung the door open, and stepped in. The room was dark, and it seemed to be completely bare. Across his shoulder, Mr. Suva said, "Watch where you're walking."

He closed the door and reached up to a switch on the wall. There was a click, and the room was bathed in light. Astonished and momentarily blinded, Miss Tinney saw that the only piece of furniture in the room was a couch against the far wall.

The floor was crisscrossed by a network of miniature railroad tracks so elaborate and complicated that, in the first moment of stunned surprise, Miss Tinney thought she had stumbled into the toy department of an expensive store shortly before Christmas. Mr. Suva's harsh voice cut through her confusion.

"You stand near the door," he said curtly. Miss Tinney, who was doing precisely that, did not move. She did not even have time to give Danny's shoulder another reassuring pat. Mr. Suva took the boy's hand, led him around a cardboard mountain, and stopped in front of a miniature railroad station.

"Okay," Mr. Suva said, and he dropped Danny's hand. "Go

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956

Continuing

Wanted . . . Poor Boy

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ahead," Mr. Suva said. He stepped back, across a gleaming trestle that spanned an artificial river, sat down on the couch, and leaned forward. "Go ahead," Mr. Suva said again, in a voice that he obviously did not realise was harsh with the tensions of expectation. "Play."

Danny looked at him for a long moment and then, with a sharp twist of his slender body, he turned to look at Miss Tinney. The boy's eyes, wide with puzzlement, brought Miss Tinney's own puzzled thoughts into a sudden knot of comprehension.

"It's all right, Danny," Miss Tinney said through what she hoped was a smile. Understanding at last what Mr. Suva wanted, she understood also how impossible it was for Danny, or any of the other children who had answered Mr. Suva's advertisement, to give it to him.

Miss Tinney felt, nevertheless, that she as well as Danny owed the man with the tortured eyes at least the gesture of help. "There's nothing to be afraid of, Danny," Miss Tinney said. "All the man wants, he wants you to play with the trains."

"That's right," Mr. Suva said. Miss Tinney wished he hadn't. Mr. Suva was so tense that his soothing words, emerging brusquely, sounded far from soothing. At least to Danny. The boy jumped nervously. "There's nothing to be scared of," Mr. Suva said. "These are electric trains. The best in the world. They cost a fortune. All I want you to do is play with them."

Danny did not seem to understand what Mr. Suva meant. Miss Tinney did not blame him. She saw that even Mr. Suva did not understand. Mr. Suva, who knew only what he had been as a child and what he had become as a man, did not know that he was asking the impossible. There was no way to insert into the life of a man what had been omitted from the life of a child.

Nobody could make up to Mr. Suva and to the dead brother he loved so fiercely the things that had been denied them when they were Danny's age. There were no return journeys. Even if there were, they could not be taken by a hired substitute.

"Perhaps if you'd allow me," Miss Tinney said, addressing Mr. Suva. "I mean, if you'll just—"

Mr. Suva, without looking at her, made a short, sharp gesture with his hand, palm down, somewhat like an umpire signalling his decision on a play, and Miss Tinney's words stopped in her throat.

"Go ahead, Danny," Mr. Suva said, leaning far forward on the couch. "Sit down and play with them." Danny did not move. "Look," Mr. Suva said. "Take a look at this." He reached down and closed a switch. There was a whirring sound. Danny, with another nervous start, turned to look. A black locomotive, lovely in its miniature perfection, began to move up the length of track in front of the boy. "See that?" Mr. Suva said. "Ain't that pretty?"

It was so obvious that he thought he was speaking gently that Miss Tinney, preoccupied though she was with her sense of guilty responsibility for the boy's predicament, nevertheless felt a stab of sympathy for the man's ineptness. Mr. Suva, in his desperate eagerness, was defeating himself.

The boy's mind, already blocked by puzzlement, was being swiftly closed by fear. Danny could not feel the excitement, or see the beauty of

the wonderful toy. He could feel only the frightening tension, he could feel only the tortured desperation of the strange man who was crowding him.

"Of course it's pretty," Miss Tinney said quietly. Disregarding Mr. Suva's orders, Miss Tinney stepped across a painted mountain. As the humming train burrowed into a cardboard tunnel, she dipped down beside Danny. "Look," she said, putting her arm around the boy's shoulders. "Look how pretty it is, Danny. Now it's coming out on the other side, see? Just like a real train."

"Sure it's like a real train," Mr. Suva said, and then, all at once, he seemed to lose control. It was as though his efforts to sound reasonable, to cajole the boy into the simple act of playing with the hand-some trains, could not withstand the mounting pressure of his disappointment and impatience.

"Blast it," Mr. Suva barked at Miss Tinney. "What's the



matter with him? What's the matter with all of them? Don't kids nowadays want these things? When I was a kid, my brother and I, all of us, the whole block, when we were kids, all we did we dreamed of some day having enough dough to buy—"

His tumbling words stopped. Mr. Suva pushed himself up from the couch.

"Please!" Miss Tinney said sharply. "Don't—"

Mr. Suva did not hear her. His tall, powerful frame seemed to rise and fall, like a diver preparing to go off the high board, as he stepped swiftly across the railroad station and dropped to his knees beside Danny.

"Play with them!" Mr. Suva said hoarsely. "For heaven's sake," he said, and his voice shook as though he were making an effort to fight back tears. "For heaven's sake, play with them!"

The frightened boy leaned down, blindly, in a swift, convulsive movement. His fingers touched a string of tiny freight cars on a siding. Keeping his terrified glance on the pleading face of the man kneeling beside him, Danny managed to move the string of freight cars an inch or two.

The faint sound as the beautifully oiled wheels turned over was scarcely audible. Yet in that silent room it might have been a scream. The faint sound shocked Danny out of his frozen terror. His small hand came away from the freight car as though the delightful toy were red-hot. A whimper broke from his throat.

As Miss Tinney folded the sobbing boy in her arms, Mr. Suva rose from his knees and strode toward the door. Miss

Tinney had a last glimpse of the man's unhappy eyes, of the swarthy face in which the muscles were knotted beneath the skin like lumps of tangled thread, and then Mr. Suva disappeared.

"Sam!" he roared. "Sam!" The butler's voice seemed to leap from the foyer.

"Yeah?" he shouted. "What's up, boss?"

The sound of Sam's footsteps pounding hurriedly up the carpeted stairs was met by the rustle of Mr. Suva's silk robe as he walked swiftly away from the room in which Miss Tinney held Danny tight in her arms.

"This one's no good, either," Mr. Suva said harshly. "They're all no good. Get them out of here."

"I told you to forget it," the butler said. "I told you it was a screwy idea. You can't—"

"Shut up," Mr. Suva said. "Give her ten bucks. Give her twenty. Anything she wants. Get them out of here."

"Okay, boss," Sam said.

"Okay." "And don't let any more of them in," Mr. Suva said. "Understand?"

"Okay, boss."

"I don't care what they look like. No more. And get those blasted trains out of here, too. Sell them for junk. Throw them in the ashcan. I don't care what. Just get rid of them. Understand?"

"Okay, boss," Sam said.

"Okay."

The rustle of the silk robe died away. A door slammed somewhere downstairs. The butler's figure appeared in the doorway. Miss Tinney rose from the floor with Danny in her arms.

"You better beat it," Sam said, not unkindly. "Here." He drew some money from a fat wallet and said, "Take this."

With his other hand the butler reached into the room and pulled the switch on the wall. The click caused Miss Tinney to turn her head. Behind her, in the darkened room, she could still see the handsome little locomotives drawing their strings of beautiful cars.

They circled the painted mountains and burrowed into the cardboard tunnels and clattered delicately across the gleaming trestle that spanned the artificial river. With a lump in her throat, Miss Tinney turned away from the lovely but futile sight and looked at the money in the butler's hand.

"Thank you very much," Miss Tinney said, gently stroking the shoulder of the boy in her arms. "I'm afraid Danny and I can't take the money."

"Why not?" Sam said in astonishment.

"We haven't met the specifications in Mr. Suva's advertisement," Miss Tinney said. "They were, as you know, remarkably detailed."

"Look, lady," The butler sent a swift, impatient glance behind him, toward the beautifully carpeted stairs down which Mr. Suva had disappeared. "We've had enough trouble around here today," he said, and he thrust the money toward Miss Tinney. "Don't start any more with specifications," he said. "Just take the dough and scram."

"I might feel I have the right to do both," Miss Tinney said, and sent her own thoughtful glance, above Danny's head, down the carpeted stairs. "If you will allow me first to talk with you in private."

Three days later, as she hurried out on to the sidewalk in front of The Lower East Side Nursery School, it seemed to Miss Tinney that she had not

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had a moment of privacy since she had read Mr. Suva's advertisement. She did not mind that. What Miss Tinney did mind, as she approached the long, black limousine that had just drawn up at the kerb, was her sudden twinge of doubt.

It was like that moment, three days ago, when she had come around the corner from Fifth Avenue with Danny. Once again Miss Tinney was wondering if she had not taken more on her shoulders than her duties called for.

"Good morning," she said to Sam as the butler, whose considerable girth was now encased in a faultlessly tailored chauffeur's uniform, opened the front door of the limousine and stepped out. "I hope—"

"So do I," Sam muttered, and Miss Tinney stood aside while he opened the rear door. "This is it, boss."

Mr. Suva, regarding Sam with distaste as he stepped from the limousine, started to nod a cool greeting to Miss Tinney. Then his sad eyes, set deep in their shadowy sockets, seemed to become aware of their surroundings.

As he glanced up and down the crowded, noisy street, so different from the oasis of sheltered quiet in which he now dwelt uptown, Mr. Suva's eyes crinkled the way Miss Tinney had seen them crinkle three days ago when he was staring up at the painting of his brother, as though a twinge of pain had shot through them. He turned to Miss Tinney.

"I haven't been able to get much out of Sam," he said, "except that he seemed to think it was a matter of life and death for me to come down here this morning."

Continuing . . .

"Sam may have exaggerated," Miss Tinney said. "On the other hand, perhaps he hasn't. All I can say, Mr. Suva, is that I'm glad he induced you to come."

"Why?" Mr. Suva demanded. "What's this all about?"

"Won't you come in?" Miss Tinney said. "I'd like to show you something that can explain it better than any words."

She moved quickly, to avoid further argument, and led the way across the sidewalk into the reception hall, past her office, and down the long corridor that cut the narrow ground floor in two. At the far end, before the closed door, she stopped, aware that her heart was beating rapidly.

It had been one thing, in

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her eagerness to obtain the money that would restore the health of Danny's mother, to take more on her shoulders three days ago than a strict compliance with her duties called for. Knowing Danny, and knowing that she would be at his side for months to come, Miss Tinney had been certain that she could counteract whatever the boy might find upsetting in their visit uptown.

Taking an excess of responsibility on her shoulders today was, she suddenly realised, a far more risky affair. She did not really know Mr. Suva. If her experiment failed there would be no way, at least for her, to correct whatever damage she might cause him as a result of this visit downtown.

"Well," Mr. Suva said brusquely, "what are we waiting for?"

Miss Tinney drew a deep breath, seized the knob, and threw the door open. Even though she was accustomed to the shrieking babel of thirty youthful voices, she was somewhat taken aback by the wave of sound that poured from the crowded room. Sam winced and involuntarily clapped both hands to his ears. But Mr. Suva seemed unaware of the noise.

He was staring, with parted lips, at the small boys who, shrieking and laughing and tumbling over themselves with delight, were nevertheless crawling with astonishing care through the elaborate maze of gleaming railroad tracks, painted mountains, cardboard tunnels, and artificial rivers that, three days ago, had been laid out on the floor of the locked room in Mr. Suva's house.

"Now, don't get sore, boss," Miss Tinney heard the butler say. "The way we figured, you told me to throw the stuff out anyway, so Miss Tinney and I, we figured we might as well take it down here and let these kids—"

Sam's voice stumbled to a

halt. Miss Tinney, waiting tensely, saw why. Mr. Suva was not listening. The tall, dark man was moving forward into the noisy room. Miss Tinney's heart leaped and, with a warning on her lips, she started to follow.

On the threshold, a step or two behind Mr. Suva, she stopped. Miss Tinney was grateful for the fact that the warning had not been uttered. Mr. Suva, quite clearly, did not need it. He had stopped just inside the door. The delighted children were completely absorbed by the elaborate toy, and he had no intention of doing anything that would cause them to notice him.

Miss Tinney moved up beside him and stood there for a few moments, just long enough to see that his shining eyes were following Danny. The round-faced youngster, who looked so remarkably like the boy in the faded snapshot, taken forty years ago, that Mr. Suva carried in his pocket, was squatting beside the panel of master switches.

With ear-splitting but joyous shouts, Danny was directing a handsome little locomotive, drawing its string of beautiful cars past the painted mountains, through the cardboard tunnels, and across the artificial rivers.

Turning away, Miss Tinney stole another glance at Mr. Suva's face. For the second time in three days she felt a lump in her throat.

"You know something?" Sam whispered to her in the corridor. "I think we swung it."

Miss Tinney followed the butler's glance back through the open door to the man standing quietly against the wall of the playroom. It was true that nobody could make up to Mr. Suva the dead brother he loved so fiercely, the things that had been denied them.

It was equally true there were no return journeys. But anyone who was willing to take

the risk of assuming a little more responsibility than a strict compliance with his or her duties called for could achieve a reasonably good substitute. Mr. Suva's dark eyes were no longer tortured.

"Perhaps we did," Miss Tinney said quietly. "If you should want me," she added, "I'll be in my office, down the hall."

Half an hour later there was a tap on her door. Miss Tinney opened it. Sam was standing in front of Mr. Suva.

"The boss was wondering," Sam said, and he paused to clear his throat. "I mean, would it be okay if we came down every now and then, say a couple of times a week, just to watch for a while?" The butler winced. Mr. Suva, quite clearly, had prodded him in the ribs. "I mean," Sam said hastily, "I guarantee we won't cause no trouble."

"The guarantee is totally unnecessary," Miss Tinney said. "Nobody who has given those children so much pleasure can possibly cause trouble." She smiled at the men. "Please come as often as you wish," Miss Tinney said. "You will always be welcome."

"Thanks," Sam said, and then he winced again. "Oh, yeah," the butler said. He pulled a cheque from his pocket and held it out. "This is for the kid's mother," Sam said. "The one that the doctors say she has to go to Arizona."

"Thank you," Miss Tinney said. She took the cheque and, after a glance at the amount, looked up quickly. "But this is far too much!"

"Says who?" Mr. Suva demanded, and then, as he saw that his harsh tone had caused Miss Tinney to step backward, Mr. Suva scowled awkwardly and, like Sam, he cleared his throat noisily.

"I mean," he said more quietly, "the kid filled the bill, didn't he? Exactly the way I wrote it in the ad," Mr. Suva said, and his handsome but somewhat forbidding features spread out into his surprisingly attractive smile. "According to specifications."

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By H. E. BATES



I JUST caught sight of him about three o'clock in the afternoon, at the start of a humid and torrential squall of rain on the waterfront of Papeete. He was tall, lean, and English to the bone.

His hair badly needed trimming at the neck. His shirt of pale lavender, sun-faded and worn outside his crumpled brown trousers, and with a small design of darting indigo fish across it, was remarkably subdued for those parts and had not been washed for some time.

It was too early to tell whether he was ill, drunk, or troubled, or perhaps all three, but he was remarkably oblivious of the rain.

He was, in fact, not drunk. He had not been drunk for some considerable time. All he was doing was to watch the passage of a little motor schooner beating shorewards through the gap of coral reef a mile or two out to sea. The flow of ocean in and out of the gap was very fast there, and he kept beating his hands together like a man watching a horse race in which he is afraid his favorite cannot win.

I watched all this through the open door of a barber's saloon.

He stood quite alone on the waterfront in the rain, staring at the schooner, the breadth of the street away.

Inside the reef the squall of rain became sometimes so dark that beyond it there appeared to be continuous plumes of dirty smoke where normally the vast breaking crests of spray on the collar of rocks would have been like the rearing waves of pure white horses.

Somewhere between plumes of smoke and rain the schooner, rolling like a squat white drum, occasionally disappeared. All the time, far beyond her and the smoking reef, the Pacific flared in sunlight, a harsh, clear glitter outside the storm, and beyond it all the fantastic mountains of another island glowed like half-melted pale green candles in the sky.

When the rain suddenly stopped he stood watching for nearly another ten minutes until the schooner drifted in at last and tied up below him, fifty yards away. As soon as she tied up he started to walk towards her. Then he suddenly stopped, seemed to change his mind completely, and turned on his heel.

That was the first time I ever saw his face. My impression

Continued overleaf

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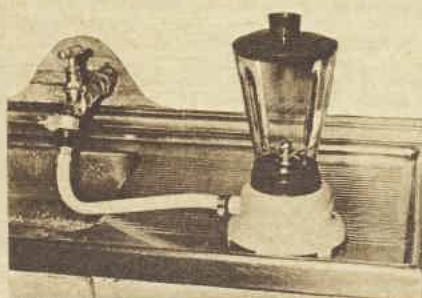
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"THE GRAPES OF PARADISE," by H. E. Bates

had been that he was about to meet someone off the schooner, that they hadn't arrived and that he was disappointed. Instead I saw that his eyes were extraordinarily savage; not savage with anger or the intensity of disappointment, but inwardly savage, with pure blind melancholy.

That was the second impression I got; that, when he came and sat in the barber's chair next to me, hair and face and temples still streaming with rain, he was living in a state of emotionless sightlessness.

He picked up a towel from a wash-basin and started to rub his face and hair. When he had finished he lay back in the chair, shut his eyes and stretched out his arms to the wet knees of his trousers.

The hands went limp, turning downwards, loosely, as if he were very tired, and as they did so I saw a scar, ten or twelve inches long, a raw brown-pink slash running from above one wrist to the muscle of the upper arm.

The barber began to comb and cut his hair without a word. Soon after he had started a girl came along the pavement outside, wheeling a bicycle. She stopped, leaned one foot against the bicycle and stared at the four men in the saloon.

"Hallo, Harry," she said. She spoke in good English, but he made no effort to open his eyes or answer. She was not wearing the customary peruke of Tahitian girls, but a sleeveless dress of pale green, with no design at all. Her hair was not plaited but was brushed in two dry black bunches, like combed rope, over her bare shoulders.

She was pretty in the pert and delicate way, light and birdlike, that comes when Chinese blood is mixed with Polynesian.

For another ten minutes or so, leaning on the bicycle at the open door of the saloon, she went on talking to him, saying that she hadn't seen him lately, asking if he'd seen this person or that and why did he never come dancing at the New Pacific now? All the time he neither opened his eyes nor answered.

"They tell me you're off on the next flying boat," she said, but even that had no effect on him.

By this time the sun was shining again and the air, delicious after the rain, was steaming hotly. The handles of the girl's bicycle glittered as she twisted them away. Her hair had steel blue lights in it as she flicked it back over her shoulders and said, for the last time: "Well, tell me if you do, Harry. I'll come and see you off. I'll come and say goodbye."

Impassively he ordered a massage. He seemed to know instinctively, without turning his head, that she had left. A few moments later he actually opened his eyes. All the keener edge of their savagery had now become blurred as he turned to me.

"English paper you're reading?"

"Yes," I said. "Have it if you like. You're welcome."

"No, thanks."

"Absolutely the latest," I said. "Only two weeks old!"

Jokes that fall with strangers in strange places are colder than icebergs. He did not answer.

Outside the saloon the street had already steamed to concrete dryness. At the extreme end of the reef the rearing lines of sea-foam pranced with splendor in the sun. Beyond it the distant island slopes glowed with deeper, clearer green, the candle fa-

tures almost purple in the far brilliant air.

"They tell me the other island is very beautiful," I said.

"Not been there yet?"

"Not yet."

"Schooner twice a week," he said.

His voice was unexpectedly soft. The short, cryptic words that ought to have made it sharp had, in fact, the opposite effect.

"Anywhere to stay when you get there?" I said.

"Rest house."

"Any good?"

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't seen it for a month or two. I daresay it's good. I daresay they'd fix it up."

This, the longest piece of conversation he had offered so far, was also remarkable because during the final part of it he actually turned and gave me a glance that had in it the beginnings of a smile.

"What are you here for?" he said. "The usual thing? Looking for the lost Loti Lotus Land or the Gauguin ghosts?"

These sentences were neither cryptic nor bitter. Nor were they exactly sarcastic or sad. The odd thing about them was their emptiness. They might have been a few spiritless puffs of air let out of a paper bag.

"I'm not sure what I've come for," I said. "It's like eating mangoes for the first time. You know they won't taste like apples, but what else do you expect. You don't know."

HE may have thought this showed, perhaps, a slightly higher degree of intelligence than anything I had said before, because now he said: "That will save you a load of disappointment."

The barber, who had finished my hair, now gave me the towel. For a few moments I sat reflectively rubbing my neck and face and ears. It was so hot already after the rain that my eyes were damp with sweat and my throat was parched.

"Like to join me in a drink?" I said. "When you've finished?"

"I don't," he said. "Don't drink, I mean."

"We could get a taxi and drive back to the hotel," I said. "It's cooler there."

"I'll be ten minutes yet," he said.

I couldn't make up my mind whether this meant he was coming or not until he said: "I'm afraid I'm only an orange-juicer. Or passion-fruit." He actually gave a laugh in that dry puffed way of his; and again nothing, I thought, could have been more passionless.

Twenty minutes later we were driving along the waterfront, past the "Poste et Telegraph" building, the last shops and the thick bright hedges of hibiscus and begonia that flank the gardens about the black sand shore. Heat beat up in slaty glittering waves from the tarmac, sprang from waste stretches of dust under thin, high palms, and turned the yellow balls of creepers on fences to fleshy shimmering gold.

At the hotel he ordered, as he had promised, an orange juice. The handsomest of Tahitian girls brought it, with a glass bowl of ice and a soda siphon, on a bamboo tray.

"Nice to see you again, Mr. Rockley," she said. "Soda? Have you enough ice in there?"

He made no answer. Instead he sat looking beyond the low tidal stretches of water inside the reef and then far beyond the rearing crests of the reef to where, more fantastic than ever in the more westerly angle of sun, the mountains rose in the harsh fine air.

"Cheers!" I said.

"Good luck!" he said.

He lay back in his chair, eyes empty again and almost completely transparent, his arms flat out, the palms turned down, the fingers twitching. The scar was like a jagged brown boot-lace. And suddenly I realised that his habit of sitting with his palms downward, twitching his fingers, must have grown unconsciously out of pain.

Then he saw me looking at it. He looked surprisingly neat and respectable now, with his freshly trimmed, fresh-massaged hair, but the barber had not been able to trim his voice or change its tone at all. It was still remarkably soft, passionless and unobtrusive as he ran one finger down the scar, stared at it in silence for a moment and then said: "Take good care nobody does that to you..."

He was single, unassuming, friendly and about thirty-five. He had come down to Tahiti from Vancouver, crossing the Pacific by way of Fiji, Samoa and the Cook Islands, three months before, full of conventional thoughts about romantic places.

He had been overworking and had been given three months' leave by the firm of industrial bankers for which he worked in Vancouver; when I talked to him that first afternoon, over his unassuming orange juice, with his eyes almost always fixed on the mountains, he had already taken a month more than his time.

At first there was nothing at all unconventional in what he had to say. There is a common expression about Tahiti which is, I suppose, often made about other places, but is made with more truth about this island that everyone expects to be a paradise. Two weeks there are too long, it says, and a year not long enough.

He had not been on the island more than a day or two before he felt convinced of the truth of the first part of the expression. When he arrived by flying boat, in the cool of a tropical evening, an hour before dusk, the waterfront was gay with a great crowd of girls in brilliant crimson perukes, women in pretty summer dresses, men in bright-patterned shirts, almost all of them carrying leis or garlands of orchid, gardenia, hibiscus, jasmine, and tiare flowers.

There were so many flowers that he felt that every garden had been stripped. The air was sweet and sickly with the scent of them.

Out of all this, as he stepped ashore, a plump Tahitian girl came forward, put her gold-brown arms on his shoulders, laughed softly and kissed him splendidly on the lips.

After that she put a lei of pale yellow frangipani round his neck and then suddenly she left him to do the same service for another visitor. Then another girl put another lei round his neck, this time of small cherry-colored hibiscus and jasmine, and then another girl a third.

He felt slightly embarrassed by this excess of flowers, which were by now piled like Elizabethan ruffles up to his ears, but he laughed, too, when he saw that all his fellow passengers were also hidden under flowers.

That night at the hotel, on the edge of the lagoon, under electrically lighted coconut palms that sometimes fluttered in a wave until long past midnight fishing boats with flares were floating about the black water, he drank champagne and did a little dancing to the three-piece orchestra of two men and a girl, who played mostly Tahitian tunes.

The girls also sang songs, and

as time went on he thought all the songs had in them the same indescribable sadness.

He had several dances with one or two of the women passengers from the plane and one each, out of courtesy, with the two air hostesses. He bought a drink or two at the bar. The atmosphere had in it a great sense of careless uneasiness. Frenchmen danced with Tahitian girls; Frenchwomen with Tahitian men.

"It was all very nice and free and easy and fresh to me," he said, "except that I might just as well have been in Nice or San Francisco or Paris or Sydney, though I didn't know it at the time."

In the morning he took a taxi, drove into the town, cashed a cheque at the Bank of Indo-China and looked at the shops. The cashing of the cheque took him the better part of an hour and a half, and in less than half that time he had looked at all the shops.

The town had something of the air of a dusty and fly-blown French provincial town crossed with a mid-western shack-town populated mostly by Chinese.

A few ancient white-painted schooners were being loaded with crates and barrels and bicycles and all manner of goods on the waterfront, where loafers sat about drinking milk out of green coconuts or bottles of fruit juice out of straws, spitting at the dust.

"It all looked so fly-blown and so tatty," he said.

That very morning, in fact, he cancelled his sea passage of three months hence, and took a ticket on the next plane outward.

"It was as bad as that," he said, "and what made it worse was that nobody seemed to care whether I went or stayed."

Then he went back to the hotel, put on his swimming trunks and went down to the sea. The beach of black sand, such as there was of it, looked like a foundry yard. The lagoon of black water illuminated by the flares of mysterious midnight fishing boats had become a stretch of tidal junkyard, one foot deep, filled with countless black clusters of sea-eggs.

At the end of fifty yards of jetty sprouted a lump of coral rock. On the rock a French girl with a figure as flat as a boy's, and legs like white peeled sticks sat staring down into forty feet of dark blue water from which rose shadowy mountains of rust-brown coral, murderous as steel.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "If there's someone watching, the sharks don't follow me."

He decided not to swim. Instead he went back to the bar, sat on a high bamboo stool as he was, in his swimming trunks, and dejectedly ordered himself a whisky. He sat drinking till three o'clock.

He was still drinking, but still more dejectedly, three weeks later.

By that time he had toured the island twice, had eaten sucking pig several times and had not taken a single swim in the sea-egged lagoon.

In the shops he bought as presents a few shells of polished mother-of-pearl, a boar's tusk, and a piece of native wood-carving in the form of a pineapple cut in halves. He sat in bars and watched dust blow out of potholes in the road outside and then blow back again.

He drank with all sorts of people in all sorts of places, and tried to laugh, above the sound of loudspeakers that might have been blaring out of any street between Sydney and Southend, at the jokes they made.

"THE GRAPES OF PARADISE," by H. E. Bates

"Better take a vahine," someone said, "and get it out of your system."

He agreed that the girls were beautiful. He was fascinated with the splendid handsome readiness of their laughter. He liked above all a certain air of surface shyness in them, the grace of their walk on flat feet and the black strength of their waist-long hair.

"Anyway that's neither here nor there," he said. "I never saw one I really wanted. The point is that I suddenly realised that what they say is true. Two weeks are too long and a year isn't long enough. Just before the plane was due to leave I cancelled my ticket and booked myself a place on the next one. Then I did the same with that one. And at the end of the month I was—"

He stopped speaking. Since he had hardly given up, for a single second, looking at the fantastic molten candles of the island across the lagoon, it cannot be correct to say that he suddenly looked across at the mountains. It is truer to say, perhaps, that he woke up.

The remarkable air of sightlessness in the very pale eyes was dispersed for a moment or two, enabling him to focus properly on something that it was now obvious he had not been seeing before.

He also pointed—with, I noticed, his scarier arm.

"At the end of the month I was over there." He turned to me now, as he had done in the barber's shop, with the beginnings of a smile. "I don't suppose you saw the schooner come in this afternoon?"

"I did," I said.

"That's the one," he said.

"Takes four hours. That's the way you get there."

The schooner, throbbing and rolling like a butter churn, loaded with everything from cows and bicycles to barrels of wine, took him over to the island almost exactly a month after he had first arrived in Tahiti.

By that time he had drifted into a habit of getting mildly drunk every night and sometimes also at the lunch hour: not because he particularly wanted to get drunk but because, of all the pleasant point-less things there were to do, this required least energy and passed most time.

As the schooner drew nearer to the island he gradually realised that the mountains he had previously seen only from a distance were really less like candles than gigantic chimneys, massed to the very ridges with vegetation. Their outline made a strange green graph, rising and falling violently, against the sky. Along the coast and a mile or two out from the shore the reef was locked like a stupendous jagged collar on which the sea rode with an unrelenting roar, magnificently springing with high, snow-white arches of spray.

After two or three stops at little village landing places the schooner finally ran, about mid-afternoon, into a long, still lagoon.

He had already noted with some pleasure that the sand about the villages was white. Now the schooner began to run so near to the coast that he could have leaned out and thrown a stone on to the strips of pure white coral beach that ran everywhere out from thickets of breadfruit, wild plantains, palms and the tall yellow-flowered hibiscus.

The water in this land-locked lagoon was so still and undisturbed that it made him feel extraordinarily peaceful. In occasional shallow bays it was

pure yellow in color, turning to greenish-blue, then pure bold indigo as the water deepened. The only disturbance on it was the wash of the schooner and occasionally, far off on the flat sun-white surface, a flight of little fish, pure frantic silver, scared from the water by some predatory chaser like a flight of birds.

His destination was the last stopping place but one along the lagoon, a wooden landing stage behind which was a solitary palm-thatched house, and at the side of which stood, on stilts, in shallow yellow-blue water, what he took to be the rest-house. Like a fairly large square bamboo bandstand, it rose from the strip of pure white shore.

A boy of twelve came down from the house to greet him, to smile enormously and to take his bag. He stood for a moment in the glare of sunshine, waving his hand to the departing schooner. As it throbbed down the lagoon, farther into the intensely green shadow of the mountains, the sound of its engines dying away, he was aware of his sense of tranquillity deepening. This is it, he started thinking. This is what I came to see.

Then, as he turned to go up to the house, an extraordinary thing occurred. Perhaps it was merely extraordinary, he explained to me, because he

perceives in the usual pattern of crimson and white, in this case of leaves and flowers, and it had been wound so tightly across her breasts that she actually seemed to have outgrown it. It left all the upper part of her chest, her arms and her shoulders naked.

She placed the lei round his neck and greeted him, at first in French.

"You don't speak English?" he said.

"A little."

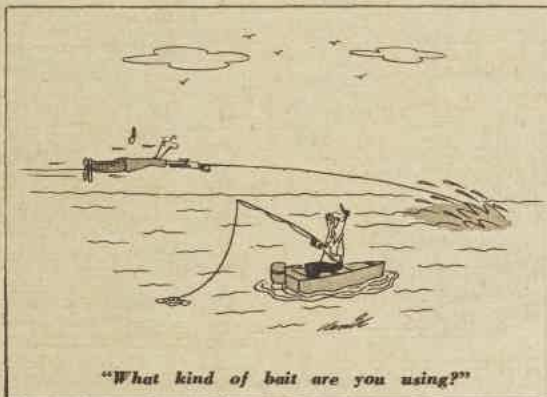
"And the boy?"

"My brother? Just little words of French," she said.

She led him up to the house. To one side of it, the shady side, a sort of bamboo and palm thatched lean-to hut had been built and there she showed him into a simple room where later he used to lie in bed and stare at the whole tranquil seaward stretch of lagoon.

He continued to speak in English, asking her one or two questions, such as her name and where he would be able to eat and so on, and every time she attempted to answer in English she gave a great crackling laugh, throwing back her head and opening her mouth to its widest.

He could not quite grasp her Tahitian name. He thought it sounded at first like Tavae. He was not sure and tried to repeat it and she laughed again.



hadn't expected it. He had told no one he was coming there but now, as he turned, someone was there waiting to greet him.

It was a girl, holding an enormous crimson lei in her hands. He supposed, he said, it was the largest lei he had ever seen, a great flowery boa of petals minutely crinkled, so that they looked like feathers packed together.

But it was not this itself that was remarkable. What immediately struck him as so extraordinary was that the girl, though quite young, eighteen or nineteen, was the ugliest he had ever seen. It was difficult to convey the peculiar quality of her ugliness but it was, he explained to me after several attempts, exactly that of a primitive idol hacked out of a golden colored wood, and not very well hacked at that.

She was so ugly, in fact, that she was, in a peculiar way, quite handsome. Her frame was tall and massive, and all the skin of her body was very fine, with a look of being oiled and polished. She had a mass of overpowering jet-black hair that she wore unplaited. It was like a gigantic wiry horse-tail that reached to her massive buttocks.

Later she was actually to put on lipstick and an occasional bangle and sometimes a pair of earrings, but that day the only decoration she was wearing was a large pure yellow hibiscus over her right ear.

Her only garment was the

"They call me Therese, too, sometimes," she said.

From that moment onwards he called her Therese. "My name is Rockley," he said. At first she pronounced it in the French way, as if it had an accent at the end; but later, as time went on, she simply called him Rock.

"Will you have something to drink now?" she said. "Tea or coffee? Wine or coconut juice or orange?"

He thanked her, said he would have orange but that what he wanted to do most of all was swim.

"Good. You swim," she said. "I'll make orange and bring it down to you."

"Good swimming?" he said. "No sharks?"

"No. No sharks," she said and she laughed raucously. "If sharks come I frighten them."

He started to unpack his bag. She stood watching for a second or two, then said, "Please: excuse," and started to go to the door. For so large a girl she moved with remarkable silence and it was several seconds later that he looked up, thinking she had gone altogether, and saw her still standing at the open door.

Then, for the first but not the last time, he got a totally different impression of her. The hut had only one small window, so that it was fairly dark inside, and in the strong outside light she stood partly framed in shadow. He could not see the details of her face. She stood with one arm brushing

back her hair, looking back at him, one leg crooked in an attitude of being arrested in a turn.

For a moment you could forget then, he said, how ugly she was. You could see how superbly and splendidly she was built. She made on him for a moment the same impression as an inanimate object, something magnificently executed: a well-made boat, an idol, a piece of sculpture, even a mountain.

"If you want something," she said, "you must ask me. Or Timi, my brother. Or my mother. How long will you stay here now?" He hesitated, more than anything because he was fascinated by the way she stood there, to all appearances ugly no longer, and she said: "Well, you tell me later. Doesn't matter. You stay one week—one year—two years!" And then she turned on her heel and went away with a curious kind of massive, blundering gracefulness, laughing with throaty splendor.

There was just one more incident that stuck in his mind that afternoon before darkness fell. After he had been swimming for a good hour or more he came out and sat on the landing stage, deliciously wet, refreshed and a little tired after the first swim he had taken.

Evidently she had been watching for this moment from the house, because a second later she was coming down to the landing stage with a jug of orange juice and a glass on a tray.

"You swim long time," she said.

She sat beside him on the landing stage and poured his drink. She sat with legs curled under her, watching him, pushing back her hair.

"You swim good," she said. "I swim every day, too. Could you swim to the other side?"

He was still panting from exertion and was able, for a few seconds longer, only to shake his head.

"Sometimes I swim there and back," she said.

"Oh—not me, not me!" he said. "Too far. Out of practice."

"Not so far," she said.

Therese laughed, and he sat drinking his orange juice, staring across the lagoon. Across the skin-smooth shadows, far off, a shoal of tiny fish burst from the water, as in the earlier afternoon, like fragments of silver. The crests of the mountains, far up, smouldered in sun.

He looked along the shore, tired but not too tired, blissfully and completely entranced by the tranquillity, the rapid embalmment of air and water and sky under approaching twilight and by everything he saw from flaring tips of the mountains to the flick of a canoe paddle far down, seaward, towards the end of the lagoon.

Then he became aware, as he watched, of an unusual thing. In the afternoon, coming along by schooner, he could not help noticing the flowers of the tall grey-green hibiscus trees. Like soft pollen-dusty yellow cups they covered the boughs, the sand below the boughs, and floated where they fell in water.

Now, to his surprise, the same flowers were red in color. Both where they grew and where they fell they glowed in a shade of cinnamon, warm and deepening.

His surprise, when he spoke of it, made her laugh again.

"Every day they change," she said. "In the morning they begin one color and as they die they become another color. In the morning yellow. In the evening red. And then in the

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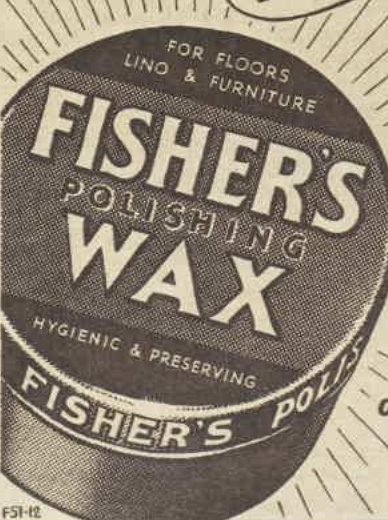
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"THE GRAPES OF PARADISE," by H. E. Bates

morning the new ones yellow again."

And that, as he said to me, was how he felt about himself. Between morning and evening he had become a different person. It was unquestionable, he thought, that he had found there what he had come to see.

And as he looked along the shore where little fiery jungle cocks, quite tame, strutted scarlet and green about strips of well-watered grass, under palms and among crimson clumps of ginger-lily, he felt that everything was in perfect, ordered pattern, absolutely ordained and right from the changing colors of the hibiscus flowers to the crow of jungle cocks.

He was ready, he felt, to stay a million years. The pure absolute tranquillity had already started to hold him like a drug.

He lived, for the next month, the happiest days of his life. The girl, the boy, and her mother, a blowsy woman who spent most of her time in the open kitchen shed at the back of the house, looked after all his wants with tireless attention, and yet left him free.

At the hotel he had eaten mainly European food, more French than anything in character, the sort of food he would have eaten anywhere, and he had liked it very well. Now he learned to eat, and also to like very much, mostly native food: dried raw fish, hot crabs, bread-fruit, fried plantains, sweets of guava and coconut cream and curries of various kinds, including the delicate fresh-water shrimps found in the mountain streams.

In a sort of dug-out at the back of the house stood a great barrel from which they drew him wine by the jug. He found it made him sweat a great deal but he drank it constantly.

Every day he swam, before and after breakfast, and then again in the afternoon and evening, half a dozen times between dawn and sunset. When he was tired of swimming he slept; when he was tired of sleeping he walked along the lagoon, either towards its land-locked end where a cluster of fifty or so dwellings lined the road, or seawards, where he could swim again or watch the Pacific hurling itself with its towering white-horse waves against the reef, on one part of which, by the gap, the iron skeleton of a wreck stuck up as a mass of twisted junk, rust-orange through the glittering mist of ocean spray.

Occasionally he walked inland, climbing to the lower part of the foothills. In some places, old plantations of guava trees had been felled to give more grazing for cattle; the grass was green and fertile. Great jungles of banana flapped overpoweringly above groves of orange and pamplemousse, the big pinkish grape-fruit of which he never tired at breakfast.

Sometimes, this being the rainier season, it rained torrentially as he walked. He started by running for shelter. In a few days he was walking on through the hot quick squalls, his shorts and shirt soaked, taking a bath as he walked.

Sometimes, after these storms, he stripped out, hung his clothes on a rock in the sunshine, and swam naked while they dried.

Occasionally the girl came with him. Once when they walked together a sudden squall obliterated half the lagoon, flooding the sandy path under the palms to a depth of six inches.

The faces, bodies and clothes of himself and the girl were sluiced as if under warm fire-

hoses, so that when it was over she looked like some enormous water-animal that had just dragged itself, dripping, from the sea.

There were two things, all this time, that he liked about her. He was fascinated first, by her great strength; it impressed him enormously. And the other was, as he put it, that she didn't care a hoot.

By that I thought he meant, at first, that she was very free, generous, or in some way promiscuous. On the contrary, he said, the very opposite was true. She had a strange, proud, almost virginal sort of dignity.

What he meant, I gathered, was that she was a sort of tom-boy. His impression was also that she might have given up, as fairly hopeless, the idea that any man, drunk or sober, would find her attractive.

Free of feminine obligations, as he saw it, she could behave before him with the physical ease, lack of embarrassment, and sheer strength of another male.

She too swam a great deal. In the water, as in every other way, she was massive and powerful in all her movements. At the same time water gave her gracefulness.

One morning she challenged him to swim the breadth of the lagoon with her. He knew that his powers as a swimmer were really not up to this, but she said: "Swim slowly. You can do it. We can rest for an hour on the other side."

To his surprise he made the opposite shore without much difficulty. He found that he was in better physical condition than he had ever been.

He felt taut, springy and in splendid shape all over. The wide Pacific air had given him an incredible feeling of buoyancy.

Then, as they swam back, he caught sight of a large, indefinable underwater object rolling straight before him in the lagoon. Like a grey sloppy shadow, it made a huge, rippling wave as it swam.

He took one swift look at it, yelled "Shark!" and started to lash out in panic in the opposite direction.

He had no sooner turned than he heard her laughing. He turned back to see her waving a knife above her head.

"Ray! That's all!" she was shouting. "A big ray. That won't hurt you."

The giant ray, looking, as he described it, like some sort of india-rubber submarine, rolled ponderously off as he turned and swam back to her.

The look of fright on his face must still have been remarkably vivid by the time he reached her, because she burst out laughing a second time and said: "Now you really look like a white man. Very white—so funny!"

He did not, he confessed, feel funny at all. He felt more than a little sick.

"You're not afraid, are you?" she shouted. She held up the knife above her head, cutting at the air with a slash. "Shall I kill him? I can go after and kill him if you like. Shall I go?"

"No!" he fairly yelled at her. "Leave the thing and let's get out of here."

"Funny! So funny!" she said.

Then as they swam back, he taking continually involuntary glances over his back to make sure the ray had gone, he said: "I didn't know you carried a knife."

She turned in the water, swimming on her back.

"I keep it inside here," she said. She tapped the folds of her costume about her enorm-

ous hips. "I made a pocket inside."

He knew that meant there must be sharks and he felt a little sick again.

"You never know," she said. "Shall I make a pocket for you? It's easy to sew one in." "So is sitting on dry land," he said, and at that she started laughing again.

It was his first and only swim across the breadth of the lagoon and he had to confess he hadn't liked it very much.

"At the same time, when I looked back on it," he said. "I got an odd comforting sort of feeling about it. There was nothing to account for it then, but I somehow got the feeling that if there had been trouble she'd have done anything, suffered anything to get me out of it."

After that he kept his swimming to within short distances of the shore. When he wanted to cross the lagoon or change the monotony of swimming he took the outrigger canoe and paddled about instead.

Besides the little outrigger the family had a large craft that carried a single sail. Most of their fishing was done with long five-pronged spears, sometimes at night, by the light of torches of palm frond, or com-



munal fashion, whenever a shoal moved up the lagoon.

Sometimes these shoals took several days, perhaps nearly a week, to move the full-length from the reef-gap to the last upper finger of shore. Then the great communal net was thrown out, to be drawn gradually about the shoal, in the upper narrowing reach of water, until the fish could finally be pressed and pounded ashore.

On the last day and during the last hours of this netting every villager, except perhaps a few Chinese share-cropping vanilla up the valleys, came down to help with the great task of pulling in the net.

After that the catch was distributed communal fashion, according to degrees of labor, and men who had handled the net for days would find themselves with so much fish to spare that they could make it up for market in long strings, sending it over by the next schooner to Papecte.

About a month after Rockley's arrival on the island a shoal of great size, moving very slowly, came up the lagoon. It took several days to travel the three and a half miles of water. It was often difficult, Therese said, to gauge the rate at which a shoal could travel, especially a large shoal. There would often be days of tedium, false alarm, rising excitement and much tension before the net could finally be closed.

Rockley had greatly looked forward to helping at one of these catches, but the shoal was so slow that on the fifth day he

found himself, at midday, rather bored with waiting.

"It's always the same," the girl said. "It may be this afternoon. May be tonight. We have to have patience." Then he asked her if she would be going to the net that afternoon.

"I must go to the net," she said. "It may happen suddenly. If I don't help with the net I get no fish."

Some time later, after she had served his lunch, he watched her going away to join the boy and her mother at the net. As she walked down the path she turned, waved to him and said: "You sleep. When it's time I'll send Timi with a message. Then you can come down and you will have fish, too."

"How many do you suppose they'll give me?"

"Oh, plenty! Plenty for strong men. You must pull hard. I'll show you how to pull."

He slept for a couple of hours, woke suddenly and went down to the landing stage. Across the lagoon the boy was paddling shorewards in the outrigger. Rockley was sure the time had come for closing the net and that the boy had come to fetch him.

"Not yet," the boy said. "Long time yet. Perhaps tonight. Hours."

Rockley sat down on the landing stage and watched the boy beach the outrigger. Then the boy climbed up on the landing stage, too, and they sat for a few minutes talking.

The afternoon, Rockley said, was very beautiful, with great clusters of sea-packed cloud on the mountains and a light of sheer purity, miraculously soft and limpid, across the glassy water.

Suddenly he realised that for the first time, in the middle of this exquisite stillness, he was really bored. He had had his fill of swimming; he was tired of waiting for the shoal.

"I felt," he said, "as if I'd like to talk to somebody. You know, a good yarn. In fact, to be honest, I was a bit lonely. I suddenly felt a long way from anywhere."

Then he made, he said, the first of three serious mistakes. It was a very simple thing and at the time it seemed quite impossible that it could have, as casual things sometimes do, significant consequences.

Without thinking, he asked the boy if he would take him down the lagoon for an hour, in the outrigger, as far as the gap. The boy hesitated. He even looked, Rockley realised afterwards, a little uneasy, almost scared.

Distances by water are always deceptive and he had never really had to calculate how long it would take to paddle to the seaward end of the lagoon. It took, in fact, an hour; and then not quite an hour, because of a strong incoming drift, to paddle back.

It was all so pleasant, unspectacular and dreamy between the walls of palm and the higher jungle thickets that he did not realise that the flowers of the big hibiscus were already turning from yellow to red by the time he and the boy were again opposite the landing stage.

Then he saw the boy suddenly lift his head, brown eyes sharp and startled. From the upper end of the lagoon there was a deep murmur of voices. The boy started paddling furiously, quite agitated now, and Rockley knew that the final netting had begun.

By the time they reached the net, ten minutes later, the water

Continued overleaf



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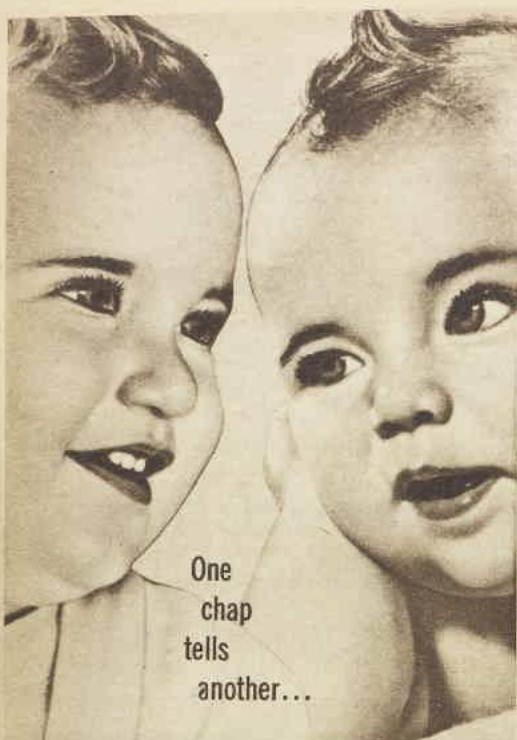
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"THE GRAPES OF PARADISE"

at the end of the lagoon was like a white living cauldron of struggling fish. The boy was so quick to beach the outrigger and run along the shore that he actually tripped, fell and then rushed on, wiping his sandy hands on his bare thighs, quickly spitting on them afterwards.

Perhaps seventy or eighty people, Rockley said, were pulling at the net, and presently he found the boy, the mother and the girl among them.

With her colossal mahogany legs locked in the coral sand the girl was not only pulling with all her enormous strength but with a remarkable expression on her face. Her dark eyes were large and blazing, with a peculiar fanatical light in them.

As he took his place beside her, taking hold of the net, he had no idea that this in fact was anger. "You said you would show me how to pull," he said.

She did not speak. She neither turned nor looked at him. She simply stared at the net, the water and the leaping fish and lugged with all her astonishing strength at the net, her expression never altering.

He supposed, he said, that he must have spoken to her a dozen times or more that afternoon as they pulled together at the net, but each time she gave him no hint of a word or look in answer. It was pretty hot and strenuous work and he was glad when it was over.

By that time darkness was falling and there were still some hours of work to do with the sorting, sharing and stringing of the fish. He knew that the stringing would in fact go on all night, so that the strings of fish would be ready for the schooner the next day.

Soon after half-past six he started to walk back to the rest-house alone. As he was leaving the net he passed the girl, stopped for a moment and said: "I am going back to the house. Will you be coming back?"

Again she made no answer. "No need to come back for me," he said. "I can find a little fruit and eat that."

She had not even paused to listen; and now, by the time he had finished speaking, she was already some yards away, striding out of reach of him.

He went back to the rest-house, sat on the little verandah, too tired even to wash, and then drew himself a jug of wine. Then he sat on the verandah again, watched the stars in the lagoon and above the fantastic graph-like ridges of the opposite mountains, and

also the flares burning in a great cluster at the end of the lagoon.

Normally the wine, the evening, the stars and the mysterious waving half-drowned lights of the flares would have soothed him deeply. That evening, instead, he felt bothered—not worried, as he was careful to explain, but bothered—bothered, mystified and slightly irritated. He couldn't think what on earth he had done. The incident of the boy and himself going down to the lagoon never occurred to him as the remotest possible cause of anger in anyone. He couldn't explain it at all.

THEN, much later that night, he thought he caught a glimpse of what the causes might be. He woke about midnight to the sound of quarrelling. In the house the girl was reviling someone, with great fury, in words he didn't understand. He heard the boy's voice in answer.

He got out of bed, went to the door of his room and listened. He thought he heard the sound of beating. After that he went back to bed, listened for a time, and thought he heard an even odder sound—that of somebody weeping. But whether it was the boy or his sister crying somewhere outside in the darkness he never knew.

"Before I came down here I read somewhere," he said, "that these people were light-hearted, frivolous, courteous, generous, but deceitful and cruel."

He paused and before going on he gave one of those odd smiles of his.

"But that night," he said, "I started to find out they could be something else besides."

Next morning, Rockley told me, it was impossible to recognise, or even believe in the existence of, the girl of the evening before. If the flowers of the hibiscus trees had been purple that morning instead of yellow, the change could not, he said, have surprised him more.

She was smiling broadly as she brought him his breakfast of pamplemousse, coffee, fresh-baked Chinese bread and butter, boiled eggs and a basket of oranges, papayas, limes, and avocado pears. She actually prepared the pamplemousse in front of him. Then she poured his coffee.

All day she remained smiling, attentive, rather talkative, and extremely sweet to him.

There was no mention either of the incident at the net or of the boy. In the late morning she rolled up the skirt of her perene above her knees, stood in the shallow part of the lagoon and washed her hair.

One of the pleasantest things about life there, he said, was to watch the Polynesian girls wash their hair. Its great length, its strong blue blackness and the way it glistened as it dried in the sun were all beautiful things to see.

"I watched her half the morning," he said. "And she chattered as if she hadn't seen me for years."

Soon it occurred to him that she was spending more time than usual on her hair, combing it and recombining it, shaking it out and spreading it over her shoulders to dry. At last he spoke about this, teasing her very slightly, and she said: "Tomorrow night there will be dancing. Had you forgotten?"

Occasionally on Saturday nights young men and girls came in from the village, sometimes bringing a drum, a banjo, and a guitar. There would be a good deal of wine-drinking, singing of songs, dancing, frivolity and provocative laughter.

A lot of flirting went on and the girls would swing taut rubbery hips, their tight skin golden in the lamplight, and curl their fingers in subtle invitation. Most of them wore lipstick, generally of much the same carmine shade as the big hibiscus flowers in their hair.

The following night she, too, wore lipstick. It was, he said, the first time he had ever seen her wear it and it made a difference to her face that was sharp, uneasy and startling. He said that it gave her a sort of defiance, a certain touch of savagery that made her look out of place among the smaller, prettier girls.

That evening he danced with her several times and once or twice the banjo played European or American tunes. He drank a fair amount of wine, thought the stars of the southern hemisphere had never looked so huge, soft, and flower-like above the lagoon, and in general enjoyed himself.

She, too, seemed very happy. The most remarkable thing about her, he said, the thing that never failed to surprise him each time he held her in his arms for the dances, was the lightness of her body. It was quite unbelievably perfect.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 29, 1950

[Advertisement]

A BEAUTIFUL BACK

By
MARGARET MERRIL

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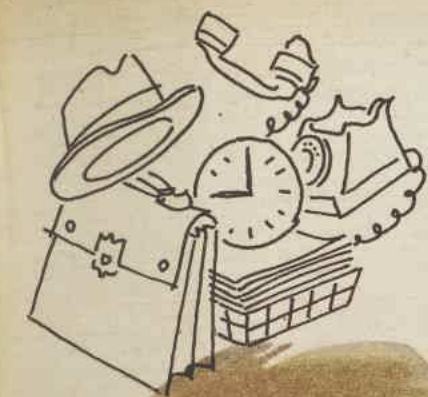
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the singlet that's smart to wear without a shirt

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News in Brief!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1956

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"THE GRAPES OF PARADISE," by H. E. Bates

he said, in its sheer balance, and poise.

About midnight he walked outside to light a cigarette, relax a bit and get a breath of air. An exquisite little wind, heavy with warmth and tree perfume, blew for a moment or two across the lagoon, died suddenly and then sprang up again, stirring the fronds of the palms. He stood for a time under a palm tree and watched the stars.

He had drunk, he thought, quite enough wine, though not too much to prevent his remembering, after a few minutes, that he had been told not to stand, sit or lie under palms. Coconuts falling from a great height are projectiles of considerable nuisance and he laughed to himself as he remembered it and moved away.

Then the wind sprang up again across the lagoon, giving quite a gusty shudder in the fronds of palm, almost as if a storm were blowing up. He heard it stir the water, creating a sudden short rush of waves that lapped against the outrigger and rattled the boat chain.

A moment later he saw her come out of the house and down to the landing stage. The fact that she went straight to the boats made him think that possibly she too had heard the stir of wind and had come down, as she sometimes did at night, to see that the canoes were safely moored.

She stood for some minutes on the landing-stage. In the rest-house the banjo and the drum were thumping with low regular rhythm, softly, and a long bar of light came from the open walls and across to the landing-stage.

She stood just beyond the edge of this light, hands on her hips, looking at the water, and for some time he stood some distance away, uncertain whether to speak or not.

"Then I made another mistake," he said. "Another stupid faux pas!"

It was four or five days after our first meeting that he got as far as telling me this, and up to that time I hadn't attributed to him any great sense of humor at all. But now across his face there went, I thought, the flicker of a grin. A moment later I realised it wasn't a grin. It was a deadly serious stab of pain.

He walked over to where she was standing on the landing-stage. As she heard him coming she turned, moved a step or two and listed her head.

The light from the rest-house was shining behind her now and suddenly he saw her all black except for pure edges of light glimmering along the massive curves of her shoulders, her thick upper arms and the fringes of her hair.

She looked exceptionally dark, powerful and magnificent. The individual features of her face were lost in shadow. All he could see was a great carved head, sharply poised, well up, with its flowing mass of hair. Then she moved again, her eyes glinted quickly in the house lights and he saw her shake back, with a splendid roll of her neck, one side of her hair, showing suddenly the bright yellow saucers of flower above her ear.

A moment later he was kissing her. Or rather, after the first impact of his lips, she was kissing him.

As with everything else she did it was powerful and massive. It was an affair of overwhelming physical splendor. She gripped him with great strength, locking him against her, passionately and in a queer melancholy fashion repeating his name.

He realised, next morning,

what a stupid mistake he had made. He only hoped she would forget it as soon as he wanted to do.

"The confounded trouble was," he said, "that I couldn't forget it. I'd really got quite fond of her—not in love or anything like that, but just fond. She was very, very likeable."

And not only, as he explained, the girl. All of them were very likeable. The mother was eternally pleasant, smiling, and soft-eyed. The boy was quick, good-looking, light in frame and surprisingly energetic. He was always fishing, making or mending the long elliptical baskets of bamboo for keeping fish alive and fresh under water, doing jobs on the boat or the outrigger. Occasionally Rockley helped him with these things.

After the incident of kissing the girl he began to welcome more and more the chance of slipping away to swim or fish with the boy. He welcomed a chance of mere companionship. That was one of the ways in which he hoped the girl would see that the affair of the kiss was merely an episode he didn't want repeated. He was desperately anxious not to become involved in anything deeper.

"It had just the opposite effect," he said.

WHATEVER

he did with the boy aroused her to terrible silence: moods that lasted sometimes the greater part of the day. Two or three times the boy and himself took the outrigger as far as the seaward end of the lagoon, but on the third of these trips she was so inexplicably sullen, black and mute against him, that he was determined never to go again.

Another day he and the boy walked up the mountainside, a distance of four or five miles, to where, on the edge of the thicket, eight or ten men were felling a tree for a dug-out canoe. He had very much wanted to see how these canoes were made and he spent a very pleasant day.

Finally he decided he would like a couple of pictures of himself with the men. He had never let the boy use the camera before, but the viewfinder was so simple that it took less than a minute to show him how it was used.

The boy was not merely delighted about this; he was innocently, worshipfully overjoyed. He fairly danced with the camera, Rockley said, so much so that finally Rockley had to leave the group and demonstrate how the boy must press the camera against his chest in order to prevent it shaking. He found then that the boy's hands were actually quivering with excitement.

There was a great deal of jollying laughter about this, and the boy responded by behaving in a charming way, as if he were a person of singular privilege, almost a hero.

"It did your heart good to see him," Rockley said.

Later in the afternoon, as he and the boy came down the mountainside, a single cloud on the upper crest of the mountain enlarged itself, descended suddenly and broke in a storm. They ran for shelter in a shack owned by a toothless Chinaman who share-cropped vanilla further up the hill.

The rain, warm, steamy, and torrential, beat into the great leaves of surrounding forest like a sluice, while thunder walked up and down the dark, precipitate valleys between strange fires of sun and lightning.

In the middle of all this the Chinaman hobbled out, bandy-legged, into the lakes of rain, coming back some minutes later with half a dozen oranges and a spray of vanilla orchid and two vanilla beans.

Rockley sat under the wide eaves of the shack and sucked oranges and talked to the man.

Presently the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun and there was more laughter, very high-pitched and tinny, from the little Chinaman, as Rockley allowed the boy to take another picture of himself and the Chinaman standing by the door of the shack.

All about them the forest sparkled and dripped with water. On Rockley's hands was a strange combined fragrance of oranges and vanilla, at once fresh and exotic, and he felt it had been an enchanted, exhilarating day.

"But that was only half what the boy felt," he said. "He was still so excited when we left the Chinaman that I hadn't the heart to take the camera away from him. I let him keep it slung round his neck and he went down the mountainside like a king."

Then, as the two of them reached the rest-house, the boy started to run forward. He was twenty yards or so from the house when Therese came out of it. As soon as she saw him she stopped. He was still very excited, waving his hands.

Then, four or five yards away from her, the boy stopped, too. He flicked open the viewfinder of the camera and started to look into it, laughing, as if about to take her picture.

"The next thing I knew," Rockley said, "was that she had snatched the camera from his neck and was swinging it wildly round her head, as if she was going to bash his brains out."

The boy ducked in terror, put his hands up to his head to protect himself, and then ran to the house. She took a dozen or fifteen furious bare-footed strides after him, screeching madly and still swinging the camera about her head.

It wasn't until the boy disappeared into the house that she seemed to come to her senses. Then her arms suddenly dropped. She stared in a stupefied sort of way at the camera, as if not sure now whether it was a camera or a sling-bag or something else, and then came slowly back to Rockley.

"She just stood there, gave me the camera and stared," Rockley said. "No recognition in the stare. No contrition. No apology. Nothing like that. Just a long, empty, sightless stare."

This episode perturbed him so much that he could not sleep that night. After some hours he got up, put on a pair of straw slippers and walked down to the landing stage.

In the pure dark sky the stars seemed more brilliant, more beautiful, more voluminous than ever. He stared at them and their reflection across the lagoon for a long time and then, in spite of them and the pleasure everything about the place had given him, he came to a decision.

"I decided," he said, "to get out. The schooner would be arriving in a couple of days. I could catch it and go back to Papeete."

There wasn't, he said, much reasoning about the decision. He still had several weeks of his leave to go. He hated Papeete. The trouble was that he had begun to be much more disturbed. He did not know why, but for some reason he had a queer, fatalistic feeling of some impending disaster.

He had already started to walk back to the house when he saw her coming down the stone steps to the landing stage. She suddenly halted half-way up them.

This time there was no light from the house behind her. She was simply a shape of vague patterns, her peruse hastily wrapped round her, under the brilliant stars.

He was determined that, this time, there should be no nonsense, no more kissing. He was perfectly sober this time, with no fancy illusions about anything, and he walked straight past her, not stopping or turning until he reached the top of the steps. Then he spoke to her.

"Therese," he said.

She neither turned nor spoke to him.

"Therese," he said, "I'm going away. By the next schooner."

There was no sort of movement from her.

"Good night," he said. He had already turned on his heel and was walking away. "I'll be going the day after tomorrow."

"The schooner doesn't come until the day after that," she said.

"All right. Good enough," he said. "The day after that."

He walked on. She didn't speak again. He went into the house with a feeling of relief mingled with sudden, wretched twinges of regret. There was absolutely no reasoning in his going; he did not want to go. But he was convinced, absolutely certain now, that it was the thing he must do.

But before the schooner arrived, three days later, something else happened. He made, he said, the third of his stupid mistakes about her.

He was determined to leave in the friendliest possible fashion. He even started to plan little gifts for everybody, and for the first of the three days he behaved with polite neutrality.

He began by avoiding the boy. He deliberately swam, fished, walked, and idled about the place alone. Whenever the boy approached him he made an excuse about a book, a towel, a letter or something and went away.

The immediate result was, as he said, that she couldn't have been sweeter. She was her old friendly, laughing, almost frivolous self again. She prepared his fruit at table, made jokes as she watched him eat and threw back her head in gusts of superb, sumptuous laughter.

It was only when the boy came into sight that her attitude and her expression changed. Then she seemed to go blank before him. A sort of blight came over her. Every vestige of light and friendliness was suddenly extinguished. He began to understand then what was the matter with her. For the first time, fully, he realised how jealous she was.

"That was the Polynesian virtue the guide-books had left out," he said. "So jealous she couldn't bear to share me with the kid, her own brother. So possessive that she was frantic about a boy, another male."

The second day, having put his finger on the cause of everything, he decided to keep himself more to himself than ever. As a result, after breakfast he walked the entire distance to the point at the end of the lagoon.

A white, sandy track wound pleasantly under high palms past occasional abandoned gardens of half-wild gardenia, criton and tiare trees. A few wooden shacks, some empty, some with a few cockerels

crowding about them, were dotted about the thickets.

He was half-way back from the point when a voice hailed him unexpectedly from one of the houses in the thickets on the shoreward side of the track. He turned, stopped and saw a girl waving her hand.

"Hallo, there," she said in English. "Good morning." She was walking across the garden towards the thin cane fence that flanked the track. "I thought it was you."

He said good-morning, stared blankly and did not know what to do.

"You're staying at the rest-house, aren't you?" she said. "Don't you remember me?"

He said he was sorry; he didn't remember.

"I saw you quite a few times at the New Pacific Hotel," she said. "Over at Papete?"

"Oh! Yes," he said. "I really come from here," she said. "I go over for a few weeks sometimes."

She smiled; uncommonly small, pale and compact, with a delicate upward cast in her eyes that he afterwards knew came from the mingling of Polynesian blood and Chinese. She moved with grace, her voice soft and rather high.

To look at her after looking at Therese was, he said, like looking at a little yellow parakeet after a buzzard, or at one of the little angel-finned blue-and-ochre fish after the giant sloppy ray that had scared him in the lagoon.

"Like it here?" she said. "I saw you go past once before, but you were with Timi that time and I didn't like to call."

"I like it very much."

"How long do you think you'll stay?"

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm off tomorrow."

"If you like it so much, why are you off tomorrow?"

It was altogether too complicated to explain and he said he didn't know.

"You look hot," she said. "Wouldn't you like to sit down on the verandah a minute and I'll get you something to drink? Some lime or orange — whichever you prefer."

A few moments later he was sitting down on the verandah of the little house. Going in and out of the house, getting his drink of orange, she moved with pert grace, not wearing the ordinary peruke, but a simple waistless dress with several circles of emerald at the edge of the skirt.

"Pretty as a picture," he said. "But then, no point in describing her. You've seen her already. That was her outside the barber's shop, that time you first met me."

He stayed for another hour. She lived with a mother, three elder sisters and an aunt, but that morning they were up at the plantations of vanilla.

He could not help being fascinated by her thin, delicate hands as she sat there.

"Don't you work in the plantations, too?" he asked her. "Not often," she said. "I look after the house mostly, and do the cooking. I have a little trouble with my heart sometimes. Nothing much, but the hills are too far for me."

She put her left hand on her chest, just above her heart, and held it there. She was wearing in her hair not the big, customary hibiscus flower but a cluster of tiare, not more than six or seven blossoms of small wax-white stars. Her breasts were sharp and upstanding, her arms were almost pure ivory, the nails shapely on the fragile little fingers, and he could smell the fragrance of tiare in the air.

The following day the schooner sailed without him.

Therese was delighted by his sudden change of plans. During the next few days, as she sat about the place at the various tasks of grating coconut, crushing herbs, preparing breadfruit, topping and tailing

"THE GRAPES OF PARADISE," by H. E. Bates

shrimps, washing and drying her hair, he knew that she was very happy.

He heard her singing a good deal. He would not have been surprised if her voice had emerged as a baritone, but it was in fact a rather thin soprano, high and pure. The songs she sang were repetitive, a little melancholy and mostly fairly slow and dreamy.

A few weeks before, he would have asked about these songs and perhaps have got her to tell him the meaning of the words; but now he was wary of doing anything, even in the most casual way, that she might interpret as affection.

For this reason he made a series of excuses for getting out of various things she wanted him to do. He had, for instance, asked several times about fresh-water shrimps and how she caught them at night, in the little streams, by the light of flares. For some time he had wanted to go on one of these shrimping expeditions, but now he made excuses of some sort whenever she mentioned it.

Soon she began to grow more and more persistent about this. In fact, as he said, she started pestering.

"Why don't you come with me? You say you want to come. All the time you say you want to come with me and now you don't come. Why?"

"I'd rather go fishing for tuna," he would say. "Out in the open ocean. They fight so much better than shrimps do."

This, though it made her laugh, did nothing to stop her persistence.

"We can do both," she said. "Tonight we can catch the shrimps. Then tomorrow we can take the boat and catch tuna."

He wanted, in fact, to do neither. What he chiefly wanted to do now, and he found it more attractive every day, was to walk along the lagoon to the house among the thickets and play, as he put it, with the little parakeet there.

The little parakeet was, it seemed, amusing in many ways. Her heart, not quite strong enough to stand work in the vanilla plantations or the gradients up in the forests, exercised itself freely in other directions.

On hot, still afternoons he lay for hours on the beach with her. Parakeets, as he explained, are extremely affectionate creatures. And sometimes darkness was already falling when he walked back to the rest-house along the lagoon.

Then, when he got back, Therese would say: "You walk a long time, don't you? How far do you walk every day?"

"I like to look at the wreck," he would say, "and wonder how it got there. I like to watch for tuna. I thought I saw tuna leaping yesterday."

All this time he was afraid she would be suspicious. To his relief and surprise she was not; not, at any rate, at first. She seemed absolutely content, perfectly happy, simply to have him there. It was enough, it seemed, that he hadn't gone away.

Then, after about a week, she said: "Don't you get tired of watching the wreck? Soon I shall begin to think you go there to look at something else besides."

"Such as what?" he said. "It's beautiful. I like looking at the ocean. I saw a little plane yesterday."

"Such as the little Chinese girls in the house along there," she said. "They're very beautiful, too, the little Chinese girls."

For the moment it was on the tip of his tongue to say that

the house was always empty when he passed it, but he saved himself in time.

Even then there was no sign of her suspicion. There was not the faintest hint of jealousy. At the same time he felt disturbed. Women, as he remarked, are not compared with cats for nothing. They have infinite capacities for awaiting their time to strike. Gossip, moreover, is the fastest traveller in the world.

He decided, as a result, to go with her on the night-shrimping. That, he thought, would be the clever thing. That would appease her.

They set off the following evening at nine o'clock. The nights were always infinitely beautiful, full of a humid and fragrant softness, under enormous stars. But that night, under dense thickets of hibiscus and bread-fruit that overhung the bed of the little stream, the bough touching overhead in the narrow valley, most of the stars were hidden.

He had always thought of the sky, especially that brilliant southern sky, as a companionable place, and that night, under the thick forest leaves, he missed its brightness. As a result he got an increasing sense of uneasiness. There was something uncanny about it all.

Most of the time she walked



in her bare feet on the stones of the stream. In her left hand she carried a torch, an ordinary battery one, and in her right a thin, two-pronged spear. Soon he was watching her shine the torch into little beds of shrimp eyes: the eyes, he thought, like imploring, guileless little beads, full of white and dark surprise, as they looked up to their death-blow.

For about an hour he and the girl walked the narrow valley. During this time he carried the basket and sometimes he could hear the faintest rustle, a mere papery whisper, as the still-live shrimps stirred among each other in the darkness.

Finally, they came out into a break in the thickets. It was a grassy place, with a number of rocks strewn about it, and he sat down on one of the rocks, putting the basket down at his side.

A moment later, in a sudden, she shone the torch into his face.

"Oh — accidentally, of course," he said, "but for a moment I was half-blinded and I couldn't see. You know how it is — your eyes feel stabbed and they start throbbing up and down."

Then, as his eyes cleared, he saw her standing above him.

Whether it was quite accidental again he never quite knew, but he could have sworn that the spear was poised. She stood there exactly as if preparing to strike him, just as

she struck the shrimps, between his dazzled eyes.

He supposed it must have been accidental, a mere slip of her hand, because a second later she put out the torch and dropped the spear on the ground. She was kneeling in front of him, grasping his hands.

"Please," she started saying. "Please, Rock, don't go away. Please!" Her voice had a desperate, unnerving break in it, a trembling urgency. "You won't go, will you? When you said you would go I thought I would go mad. Quite mad. I couldn't speak about it before, but don't go, Rock, will you? Please don't go."

As she spoke she drew herself up on her knees, until her face was level with his. Her voice was so uncertain that he actually thought she was sobbing. Even in the brilliance of starlight he was not sure whether her enormous eyes were dry or not and he only remembered the night, remembering it with a sudden stab of panic, when he had kissed her.

"Therese," he started saying. "Look —"

"You could live here. I can build a house. I will build a house and live like your vahine. It costs nothing. I'll be your vahine and work for you. I'll work for you and you can love me . . ."

Then she started speaking. "Rock —"

That was as far as she got. Her voice was constricted. The one word was almost a cough.

Then after several more minutes she tried speaking again. By this time her hair had partly fallen over her face and she did not brush it away. "Rock," she said, "I —"

She gave a great sigh, more like a sudden gasp for breath, and then violently locked her hands together.

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing. I . . ."

"What is it?" he said.

"Nothing," she said. "I was thinking . . ." She suddenly leaped to her feet, stumbled forward and started clumsily to walk down the mountain-side.

"What were you thinking?" he said. He picked up the basket and started after her.

"What was it?"

She didn't answer. It was some moments before he caught up with her, crashing heavily down the mountain path.

"Therese," he said, "what was it? What were you thinking?"

She crashed on through the thickets, making no attempt to stop or look at him. She blundered forward like an animal that had lost its way. But what really disturbed him was not that, he said. What affected him so much was the enormous and helpless sorrow in her voice when she spoke again.

"Thank God," she said, "my thoughts are my own."

He had already made, by that time, the third of his mistakes. He determined not to make another.

"I got the thing taped up," he said. I found you could pick up a schooner at a village on the other side of the island. In fact, on schooner days and on Saturdays there was a bus that would take you there. The bus actually came by the rest-house, used the track along the lagoon and went round the island by way of the point."

Two or three days before the schooner was due he started to get a few of his things together. He would pack them up a few at a time and then, when the girl was down by the landing-stage, gutting fish or getting water or washing her hair, walk along the track to the house in the thicket and leave them there.

Fortunately he had only one bag and, after two or three journeys, most of his things were with the parakeet.

"I know it probably sounds pretty ungrateful and all that. I wanted to do the decent thing but I could see trouble everywhere," he said, "if I didn't get out. Besides, what do you say? If you're going to live with one of these girls you might as well pick a good-looking one. A parakeet. Not that I wanted to. One way and another I felt I'd had about enough and a bit over."

As he said this he gave me another of those dispirited, rather twisted smiles of his.

"And I was just about as wrong about that," he said, "as I could be."

Then, the morning of the day before the schooner was due to arrive, he began to have something approaching misgivings. He felt very sad. He had not only loved it all. It was, as he was never tired of saying, the most beautiful place on earth. The lagoon

alone, sheltered, and guarded by those fantastic palm-fledged mountains behind which every evening the sunset opened up like a blast furnace, flaring with every color of flame, was paradise itself.

"They say that the original Garden of Eden was here somewhere in these islands," he said, "and my guess is this was it."

All this, together with his thoughts of how nice the people had been, how tranquil and serenely restful it all was, was enough to explain his sadness.

"I could have wept," he said. "In fact I was so infernally wretched that when she suggested, that morning, having a trip for a few hours to look for tuna I jumped at it like a shot."

Then, at the last moment, when the boat was ready, he remembered being alone with her twice before, once on the landing-stage and once on the mountain, and he didn't fancy it a third time.

"Let the boy come, won't you?" he said. "He loves the boat. He handles it well, too. Go on — let the boy come!"

The boy was standing on the landing stage, watching his sister and Rockley prepare the boat. He gave an eager glance at her as Rockley spoke. For a moment she hesitated. Then she gave one of those strong sudden twists of her neck, threw her long hair back from her shoulder and said an odd thing: "If he likes to take the risk."

At once the boy clambered down into the boat and in five minutes they were sailing seawards down the lagoon on a light warm breeze. Rockley steered, the boy handled the sail and Therese squatted in the bows, busying herself with lines and the long white-feathered spinners they were going to use for lures.

Rockley noticed that she didn't speak much, though once, when they were almost level with the house where the parakeet lived, she turned full round, faced him and said: "Wouldn't you rather be walking instead?"

He didn't pay much attention at the time. No one was moving outside the house. He couldn't help wondering what might have happened if the parakeet had suddenly come out, recognised him and waved her hand; but nothing happened, and the boat sailed tranquilly past the house and the thicket of breadfruit and hibiscus with their pretty, scatterings of fallen flowers.

After a time he became more and more aware of the growing thunder of the reef. At the mouth of the lagoon, still a mile or more from the gap, it was already like the battering surge of an enormous waterfall.

He was surprised, even at that distance, by the height of the breaking spray and the strength of the tow pouring in through the gap. Beyond it the Pacific looked calm enough, a brilliant slaty-blue without so much as a single white crest across it, but he was to discover only a few minutes later that it was really corrugated by deep, long and powerful swells.

Meanwhile the boy took in the sail and Therese started to steer, calling to Rockley at the same time to take a paddle. For another twenty minutes he and the boy paddled towards and finally through the gap.

It was hard going and once or twice they seemed, he thought, to be making no headway at all against the power of the tow. On both sides the reef rose like rough brown jaws, the coral clear of water, the rust of the wreck glistening in the iridescent sunshine.

By now he was paddling so hard that he had no time even to brush the sweat from his face. Rivulets of it were rath- ering on his neck and chest

Continued overleaf

and pouring down his body. Then his legs began to feel soggy. He was sucking his breath in short, desperate gasps. Then he felt the boat give a sudden twist, almost a whip to starboard, and he saw the boy ease his rate of paddling.

Less than a minute later the sail was up again and they were well clear of the reef, out in the open sea.

After the exertion of paddling he felt considerably exhausted; so much so that for a time he paid very little attention to either the girl, who was steering now, or her brother, who once again was handling the sail. He thought he heard her occasionally giving directions to the boy about a change of course but now she spoke in Tahitian and he was not quite sure.

He actually shut his eyes for a moment or two and then was sharply woken out of himself by a sudden brittleness in her voice, a hard rasping shout, and he opened his eyes to see her hauling on the thick stumpy rod from the bows, her enormous forearms locked stiff with a pull of the line.

A few moments later the first tuna was thrashing about in the well of the boat. It wasn't very large and the girl, as if angry or disappointed about its size, suddenly picked up a short stump of wood and started clubbing it to death. She hit it so severely that it actually gave a surprised sort of leap a foot or two in the air, and blood spurted everywhere.

Then she whipped out a knife. It was the same knife

she had brandished above the giant ray in the lagoon. It was short, thick, and slightly curved. She bent over the dying fish. She lifted the knife quickly as if she were going to plunge it into the short, iron-smooth body. The boy was at the sail, his back turned.

Rockley waited for the downward cut of the knife. Instead he saw her stand up to her full height. She stood there for a second or two before he realised that her face suddenly looked evil and dark.

Then she gave a grotesque short yell.

"You go to the house!" she yelled. "You go to that girl! You're going away with her. I saw you take your things. You go to that house, don't you?"

She made a powerful lunge at his face with the knife. He instinctively put up a hand to protect himself and he felt the knife run in a hot sharp line down his outer forearm. He staggered for a moment and the boat started rocking. He was aware of her making a second lunge. She looked queerly unkempt and wild now. She started yelling again, the words incoherent this time.

The boy, too, stood up, relinquishing his hold on the sail. He shouted something, too, at the same time trying to grab at her arm. She moved so quickly, stabbing the air, that he missed her completely, over-

balanced and himself made a grab at the air.

A moment later the spar, swinging round, struck the boy full across the mouth. He fell like a boxer, backwards, eyes wide and cast upward, stunned before hitting the water.

In a flash the girl stooped, picked up the battered fish in her arms and hurled it over the stern. A moment later she was swimming.

The boy had already disappeared. And for the space of what seemed to be several minutes, though it could not have been more than a moment or two after she dived, Rockley was alone in the boat.

In the confusion he had fallen on his knees. His arm was drenched in blood. Now he tried for several seconds to get up. Nothing happened. He tried to clutch the side of the boat with his good arm and then, already fainting, with the other. His head fell on his arms and blood started spewing over his face and shirt and body.

He came round to find himself hanging over the side of the boat. He was too weak to do anything for a moment or two, but presently he managed to heave his legs upwards until he was half on his knees again. Then with his good arm he started struggling to drag his shirt over his head.

The shirt was half-way off when he heard the girl shouting. His head was trapped, as it were, in a crazy sort of bag. From a distance her voice sounded unreal and hoarsely muffled. After a second or so he managed to drag his shirt free of his head and then, his eyes woken suddenly by the dazzle of sunlight, he saw the girl.

She was already hanging on to the side of the boat, holding the boy. She was thrashing water violently with her legs and trying at the same time to heave the boy with her enormous arms and shoulders out of the water. It was as much as Rockley could do to crook his good arm over the side and shout for the boy to clutch it.

A second or two later the girl gave a tremendous heave and the boy fell face forwards into the boat. As he fell over the side he knocked Rockley, too weak even to kneel now, on to his back. Rockley groped there for a moment, blood pouring down his arms, and then managed to raise himself on one hand, partly supporting himself on one of the paddles.

He was still struggling up when the girl started screaming. The boy yelled, whipped the paddle suddenly from under Rockley's knees and started madly thrashing water. All the

time the girl continued screaming, trying at the same time to heave herself into the boat by her hands.

It was not more than five minutes, Rockley said, at most ten, before he and the boy somehow managed to pull her aboard. It seemed, he said, like a day. After a time she stopped screaming. Her great mouth with the teeth tightly clenched, folded itself down until the lower lip was invisible.

She still had so much strength that, even then, at the very last moment, she made the final effort of pulling herself aboard. Her entire body seemed to retch itself into the boat with a terrible groan.

She lay there for a minute, perhaps longer, face downwards, before Rockley realised that what he thought was merely the tangled mass of her water-soaked peruse folded like a twisted red sheet about the right side of her body was really all that was left, on that side, of her thigh. The teeth of the shark had scoured deep into the flesh, right to the bone.

She somehow turned herself over on her back, still conscious. Rockley picked up his shirt, throwing it over her thigh. Faintness started a second wave of blackness across his eyes and by the time he had defeated it he was aware of the boy using his own shirt to bandage his arm.

Sometime later the boy had the sail set up again and the breeze, blowing crossways towards the reef, began to take them back to shore. All the time the girl lay starkly conscious, her big hands gripping the sides of the boat in stiff agony, her teeth biting lower and lower into the jaw.

For most of the journey back he was simply unaware of the sea. Once or twice he fainted off again and then he was aware, presently, of kneeling beside her, smoothing her hair with his good hand. There was nothing else he could possibly do for her and it was some time before there was even a hint of conscious recognition in the enormous eyes.

Then quite quietly, and with a strength of tone that almost fooled him for a moment into thinking that he was, after all, merely on the fringes of a dream of pure ghastliness, she said: "I'm glad you're with me."

He could find nothing to say in answer. It was actually the first time her mouth had relaxed, allowing the teeth to give up the cruel biting of her jaw. Almost at the same time, as if she had suddenly defeated all pain, her hands relaxed too, unlocked themselves from the

side of the boat and folded themselves weakly across the front of her body.

"Rock," she said, "let me hold your hand."

For a long time she held his hand while keeping her eyes fixed on his face.

"I'm sorry about the other hand," she said once; and again he could find nothing to say in answer except, so long afterwards, that it was merely like an echo that had lost itself across the space of sea and had in some uncanny way floated back again: "I'm sorry, too."

Half an hour later they were running through the gap. All this time he had been so unaware of both time and distance that he actually saw the reef before being aware of the thunder of its roar about him. In the same way he had forgotten the boy, sitting all the time like a strangely aged little statue, never speaking, in the stern.

As they drew into the calmness of the lagoon she actually smiled up at him, held his hand a fraction closer and spoke about the other girl.

"I found out last night," she said. "I saw you go there. Then I knew you had been there before."

It would have been better, he said, if she had stuck the knife into him after all. He could have borne quite easily, even with gratitude, another slash at his face. What he could not bear was her utter lack of scorn, and that apparently inexhaustible strength of hers that had now expanded into an amazing unapproachable proudness and calm.

"I couldn't sleep last night."

Then I came and looked at you while you were asleep," she said slowly, "and I knew you were going away from me."

Now they were running quite fast into the lagoon. He stared away from her towards the thickets beyond the white strips of beach, hot in the sunshine, and to the rising tiers of palm.

"I said I wouldn't let you go away from me," she said.

He looked back at her face. Its sudden relaxation after pain into a calmness made it appear, quite suddenly, not so large as before. The lips were more compact. Even the big nostrils seemed to have contracted.

"Now when you go away from me it won't matter, will it?" she said.

He could find nothing to say in answer.

"I told you my thoughts were my own," she said. "Do you remember?"

Her voice was very low. He still could not speak or look at her and all his pain and fondness for her dissolved into sudden desolation. He was aware of nothing except a lone, profound, tormenting anguish before, for the fifth or sixth time, he fainted away.

When he looked at her again her eyes were staring straight up into glaring sunshine. Her face was no longer placid. In its final moments, no longer ugly, it seemed to have expanded again with remarkable strength, defiantly. With pride she seemed to be glaring back at the flaming sky, handsome and almost contemptuous as she lay there.

A moment later he covered her face. The boat ran past the house in the thickets, where the little parakeet lived, and all across the lagoon the crowing of the jungle cocks was proud and clear.

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"THE GRAPES OF PARADISE," by H. E. Bates

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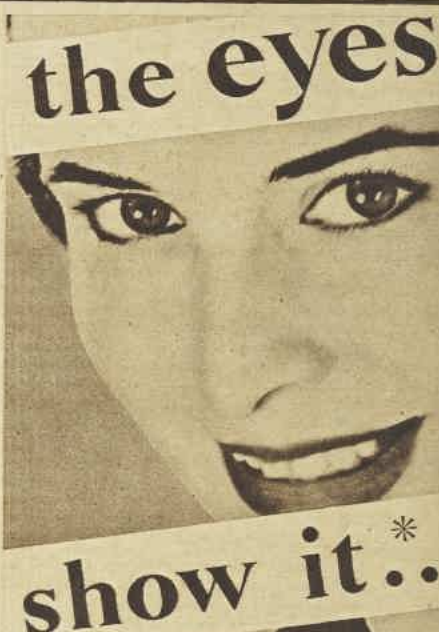
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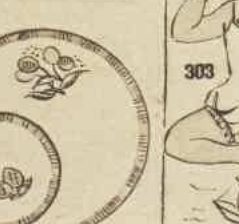
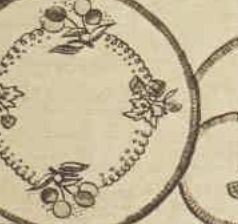
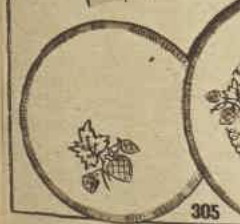
No. 301.—SMALL GIRL'S SLEEVELESS BLOUSE
The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in white and colored summer breeze. The color choice includes pink, blue, green, and red, all printed with a white spot. Sizes: 4 years 14/6, 5 to 6 years 16/3, 7 to 8 years 17/11, 9 to 10 years 18/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 302.—SMALL GIRL'S SHORTS
The shorts are obtainable cut out ready to make in white and colored headcloth. The colors include natural, sage-blue, green, lemon, and grey. Sizes: 4 years 11/3, 5 to 6 years 12/6, 7 to 8 years 14/9, 9 to 10 years 16/3, 11 to 12 years 17/6, 13 to 14 years 18/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 303.—BOMFEE SUIT
The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in white and colored headcloth. The colors include blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: 1 year 11/3, 2 years 12/6. Postage and registration 1/2 extra.

No. 304.—GIRL'S DRESS
Pinafore-type dress obtainable cut out ready to make in printed cotton headcloth. The color choice includes red, aqua, blue, green, lemon, and cherry, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: Lengths 18in. for 2 years 15/2, 20in. for 3 to 4 years 17/2, 22in. for 5 to 6 years 18/9, 24in. for 7 to 8 years 21/6. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 305.—LUNCHEON SET
Attractively designed luncheon set and serviettes to match are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a strawberry and cherry motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 17 by 17in., plate mats 11 by 11in., and cup and saucer mats 5 by 5in., serviettes 11 by 11in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup and saucer mats, 18/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup and saucer mats, 22/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra. Serviettes 1/9 each. Postage 3d. extra.



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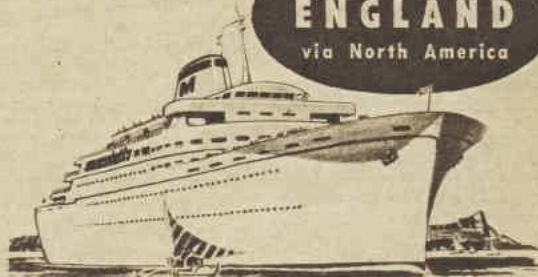
NUTTY CRUNCH TORTE

1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, ½ cup coconut, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 4 egg whites, ¼ teasp. salt, 1 teasp. vanilla, 1 cup sugar, 1 pint vanilla ice cream.
Combine rolled oats, coconut and nuts. Beat egg whites with salt and vanilla until foamy. Gradually add sugar and continue beating until egg whites form stiff peaks. Fold rolled oats mixture into egg whites, spread in a well-greased pie plate and bake in a moderate oven 30-35 minutes. Cool, cut in wedges and top with scoops of ice cream or as desired.

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